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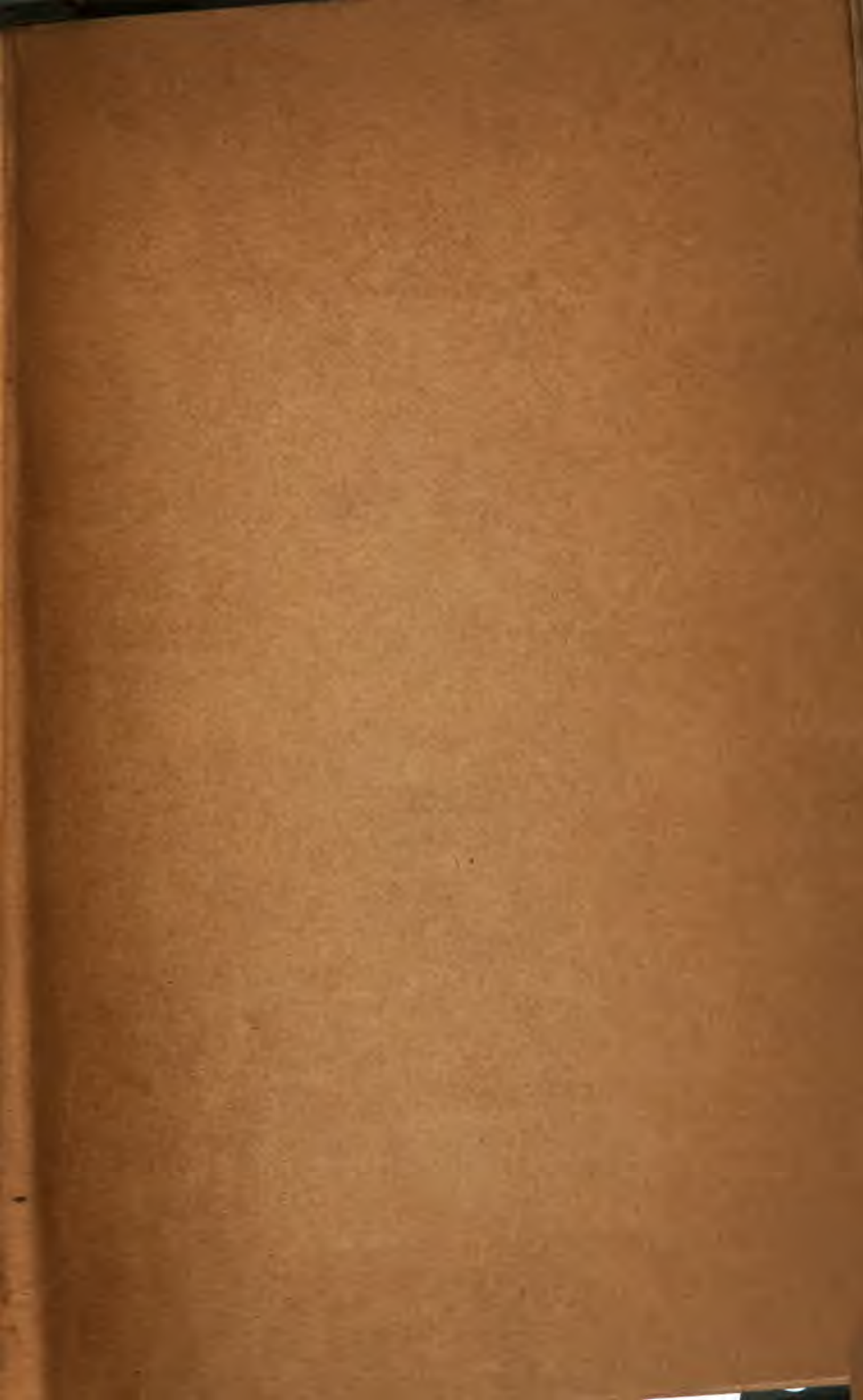


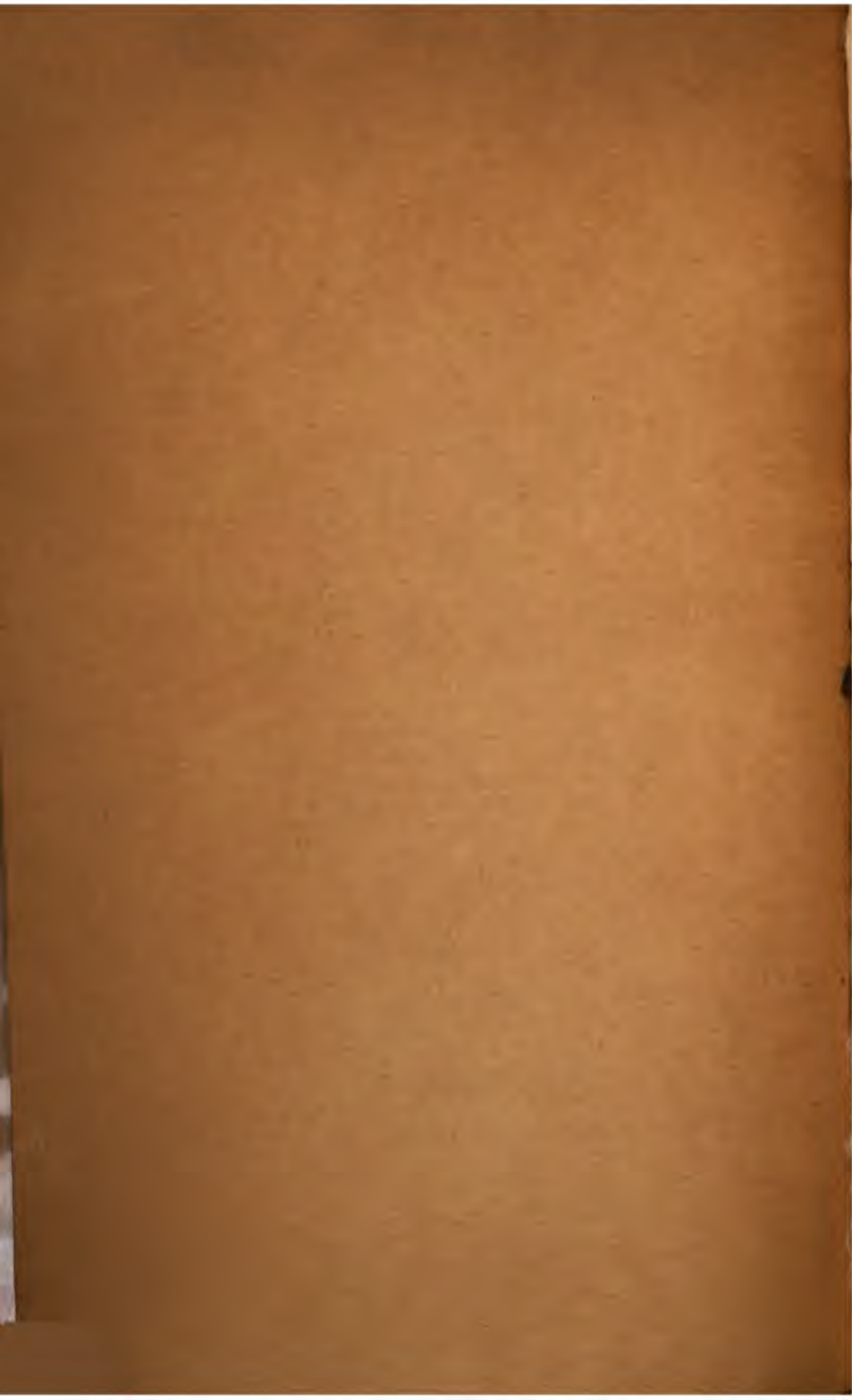
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THE  
COMEDIÉS

OR

ARISTOPHANES.

By T. MITCHELL, A.M.

*LATE FELLOW OF SIDNEY-SUSSEX COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.*

The droll,  
Whose every look and gesture was a joke  
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,  
And made e'en thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy  
To gather up her face into a smile  
Before she was aware.

BLAIR.

VOL. II.

LONDON:  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

1822.

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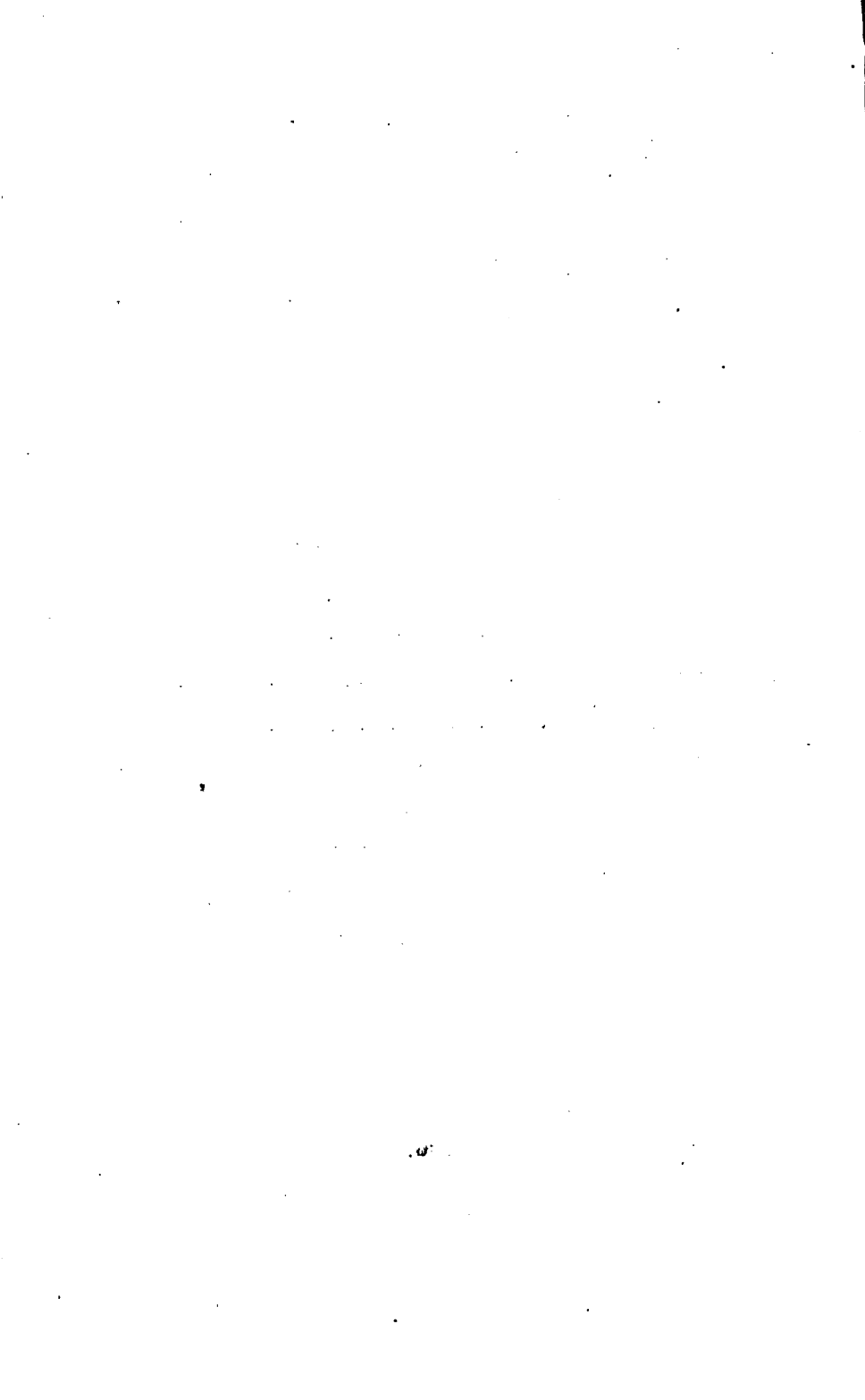
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## P R E F A C E.

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IN offering this Second Volume of Aristophanes to the Public, the Translator cannot forbear to express his acknowledgments for the very serious attention which the two leading Critical Journals of the country were pleased to bestow upon his first. He has endeavoured to show his sense of that attention, not only by altering the arrangement of his work, but by changing very considerably the manner of conducting it; and though by so doing he may have escaped some errors only to fall into others of a contrary description, his critics will not have to reckon among them an obstinate adherence to his own opinion of the right nature of translation. Making, as he

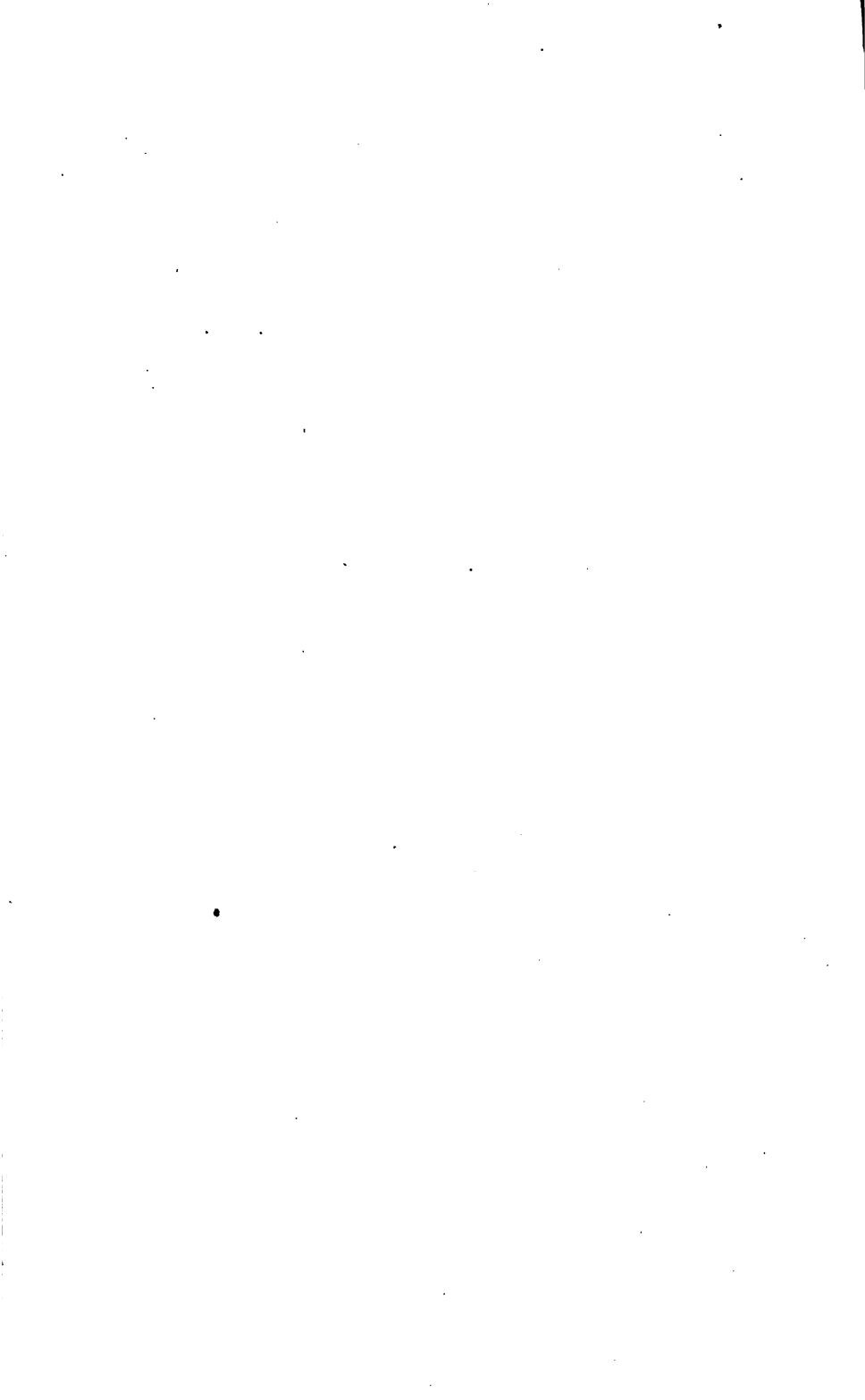
thus readily does, every concession in points of taste, he may be permitted to add, that he has seen no reason yet to suppose that he has been misled in matters of judgment, or that he has advanced any opinions respecting Ancient Greece, which a perusal of her authors in a body, will not fully justify.

Whether this work will be continued further than the present Volume is as yet uncertain. The four plays now offered to the public form a subject complete in itself, and were evidently meant to be a dramatic Tetralogue, developing, in the author's peculiar manner, his idea of a People-King, in his three great capacities, moral, intellectual, and political. Too many important considerations connect themselves with such a subject, not to make it desirable that some means of judging of it, however inadequate, should be before an intelligent Public; but whether the lighter matter which remains, may not as well be left untouched, or reserved for abler hands, is left for others to determine.

To the friend who so kindly superintended his

first Volume, the Translator has to repeat his obligations for much care bestowed in the revision of the present. If it is the only literary assistance which he has ever received, he is most happy in thinking, that it is of that kind which he has the greatest pride and satisfaction in acknowledging.

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# **THE CLOUDS.**

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**VOL. II.**

**B**



**T**HE following translation of the *Clouds* (the next in succession of the Aristophanic Comedies) is by the late Mr. Cumberland. It has been too much admired, and, generally speaking, it is too masterly a production, to justify the translator of the preceding plays in a competition, or indeed to render another version of it necessary. The great defect in Mr. Cumberland's translation is inattention to the metres of his original. These, a great point of consideration at all times with a translator of Aristophanes, more particularly demand attention in the *Clouds*, because a total departure from them must necessarily lead readers to consider the author as more severe and saturnine than he really was in his attack upon the Socratic school; then just rising into notice, and in its infant state affording more scope for playful ridicule than the schools of the sophists, who, mature in their wickedness, richly deserved the heaviest castigation that could be bestowed upon them. It has been endeavoured to supply this defect by inserting occa-



sional extracts from one of the most successful of German versifiers; and to German readers, the metres of Wieland\* go very far towards conveying an idea of the brilliant numbers of Aristophanes. An entire want of acquaintance with the writings of Xenophon and Plato (too clearly evinced by the *manner*† in which Mr. Cumberland attempts to fasten upon Socrates a charge which those writings do not wholly justify, and which the comedies of Aristophanes in no place insinuate) has also led to some other mistakes of that ingenious writer on points of the Socratic character, and to consequent mistakes in his translation. These have been remarked as they occur in the play. A few notes, savouring strongly of that age of criticism, when it was thought incumbent on a translator to point out those parts of his author, most worthy of the reader's admiration, have been omitted; others have been retrenched or enlarged, and a few added, which, it was thought, tended to convey a more exact idea of the meaning and tendency of the original. The best excuse that can be offered for taking this liberty with a man of Mr. Cumberland's high reputation, is the assistance which his successor has derived from the excellent version and valuable notes of Wieland.

\* A translation of Aristophanes is understood to be preparing in Germany by the celebrated Voss: had it reached this country in time

for the present publication, some specimens of it would have been submitted to the reader.

† See the Observer, vol. iii.

## ***DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.***

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**STREPSIADES.**

**PHEIDIPPIDES.**

**SERVANT to STREPSIADES.**

**DISCIPLES of SOCRATES.**

**SOCRATES.**

**CHORUS of CLOUDS.**

**DICÆOLOGOS.**

**ADICÆOLOGOS.**

**PASIAS.**

**AMYNIAS.**

**WITNESSES.**

**CHÆREPHON.**

**SCENE—ATHENS.**



# THE CLOUDS.

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## SCENE I.

(STREPSIADES is discovered in his chamber, PHEIDIPPIDES sleeping in his bed. Time, before break of day.)

*Strep. (stretching and yawning.)* AH me, ah me! will  
this night never end?  
Oh kingly Jove, shall there be no more day?  
And yet the cock sung out long time ago;  
I heard him—but my people lie and snore,  
Snore in defiance, for the rascals know  
It is their privilege\* in time of war,

\* The Athenians, says Mr. Cumberland, had granted their slaves certain exemptions for their services on board the fleet in the Lacedæmonian war.

The exemptions, to which Mr. Cumberland alludes, were not granted to slaves till the sea-fight at Arginusæ, which took place seventeen years after the represen-

tation of the Clouds. Mr. Cumberland was misled by the Scholiast, whom, if he had followed through, he would have found correcting the very error which he has fallen into. The Athenians were, at all times, more indulgent than any other people of Greece, to that most numerous and unfortunate class of people, domestic slaves.

Which with its other plagues brings this upon us,  
 That we mayn't rouse these vermin with a cudgel.  
 There's my young hopeful too, he sleeps it through,  
 Snug under five fat blankets at the least.  
 Would I could sleep so sound! but my poor eyes  
 Have no sleep in them; what with debts and duns  
 And stable-keepers' bills, which this fine spark  
 Heaps on my back, I lie awake the whilst:  
 And what cares he but to \*coil up his locks,  
 Ride, drive his horses, dream of them all night,  
 Whilst I, poor devil, may go hang—for now  
 The moon † in her last quarter wains apace,

During the annual incursions which the Lacedæmonians made into Attica, policy led to the enforcement of those laws in favour of slaves, which, to the credit of the Athenians be it mentioned, they do not seem to have needed any compulsory measures to make them comply with. See Xen. de Rep. Ath. Cap. 1. § 10. A curious passage in Plato somewhere complains that in Athens the very animals walked with a supercilious air of democratical freedom. *Ed.*

\* The extreme attention which the Athenian young men bestowed upon their hair, and the variety of head-dresses in use among them,

will require a little more illustration hereafter.

It may be sufficient for the present to observe, that too much foppery in the arrangement of his hair was one of the causes, which, according to Ælian and writers of his stamp, made Aristotle offensive to Plato, and created that dissension between the master of the Academy and the leader of the Peripatetics, of which so many proofs are *supposed* to be found in the writings of the latter. Vid. Ælian. l. iii. c. 19. *Ed.*

† The 30th of the month, the term for enforcing payments and taking out execution against debtors, was in near approach.

And my \*usurious creditors are gaping.

What ho! a †light! bring me my tablets, boy!

That I may set down all, and sum them up,

\* "How much some resource was wanting, in the deficiency of civil establishments among the Grecian republics, for giving security to private property, has also, in no small degree, fallen within our observation. In Greece, as Xenophon informs us, land was not esteemed, as with us, the surest foundation of private income, but rather any moveable effects that might have protection within the walls of a town. In Athens then property would be safer than perhaps any where else in Greece, unless in Lacedæmon. But how precarious it was in Athens may be gathered from the high rate of usury, in the most flourishing times there. Twelve for the hundred yearly was the lowest usual interest for money; and the cautious lender commonly required monthly payment. Thirty for the hundred was ordinarily given by those who borrowed for commercial adventure; and, on account of the insecurity of contracts, the lender frequently embarked himself, with his money, or the goods bought with it, to be ready to take his principal again with the interest, in the first

moment that the borrower should have means of payment. Among commonwealths more subject to foreign oppression, or to sedition breaking out into action, to calculate a rate of interest, at all commensurate with the lender's insecurity, evidently must have been impossible." Mitf. Hist. vol. vi. p. 423. Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, livre xxii. See also a most emphatical passage in the 8th Book of Plato's Republic, where the mischiefs resulting from excessive usury (a picture evidently drawn from the author's own country) are stated as the first causes operating upon an oligarchy, and converting it into a democracy. *Ed.*

† In the original that species of lamp, called by the Greeks *lychnus*. Some remarks on these beautiful appendages to Grecian furniture will be found in the opening scene of the *Ecclesiæ*. Their extreme elegance, and even magnificence, might well make Winckelmann consider the lamps found at Herculaneum as among the most valuable part of that rich collection. *Ed.*

Debts, creditors, and interest upon interest—

[*Boy enters with a light and tablets.*

Let me see where I am and what the total—

Twelve pounds\* to Pasiās—Hah! to Pasiās twelve!

Out on it, and for what? A horse forsooth,

Right noble by the mark†—Curse on such marks!

Would I had giv'n this eye from out this head,

Ere I had paid the purchase of this jennet!

*Pheidip.* Shame on you, ‡Philo!—Keep within your ring.

*Streps.* There 'tis! that's it! the bane of all my peace—  
He's racing in his sleep.

*Pheidip.* A heat—a heat!

How many turns to a heat?

*Streps.* More than enough;

You've giv'n me turns in plenty—I am jaded.

But to my list—What name stands next to Pasiās?

Amynias§—three good pounds—still for the race—

\* The Athenian pound was of the value of one hundred drachmæ, and each drachma of six oboli. The pound may be computed at three of our's, which gives the price of the horse about 36*l*.

† See The Knights, for an account of some of the marks, usually stamped upon Grecian horses. To the Koppa and Samphor, there mentioned, may be added the

Bucephalus, or the horse which had the mark of an ox's head.

‡ Philon, Phoenix, Corax, &c. were Grecian appellations for horses; substitutes for our High-flyer, Sly-boots, Diamond, &c. *Ed.*

§ Aminias was the archon when this comedy was acted, and the poet makes use of his name in the way of ridicule, spelling it however

A chariot\* mounted on its wheels complete.

*Phaidip.* Dismount! unharness and away!

*Streps.* I thank you;

You have unharness'd me: I am dismounted,  
And with a vengeance—All my goods in pawn,  
Fines, forfeiture, and penalties in plenty.

*Phaidip. (wakes.)* My father! why so restless? who has  
vex'd you?

*Streps.* The sheriff† vexes me; he breaks my rest.

*Amyntas* instead of *Aminias*. At length the persons of the archons were, by special law, protected from ridicule and detraction.

\* The chariot or curricule here alluded to was built extremely light, with a seat for the driver, and wheels of a stated construction, for the race. The price annexed to it bespeaks it to have been of slight and simple workmanship.

† The office of the Athenian *demarchus*, here rendered *sheriff*, and the play of words in the original, will be better understood by the following note from M. de Pauw.

Dès que la répartition générale des impôts étoit faite à Athènes, on l'envoyoit aux peuplades de l'Attique, qui avoient toutes de petits magistrats particuliers, qu'on

nommoit les *Démarches*; ou les chefs annuels des villages et des bourgades. Ces hommes-là, aidés par un conseil et un écrivain, dénonçoient aux propriétaires de leurs districts respectifs la portion du fardeau qu'ils devoient porter; et qui n'étoit plus relatif, comme au tems de Solon, à la quantité des fruits, mais à la quantité même des terres que chaque citoyen possédoit suivant l'évaluation insérée dans les régîtres du Cens.

Comme les *Démarches*, ou les magistrats de campagne, avoient la réputation d'être très sévères à faire payer les contribuables, Aristophane les a joués dans la comédie des *Nuées*, où il les compare à des insectes mordans, qui ne vivent que de sang humain. De Pauw, t. i. p. 382. *Ed.*



*Pheidip.* Peace, self-tormenter, let me sleep!

*Streps.* Sleep on!

But take this with you; all these debts of mine  
Will double on your head: a plague confound  
That cursed match-maker, who drew me in  
To wed, forsooth, that precious dam of thine.  
I liv'd at ease in the country, coarsely clad,  
Rough, free, and full withal as oil and honey  
And store of stock could fill me, till I took,  
Clown as I was, this limb of the Alcmaëons,\*  
This vain, extravagant, high-blooded dame:  
Rare bed-fellows and dainty—were we not?  
I, smelling of the wine-vat, figs and fleeces,  
The produce of my farm, all essence she,†  
Saffron and harlot's kisses, paint and washes,  
A pamper'd wanton—Idle‡ I'll not call her;

\* The Alcmaeonidæ were one of the first families in Athens. By marrying Strepsiades with a branch of this illustrious race, the poet, probably, wishes us to understand that the lady was not a heiress, and that her relations found their account in the wealth of their mean but substantial son-in-law. *Ed.*

† Strepsiades, describing the character of his wife as contrasted with himself, says that she was *Εὐναίου ὀρεγμένη*, lavish in the orna-

ments of her person; a Cœsyra; *made up* by all the artifice of the toilette, (or in one word *Casyrafied*.) There were two ladies of this name, one the wife of Alcmaëon, the other of Peisistratus, and as Strepsiades has already placed his wife in the family of the former, it seems most likely that his ridicule points at the elder Cœsyra, though both were examples equally apposite.

‡ Mr. Cumberland, though it

She took due pains in faith to work my ruin,  
Which made me tell her, pointing to this cloak,  
Now threadbare on my shoulders—see, goodwife,  
This is your work—in troth you toil too hard.

[*Boy re-enters.*]

*Boy.* Master, the lamp has \*drunk up all its oil.

*Streps.* Aye, 'tis a drunken lamp; the more fault your's;  
Whelp, you shall howl for this.

*Boy.* Why? for what fault?

*Streps.* For cramming such a greedy wick with oil.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Well! in good time this †hopeful heir was born;

leads him into a considerable periphrasis, has, perhaps, got over the difficulty which lay in an ambiguous word, applying equally to the lady's thrift or prodigality, with great success. Wieland translates the passage in the following manner.

Dass sie *faul* war, will  
Ich just nicht sagen, sie *wirkte* nur zu viel!  
Frau, sprach ich einst zu ihr—auf meinen Kittel,  
Zum Vorwand,weisend—du *verzettelst* mehr  
Als nöthig ist.

\* As the ancients gave little capacity to the interior of their lamps, they could contain but little oil at a time. Hence the necessity of having a vessel of oil at hand to supply the lamps, which soon became dry. Several specimens of these vases are to be found in the Herculaneum Museum. *Ed.*

† In that most interesting book of Plato's Republic (the 8th) where the author traces out the origin of four different sorts of government, (viz. the timocratical or Lacedæmonian, the oligarchical, or that species of government, where a man's condition in society is determined by his estate, the demo-

Then I and my beloved fell to wrangling  
 About the naming of the brat—My wife  
 Would dub her colt Xanthippus or Charippus,  
 Or it might be Callipides, she car'd not  
 So 'twere \*equestrian the name—but I  
 Stuck for his grandfather Pheidonides ;  
 At last when neither could prevail, the matter  
 Was compromis'd by calling him Pheidippides :  
 Then she began to fondle her sweet babe,  
 And taking him by th' hand—Lambkin, she cried,  
 When thou art some years older thou shalt drive,  
 Megacles-like, thy chariot to the city,  
 Rob'd in a saffron mantle—No, quoth I,  
 Not so, my boy, but thou shalt drive thy goats,  
 When thou art able, from the fields of Phelle,†

cratical, and that in which he says democracy ends, the tyrannical,) and gives general characteristics of each by applying to them the dispositions of individuals, the master of the Academy has very clearly his eye at one time upon the Aristophanic characters of Strepsiades and Pheidippides. The changes of disposition, necessarily engendered in a father and son, situated as Strepsiades and Pheidippides, evidently furnish him with the characters by which the change from the oligarchic to the democratical man is effected. *Ed.*

\* Names ending in *ippos* or *ip-pides* among the Greeks, shewed a connection with equestrian rank ; hence the lady's partiality for the terms Xanthippus, Charippus, &c. The name Pheidonides, which Strepsiades contends for, is derived from a Greek word, implying a *man addicted to parsimony* ; the compromise therefore for Pheidippides is so contrived as to suit both parties. *Ed.*

† A rocky district of Attica, which afforded pasturage only to goats.

Clad in a woollen jacket like thy father :  
 But he is deaf to all these frugal rules,  
 And drives me on the gallop to my ruin ;  
 Therefore all night I call my thoughts to council,  
 And after long debate find one chance left,  
 To which if I can lead him, all is safe,  
 If not—but soft : 'tis time that I should wake him.  
 But how\* to soothe him to the task—(*speaking in a soft  
 gentle tone*) Pheidippides!

Precious Pheidippides !

*Pheidip.* What now, my father ?

*Streps.* Kiss me, my boy ! reach me thine hand—

*Pheidip.* Declare,

What would you ?

*Streps.* Dost thou love me, sirrah ? speak !

*Pheidip.* Aye, by †equestrian Neptune !

\* The poet here by one of those little strokes, which men of genius alone know how to use, lets us in at once to the course of education pursued with this *amphibious* youth, one of those unfortunate beings, who belong by birth to two classes of society ; to the great by the mother's side, to the mean by the father's, and thus likely to unite the separate vices of each, unredeemed by the peculiar virtues of

either. The sophists could not have desired a more hopeful pupil ; nor could the poet have possibly shewn more judgment in the selection of a character for his purpose. *Ed.*

† Besides those appellations, which, according to Pausanias, were assigned to Neptune by the poets for the sake of adorning their verses, every city had some particular denomination for him. All

*Streps. (angrily)* Name not him,  
 Name not that charioteer; he is my bane,  
 The source of all my sorrow—but, my son,  
 If thou dost love me, prove it by obedience.

*Pheidip.* In what must I obey?

*Streps.* Reform your habits;  
 Quit them at once, and what I shall prescribe  
 That do!

*Pheidip.* And what is it that you prescribe?

*Streps.* But wilt thou do't?

*Pheidip.* Yea, by Dionysus!\*

*Streps.* 'Tis well: get up! come hither, boy! look out!

however agreed in calling him by one common appellation, the Equestrian. More than one reason, says that amusing traveller, may be given for this; my own conjecture is, that he was so called, because he invented the art of riding. Pausanias then proceeds to quote Homer, who, in his description of a horse-race, represents Menelaus as requiring his opponent to lay his hand upon his steeds, and then swear by Neptune, that the injury done to his chariot had not proceeded from treachery or design. Pamphus, an old writer of hymns for the Athe-

nians, also comes in for a share in the proof of the position. From these considerations the learned academicians of Naples consider the lamps with horses' heads, dug up at Herculaneum or elsewhere, as votive offerings to the Equestrian Neptune. Pausan. in Achai. Ant. d' Herc. t. x. Planches 44, 45. *Ed.*

\* The poet, with due attention to character, makes the young man first swear by *equestrian Neptune*; when driven from that he resorts to Dionysus, the patron of the feast then in actual celebration.

Yon little wicket and the hut hard by—

Dost see them?

*Phaidip.* Clearly. What of that same hut?

*Streps.* Why that's the \*council-chamber of all wisdom:

\* The original is PHRONTISTERIUM; and the use which Aristophanes makes of this and another word of similar import, PHRONTIST, renders it necessary to investigate as closely as possible, the actual meaning of the words  $\phi\rho\omicron\upsilon\tau\iota\varsigma$  and  $\phi\rho\omicron\upsilon\tau\iota\zeta\epsilon\iota\nu$ , from which they are evidently derived, and which also the poet continually and ostentatiously puts into the mouth of the philosopher. The task has been already so well executed by a German translator of Aristophanes, that a successor has little to do but to follow him in the pursuit. "If I mistake not," says Wieland, "the difficulty of translating these words rightly in *The Clouds*, consists, first, in ascertaining correctly what signification they bore in common language in the days of Aristophanes; and, secondly, whether through that writer, and the use which he has made of them in this comedy, they did not receive a sense, different from that which

had formerly attached to them. It would not be the first time," adds this learned translator, "that a favourite and popular writer had thus enriched his language, and could boast the honour of making a word current under a stamp, which he himself had first impressed upon it." Wieland accordingly traces the word  $\phi\rho\omicron\upsilon\tau\iota\varsigma$  through the lexicographers, and their commentators, (a labour which the general reader will probably wish to see shortened for him,) and establishes against Rudolph Walther, the old editor of Pollux's *Onomasticon*, that  $\phi\rho\omicron\upsilon\tau\iota\varsigma$  does not signify a musing and an elaborate meditation over some problematical matter; that Sophists and Philosophers were not, in consequence of their composing speeches in this style, called Phrontists, nor their schools Phrontisteria. He proves from various passages of Aristophanes, and from the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon,

\* A still stronger example might have been produced from the Symposium of Plato:  $\phi\rho\omicron\upsilon\tau\iota\zeta\omicron\nu\tau\iota\iota\varsigma\tau\iota\iota\varsigma\tau\iota\varsigma$  is the term which the master of the Academy makes use of, when he describes that long reverie of his great preceptor, which has

There the choice spirits dwell, who teach the world

That heav'n's great concave is one mighty oven,

that *φροντις*, *φροντιζειν*, and *μεριμναν*, were words of a similar import, implying a sort of troublesome anxiety of mind, an over-minute-ness of investigation, a feeling something like what we call the blue devils, and that consequently the poet in nick-naming Socrates<sup>a</sup> a Phrontist, meant to describe him as a sort of ennuyé, triste, pitiable busy-idler. He advances, in opposition to Bach, (who indeed says little more than what R. Walther had said 200 years before him,) that the words *φροντισαι* and *φροντιστρια* were never applied by any writer of the age of Pericles, the latter to the various schools of philosophy, as the Ionian, the Pythagorean or Eleatic, nor the former to the leaders of those schools; he shows that Hesychius, in giving both *φροντισαι* and *μεριμναι*, as synonyms for *φιλοσοφει*, cannot produce a single proof for the latter assumption, and that he is therefore as little to be taken for authority in assuming the former to be sy-

nonymous with *φιλοσοφει*; and in opposition to the declaration of Jul. Pollux, *τις δε ταυτας (σοφιστας) ὡςπιρ και της φιλοσοφας εκαλεον φροντιστας*, he brings forward the much more sensible remark of Jungermann, upon these words of Pollux: *cæterum το φροντ. et φροντιστας, ex Nubibus Aristoph. petuntur, ibi enim Socratis schola ita audit, et ipse cum discipulis μεριμνοφροντισται*. From these considerations Wieland is led to conclude, that before Aristophanes applied the term Phrontist to Socrates and his friends, the word itself was not in common use; while *φροντιζειν*, though always with reference to a sort of sombre thoughtfulness, care, and a morbid kind of restlessness, was a word in common currency. The word Phrontist was therefore fabricated as a sort of nick-name for Socrates, and that Aristophanes succeeded in his intention is pretty evident from a passage in the Banquet of Xenophon. In that curious and enter-

been alluded to in the preface to this work. Plat. in Conv. 335. (B. C.) See also the word *φροντιζειν* as used in opposition to *αυτοσχισταζειν* in the little treatise of Isocrates, which so nicely discriminates the character and fortunes of Evagoras.

<sup>a</sup> Some remarks on the taste of the Athenians for nick-names will be found in the comedy of the Birds.

And men its burning embers: these are they,  
Who can show pleaders how to twist a cause,

taining narrative, Socrates and some of his friends are represented as partaking of an entertainment given by Callias in honour of a favourite youth, called Autolycus. Just as the tables are removed, and the party are commencing the more appropriate duties of a symposiac meeting, a Syracusan enters with a female player on the flute, a dancing girl, and a beautiful youth, equally skilled in the dance and the favourite instrument called the cithara; all hired by the master of the feast for the purpose of amusing his guests. The guests fall into a series of interrupted conversations, while the Syracusan's troop, at intervals, give specimens of their talents; till the company, led on by Socrates, fall insensibly into a conversation so agreeable to themselves, that the dancing and musical part of the company are left wholly unattended to. This neglect gives great umbrage to the Syracusan, and Socrates is made to feel the effect of his dissatisfaction by the following question: (a man of fashion in the present day, as Callias was in his time, would perhaps be a little surprised to find one of his guests treated with the

same familiarity; but we must either suppose that such was the common tone of democratical freedom in Athens, or that Socrates had not that footing in society, which demands a certain degree of observance, or that the Syracusan had tact enough to observe, that a degree of buffoonery had been demanded of or volunteered by Socrates in the course of the entertainment, to justify his impertinence:) "Harkye, you Socrates, he commences, you that go by the name of Phrontist."—"And is not that better, replies the good-humoured philosopher, than if I went by the name of Aphrontist? (a man who troubles himself about nothing.)" "Perhaps it might be, were it not that you are a Phrontist about meteors:" (by meteors are meant objects above the earth, things beyond man's horizon and unattainable by him.) "Do you know any thing more meteoric than the gods?" asks Socrates, playing upon the word. "That's not the matter, rejoins the Syracusan: it is not the gods you trouble yourself about, but things of no kind of use." Socrates, who, it will be easily seen, is only playing with the



So you'll but \*pay them for it, right or wrong

*Pheidip.* And how do you call them?

Syracusan in this little colloquy, makes his reply in a play of words, which will not admit of translation, and which is much too stupid to need it, adding, "if my answer be absurd, you may thank yourself for it; you might have avoided it by not troubling me." "No matter for that, says the coarse Syracusan; but tell me, how many feet a flea sprang from me just now; for these are points of knowledge which it is said you investigate by geometry." The meaning of the Aristophanic word being thus established, we shall have no difficulty in affixing a precise meaning to the word *Phrontisterium*, without entering into any argument to prove that the schools of Protagoras, Prodicus, Gorgias, &c. never went by any such pedantic title. That both these terms were invented and applied for the purpose of making Socrates ridiculous, there can be little doubt; and that the uncommonness of the words, and the laughably emphatic manner, in which the actor was doubtless instructed to announce the *φροντιστήριον* *ἡν ἔστι φροντιστήριον* had this effect to a certain degree, is pretty certain from the passage just quoted from Xenophon. Whether, as

Wieland supposes, there was a malicious motive in the invention of such a name as *Phrontist* for such a man as Socrates, and in the application to his humble dwelling of such a term as *Phrontisterium*; or whether both proceeded from the sportiveness of a merry-hearted man, writing under peculiar circumstances and for peculiar purposes, must be left to the reader's determination, for the forming of which some suggestions have been thrown out at the commencement of a former volume.—*Ed.*

\* Diogenes Laertius, upon the authority of Aristoxenus, declares that Socrates received pay for his professional labours, (*Diog. Laert. in Vitâ Socr. p. 92.*); Xenophon, however, (and his authority on these points is too unquestionable to admit of a doubt,) declares that Socrates considered any remuneration for imparting instruction, as reducing the teacher to the condition of a slave. (*Mem. l. i. c. 2. § 6.*) Brunck, who is of that party who consider the *Clouds* as an attack upon the Sophists generally, refers this allusion to pecuniary remuneration as a reference to the mercenary disposition of that set of men. De Socrate, says this acute scholar,

*Streps.* Troth, I know not that,\*

But they are men, who take a † world of pains ;  
Wondrous ‡ good men and able.

verè dici hoc non potuit, qui nunquam ab auditoribus mercedem accepit. Sed hoc faciebant plerique alii Sophistæ. Hâc autem fabulâ sub personâ Socratis philosophos omnes traducit Aristophanes, et quæ singulis in ratione vitæ et doctrinâ inerant ridicula, ea simul omnia in Socratem confert. Sic solent etiamnum comici nostri, qui in personam aliquam fictam vitia et ridicula congerunt in multis hominibus observata. Hoc non ignorabant Athenienses, quorum nulli non notus erat Socrates. Hujus observationis meminisse lectorem velim ad omnes locos, ubi Socrati, qui philosophorum omnium personam sustinet, vel dogmata vel actiones tribuuntur, a quibus eum scimus fuisse alienissimum.—Brunck in Nub. v. ii. p. 82.—*Ed.*

\* It is worth a remark, that to this question of the son, the rustic father pleads ignorance, by which the poet artfully transfers the first naming of Socrates and Chærephon from that person, who must have spoken of them respectfully, to him, who now announces them to the audience with all the contempt and obloquy peculiar to his charac-

ter. This is one amongst many instances of the poet's address, which the critic cannot fail to discover in this opening scene.

† The opinion which Aristophanes entertained of the sombre, pains-taking character of Socrates and his scholars, has been explained in the note to the word Phrontisterium; the poet here doubles his word of reproach, and the title of Merimno-phrontists is a pleonastic term admirably suited to the poet's purpose.—*Ed.*

‡ The original is either one of those sneers, which a man of rank, like Aristophanes, was not unlikely to cast upon the humble son of Phænaret, the midwife, or it was meant to raise a laugh at a word, perhaps a little too often in the mouth of the Socratic school. *Καλοῖσθαι*, the epithet in the text, has been explained in the comedy of the Knights, as answering most nearly to the English word Gentlemen. The four gradations of Athenian gentility have been marked with sufficient accuracy by Diog. Laert. in his Life of Plato, lib. iii. seg. 88.—*Ed.*

*Phedip.* Out upon 'em!

Poor rogues, I know them now; you mean those scabs,  
Those squalid,\* barefoot,† beggarly impostors,  
The mighty cacodæmons‡ of whose sect

\* The Sorbonnists of Paris, in the scholastic age, in like manner affected to unite peculiar slovenliness and dirtiness with peculiar learning. The description of their gowns by the celebrated Vives, is quite sufficient. *Crassæ, detritæ, laceræ, lutulentæ, immundæ, pediculosæ*, are among the epithets which serve to describe them. In the lawsuit between them and Master Janotus, Rabelais, with great humour, makes the latter with his adherents vow never to blow their noses, and the *Magistri* never to rub off the dirt from their clothes or shoes till a definitive sentence should be pronounced between them.—*Ed.*

† This mode of going barefooted would have savoured of affectation in any country; in Athens, where sandals, it is clear from ancient authors, constituted a great part of the pride of dress in men as well as in women, the singularity was still more apparent. The fashion, though in a mitigated form, was not extinct in the age of Demosthenes, who seems to have

regarded its adherents with no great degree of affection. Having mentioned some of them by name, the orator adds, *ὅι μοῦδ' ἡμεῖς μὲν ἰσχυροπαῖδες, καὶ λακωνίζοντες, καὶ τριβώνας ἔχοντες, καὶ ἀπλὰς ὑποδιδύμενται· σπιῖδαν δὲ συλλέγουσι, καὶ μετ' ἀλλήλων γαῖονται, κακῶν καὶ αἰσχρῶν ὑδὲι ἐλλοιπύουσι*.—Reiske's *Orat. Græc.* v. ii. p. 1267.

‡ Mr. Cumberland has here exactly Anglicised the original word. In the Preliminary Discourse, it has been put on a footing with the *pauvre diable* of the French language. The original applies another epithet to the Socratic school, expressive of ostentation and rhodomontade. Xenophon, who, without naming Aristophanes, may be traced in his memoirs of Socrates as having an eye continually upon the poet, takes more than one occasion of vindicating his great master from this charge. In *Mem. lib. i. c. 2. § 5. Lib. i. c. 7.* The epithet 'squalid' applied to the Socratic school, might better have been rendered by the word pallid.

Are Socrates and \*Chærephon.† Away!

*Streps.* Hush, hush! be still; don't vent such foolish  
prattle;

But if you'll take my counsel, join their college  
And quit your riding-school.

*Pheidip.* Not I, so help me  
Dionysus our patron! though you brib'd me  
With all the racers that Leogaras  
Breeds from his Phasian† stud.

\* Chærephon is described by Plato, (in *Charmide*, p. 235. in *Apol.* p. 360.) as a man, whose warmth of temper had something of insanity in it. It has been already observed in the Preliminary Discourse, that the well known oracle, announcing the superior wisdom of Socrates, depends solely for its credit upon the veracity of Chærephon. Chærephon, who does not appear to have indulged much in the feelings of consanguinity, furnishes Xenophon with a beautiful chapter in recommendation of fraternal love. *Lib. ii. c. 3.* His violent addiction to study brought on him a pale duskiness of countenance, which in our author's comedy of the *Birds* procures him the nickname of the *Bat*.—*Ed.*

† Had it happily so chanced,

says Mr. Cumberland, that the first comedy of *The Clouds* had been preserved, it would have been a most gratifying circumstance, &c. &c. (If the reader examine attentively the Chorus commencing "Ye who are here spectators of our scene," and then compare it with the play, which has come down to us under the name of *The Clouds*, he will see abundant reason, I think, to conclude with Wieland, that *this* is the first comedy of *The Clouds*, and that the address there made to the spectators was intended for the second comedy under that name.)

† Whether the *φασιαν* are to be understood literally as pheasants, or as horses so described, is a disputed point with the grammarians. Leogaras was famous for his breed of horses; he was also a notorious

*Streps.* Dear, darling lad,  
Prythee be rul'd, and learn.

*Pheidip.* What shall I learn?

*Streps.* They have a choice of logic; this for justice,  
That for injustice: learn that latter art,  
And all these creditors, that now beset me,  
Shall never touch a drachma that I owe them.

*Pheidip.* I'll learn of no such masters, nor be made  
A scare-crow and a may-game to my comrades:  
I have no zeal for starving.

*Streps.* No, nor I  
For feasting you and your fine pamper'd cattle  
At free cost any longer—Horse and foot  
To the crows I bequeath you. So be gone!

*Pheidip.* Well, sir, I have an uncle rich and noble;  
Megacles will not let me be unhors'd;  
To him I go: I'll trouble you no longer. [Exit.

*Streps. (alone.)* He has thrown me to the ground, but  
I'll not lie there;  
I'll up, and, with permission of the gods,  
Try if I cannot learn these arts myself:  
But being old, sluggish, and dull of wit,

glutton; his character of course accords to each interpretation. I have inclined to the latter, as thinking it more in character of the speaker; and as I find the country on the banks of the Phasis celebrated for its breed of horses, I prefer that construction to any other.

How am I sure these subtleties won't pose me?

Well! I'll attempt it: what avails complaint?

Why don't I knock and enter?—Hoa! within there!—

*(Knocks violently at the door.)*

## SCENE II.\*

*Disciple (half-opening the door.)* Go, hang yourself! and give the crows a dinner—

What noisy fellow art thou at the door?

*Streps.* Strepsiades of Cicynna,† son of Pheidon.

\* The scene changes to the humble mansion of Socrates.

† Cicynna was one of the wards of the Acamantian tribe. Why it is here selected as the ward of Strepsiades, the scholiast does not mention; but it was most probably in conformity with that species of humour, such as it is, of which the Grecian dramatist was not less fond than Boccaccio or Rabelais. This mode, so common among the Greeks, of particularising a man by the names of his father, and the tribe or ward to which he belonged, is also familiar to the Arabians, who frequently give an additional length to the appellation by inserting the name of the nominee's son, grandfather, great grandfather, &c. Thus in the numerous titles Abu. Yusef Jaacub Ebn

Eshak Alkendi, the proper name is the third, the sixth distinguishes the tribe, to which this physician and philosopher (titles indeed almost synonymous in a learned Arab) belonged; Ebn Eshak implies that the philosopher's father's name was Isaac; as Abu Yusef commemorates that the philosopher himself was the father of a son called Joseph. The two still more illustrious Arabs, known to us under the names of Avicenna and Averroes, assume appellations still more formidable by means of these adjuncts: the full title of the latter being Abul Walid Muhammed Ebn Achmed Ebn Muhammed Ebn Roshd; that of the former Abu Ali Al-Hosain Ibn Abdollahi Ebn Sina Al-Schâiich Al-Râiis.—*Ed.*

*Disciple.* Whoe'er thou art, 'fore Heaven, thou art a fool  
Not to respect these doors; battering so loud,  
And kicking with such vengeance, you have marr'd  
The ripe conception of my pregnant brain,  
And brought on a miscarriage.\*

*Streps.* Oh! the pity!—

Pardon my ignorance: I'm country bred  
And far a-field am come: I pray you tell me  
What curious thought my luckless din has strangled,  
Just as your brain was hatching.

*Disciple.* These are things  
We never speak of but amongst ourselves.

*Streps.* Speak boldly then to me, for I am come  
To be amongst you, and partake the secrets  
Of your profound academy.

*Disciple.* Enough!  
I will impart, but set it down in thought  
Amongst our mysteries—This is the question,  
As it was put but now to Chærephon,  
By our great master Socrates, to answer—

\* The metaphor here is most probably directed at the birth of Socrates, a source of humour, which, as in the case of Euripides, the Old Comedy seems to have considered as perfectly fair. The Socratic scholar, in the original, is made to characterise the mode of knocking at the door by the rude clown—not one of the elect—by the term *απειμηνος*. The operation of labour in the scholar's brain, is characterised by the word already explained, *πρωτο*.—*Ed.*

How many of his own lengths at one spring  
 A flea\* can hop—for we did see one vault  
 From Chærephon's black eye-brow to the head  
 Of the philosopher.

*Streps.* And how did t'other  
 Contrive to measure this?

*Disciple.* Most accurately:  
 He dipt the insect's feet in melted wax,  
 Which, hard'ning into sandals as it cool'd,  
 Gave him the space by rule infallible.

*Streps.* Imperial Jove! what subtilty of thought!

*Disciple.* But there's a deeper question yet behind;  
 What would you say to that?

*Streps.* I pray, impart it.

*Disciple.* 'Twas put to Socrates, if he could say,

\* What actual authority the poet had for engaging his Socrates in these ridiculous speculations, it is now impossible to ascertain; but it may be observed, that the Platonic, and even the Xenophontic, Socrates is sometimes almost as absurd. The groom, to whom is put the absurd question in the *Economics* of Xenophon, (cap. 11.) was not perhaps the only man in Athens, who was led to consider the questionist as a person out of

his senses. Of the minuteness of his researches and the homeliness of his observations, another instance may be seen in the same writer. *Memorabilia*, lib. i. c. 2. § 54. The Socratic flea-measuring, of course, occupies a conspicuous place in the admirable chapter of Rabelais, where the employments of Queen la Quinte's officers are described, and gains the poet, from a kindred spirit, the title of the Quintessential.—*Ed.*



When a gnat humm'd, whether the sound did issue  
From mouth or tail.

*Streps.* Aye; marry, what said he?

*Disciple.* He said your gnat doth blow his trumpet\*  
backwards

From a sonorous cavity within him,  
Which being filled with breath, and forc'd along  
The narrow pipe or rectum of his body,  
Doth vent itself in a loud hum behind.

*Streps.* Hah! then I see the podex of your gnat  
Is trumpet-fashion'd—Oh! the blessings on him

\* The following extract, though somewhat foreign from our present purpose, will shew that graver men than Socrates have descended to trifling equally as absurd. Akibha, who, if Jewish narratives may be believed, could number 24,000 pupils in his school, and who was in such estimation among his countrymen that they did not hesitate to assert, that communications were made to him, which were concealed by the Deity from Moses, could talk such nonsense as the following, and render a reason for it. Dixit R. Akibha: Ingressus sum aliquando post R. Josuam in sedis secretæ locum, et tria ab eo didici: Didici primo quòd non versus orientem et oc-

cidentem, sed versus septentrionem et austrum nos convertere debeamus. Didici secundo, quòd non in pedes erectum, sed jam cidentem se retgere liceat. Didici tertio, quòd podex non dextrâ sed sinistrâ manu abstergendus sit, Ad hæc objecit ibi Ben Hasai: Usque aded vero perfricuisti frontem erga magistrum tuum, ut cantantem observares? Respondit ille: Legis hæc arcana sunt, ad quæ discenda id necessario mihi agendum fuit. The learned person, who relates the story, might well apologize for its insertion—Quam tamen non nisi prius exorata lectoris veniâ et salvo pudore afferimus: Brucker de Phil. Jud. post Excid. Temp. t. ii. p. 836.—*Ed.*

For this discovery; well may he escape  
The law's strict scrutiny, who thus developes  
The anatomy of a gnat.

*Disciple.* Nor is this all;  
Another grand experiment was blasted  
By a curst cat.

*Streps.* As how, good sir; discuss?

*Disciple.* One night as he was gazing at the moon,  
Curious and all intent upon her motions,  
A cat on the house ridge was at her needs,  
And squirted in his face.

*Streps.* Beshrew her for it!  
Yet I must laugh no less to think a cat  
Should so bespatter Socrates.

*Disciple.* Last night  
We were bilk'd of our supper.\*

*Streps.* Were you so?  
What did your master substitute instead?

*Disciple.* Why to say truth, he sprinkled a few ashes†

\* Rabelais, who feeds his Queen la Quinte on categories, antitheses, transcendent prolepsies, and second intentions, would easily have found a supper for persons of this scholar's description.—*Ed.*

† These verses in the original, are, according to Wieland, sufficient to puzzle an Œdipus. He,

therefore, bestows a stroke *en passant* on Brunck, who, by his merely proposing to read *iquation* for *boiquation*, does not seem to be aware that there is any difficulty in the passage, and on Mad. Dacier, who sees much more in the passage than it contains. That learned lady's translation of the

Upon the board, then with a little broach,  
Crook'd for the nonce, pretending to describe  
A circle, neatly filch'd away a cloak.

passage, and her mistaken idea of it, will be best seen by transcribing her note. Il dit, que Socrate courba une broche par le but, et qu'il en fit un croc comme ceux dont les voleurs se servent ordinairement pour enlever les choses, où ils ne peuvent atteindre. Ce passage est *fort plaisant*, et il y a *deux railleries* contre Socrate; dans la première Aristophane *l'accuse d'être voleur*, et dans la seconde il lui reproche les fréquentes promenades qu'il faisoit pour voir les

jeunes garçons, qu'il avoit la réputation de ne pas hair. To accuse a man of robbery, is rather overstepping the bounds of pleasantry, and against the second insinuation, thrown out against Socrates, it is wholly unnecessary to enter into any argument, as no such charge is insinuated in the text, nor in any passage of Aristophanes. Wieland's translation of the passage differs very little from that of Mr. Cumberland.

Er streute feine Asche auf den Tisch,  
Bog einen kleinen Bratspies an der Spitze, nahm  
Dann einen Zirkel, und stipitzte dir  
Aus der Palästra einen Mantel weg.

The following attempt to explain the passage has some objections and some probabilities in its favour. At any rate it does not diminish the humour of the passage, and it gets rid of what both Cumberland and Wieland, on the authority of the Scholiast, admit, that some such idle stories about Socrates were actually in circulation at the time. Let us suppose, that the Socratic scholar, beginning to find out the man he has to deal

with, determines to mystify Strepsiades a little. He begins, then, with the mystic operations of a conjuror,—he breaks his sentences at every two or three words—and when he has wrought up his gaping auditor to the proper pitch, he concludes his speech by suiting the action to the word, and despoiling his hearer of his cloak. For some justification of this opinion the reader is referred to vv. 856. 1497. of the original. In the former pas-

*Streps.* Why talk we then of Thales? Open to me,  
Open the school, and let me see your master:  
I am on fire to enter—Come, unbar!

*(The door of the School is unbarred. The Socratic scholars are seen in various grotesque situations and positions. Strepsiades, with signs of astonishment, draws back a pace or two, then exclaims)*

O Hercules, defend me! who are these?  
What kind of cattle have we here in view?

*Disciple.* Where is the wonder? What do they resemble?

*Streps.* Methinks they're like our Spartan\* prisoners,  
Captur'd at Pylos. What are they in search of?  
Why are their eyes so riveted to th' earth?

*Disciple.* There their researches center.

sage Strepsiades has been imparting to his son the wise lessons which he has received in the new school. The son treats them with contempt, and throws in his father's teeth the loss to which they have subjected him. *Δια ταῦτα δι καὶ Σοκράτην ἀπώλεσας;* "And for such trash as this have you lost your cloak?"—The second passage refers to the burning of the Socratic school. "Alas," says one of the troop, running out, "who is this that is firing our house?" "The

man whose cloak you stole," is the short answer of Strepsiades. It must not be concealed that the verb is here in the second person plural, and that a deposition of the cloak was among the ceremonies of initiation into some schools. It may also be argued, that more objection would have been evinced by Strepsiades at the time his cloak was taken from him.—*Ed.*

\* The reader is referred to the preceding comedy of the Knights for an explanation of this passage.

*Streps.* 'Tis for onions\*

They are in quest—Come, lads, give o'er your search;  
I'll show you what you want, a noble plat,  
All round and sound—but soft! what mean those gentry,  
Who dip their heads so low?

*Disciple.* Marry, because  
Their studies lead that way: They are now diving  
To the dark realms of Tartarus and Night.

*Streps.* But why are all their cruppers mounted up?

*Disciple.* To practise them in star-gazing, and teach them  
Their proper elevations—but no more:  
In, fellow-students, in: if chance the master come  
And find us here—

*(addressing himself to some of his fellow-students, who  
were crowding about the new-comer.)*

*Streps.* Nay, prythee let 'em stay,  
And be of council with me in my business.

*Disciple.* Impossible; they cannot give the time.

*Streps.* Now for the love of Heav'n, what have we here?  
Explain their uses to me. *(observing the apparatus.†)*

\* He had before said they were like the Lacedæmonian prisoners, emaciated and half-starved, he therefore supposes them on the search for food and not for science.

† The seventh chapter in the fourth book of Xenophon's Memo-

rabilia seems to have been framed for the purpose of meeting the ridicule thrown upon the astronomical and geometrical pursuits of Socrates. Xenophon never mentions the name of Aristophanes, but many passages in his works show

*Disciple.* This machine  
Is for astronomy—  
*Streps.* And this?  
*Disciple.* For geometry.  
*Streps.* As how?  
*Disciple.* For measuring the earth.  
*Streps.* Indeed!  
What, by the lot?\*

*Disciple.* No, faith, sir, by the lump;  
Ev'n the whole globe at once.  
*Streps.* Well said, in troth.  
A quaint device, and made for general use.†

that "the Clouds" of that poet were never out of his mind. His allusions to the play are always made with the utmost good humour.

\* Since the restoration of the democracy of Pericles, conquered land had been commonly divided among the poorer citizens; the division being made by lot, colonies of this kind were called *κλῆρονομία*.  
*Wiel.* That this mode of proceeding did not much please the neighbours or rivals of the Athenians, see Isocr. in Paneg. p. 147.

† This is not quite correct translation, nor does it sufficiently express the sly hit of the original at the inordinate greediness of the

Athenians which grasped at the possession of the whole globe. The best comment upon the passage is the description which Plutarch gives of the employment of the Athenians, preparatory to the invasion of Sicily; when, as the entertaining biographer tells us, the sole employment of the youth in their places of exercise, and of the elderly men in the shops and places where they met for conversation, consisted in drawing maps of Sicily, in talking of the nature and quality of the sea that surrounded it, and in describing its havens and that part of the coast which was opposite to Attica. "For," as the narrator adds to this

*Disciple.* Look now, this line marks the circumference  
Of the whole earth, d'ye see—This spot is Athens—

*Streps.* Athens! go to, I see no courts are sitting;\*  
Therefore I can't believe you.

*Disciple.* Nay, in truth,  
This very tract is Attica.

*Streps.* And where,  
Where is my own Cicyнна?

*Disciple.* Here it lies:  
And here's Eubœa†—Mark! how far it runs—

picture of Athenian ambition, "they did not consider Sicily as the end of the conquest, but thought of making it a place of arms and an arsenal, from whence they might carry the war against Carthage, and so make themselves masters of Africa, and all the seas, as far as the pillars of Hercules."

*Life of Nicias.* The readers of Rabelais need not be reminded of similar projects on the part of Picrochôle, nor the inimitable humour with which they are described.

\* This is the same sort of reproach, which Demosthenes afterwards made use of. Their character, in short, was frivolous, and their caprice unpardonable. This whole scene is railery of a serious

sort, and in this place, where it was so much his interest to keep up the laugh, unsuitably applied. C. The reader, who is acquainted with the judicial system of Athens, will think this rather a strange note of Mr. Cumberland's. He surely could never have read the Wasps of Aristophanes.

† Mr. Cumberland has falsified the historical fact here, (see *Thucyd.* l. i. p. 114.); he has missed a play of words, which is of little consequence, and lost a trait of national character, which is always of consequence. The word, which the Socratic scholar applies to the geometrical extension of Eubœa, Strepsiades applies to the extension of tribute imposed upon that island by Pericles after his chas-

*Streps.* How far it runs! Yes, Pericles has made it  
Run far enough from us—Where's Lacedæmon?

*Disciple.* Here; close to Athens.

*Streps.* Ah! how much too close—

Prythee, good friends, take that bad neighbour from us.

*Disciple.* That's not for us to do.

*Streps.* The worse luck your's!

But look! (*casting up his eyes*) who's this suspended in a  
basket?\*

(*Socrates is discovered.*)

*Disciple.* (*with solemnity*) HIMSELF. The †HE.

*Streps.* The HE? what HE?

tisement of it for embracing the Peloponnesian party. Strepsiades unites the democratical and imperial Wars with Pericles, as the efficient causes of this extension of tribute. The peculiar value of Eubœa to the Athenians will be mentioned in a note to the Wasps.

\* It is clear that the philosopher does not remain suspended in his basket during the preceding scene, because the disciple warns away his fellow-students, lest their master should discover them. C. [The reader is referred to the note on the Encycléma in the Acharnians, p. 57. He will there see an explanation of the difficulty which seems to have struck Mr. Cumberland.] If the poet had spared

his politics about Eubœa and Lacedæmon, I should conceive his audience might have been in a better humour for receiving an incident of so singular and daring a sort, as the débüt of the philosopher in a basket; but no doubt he knew the people he had to deal with. [Had Mr. Cumberland ever read the unrivalled funeral oration of Pericles, he must have seen that politics never came amiss to an Athenian.]

† These words, like the *αὐτός ἐστιν* of the Pythagoreans, mark the usual veneration of the Greek disciple for his master with great effect, and call forth Wieland's warmest praises. A most happy quotation from Rabelais in the



*Disciple.* Why, Socrates.

*Streps.* Hah! Socrates!—(to the scholar) Make up to him and roar,

Bid him come down! roar lustily.

*Disciple.* Not\* I:

Do it yourself; I've other things to mind.

[*Erit.*

twenty-eighth number of the Quarterly Review, (Art. Letters from Paris,) will make their force and humour more apparent.

"As soon as the natives came alongside the ship, they all cried out with one voice—"Have you seen HIM, strangers, have you seen HIM?" "Seen whom?" answered Pantagruel.—"HIM," replied they. "Who is he?" cried Friar John. "'Sblood and 'oons, I'll beat him to a mummy:" for he thought that they were inquiring after some robber; murderer, or church-breaker. "How," said they, "do you not know THE ONE." "Gentlemen," replied Epistemon, "we do not understand you; have the goodness to explain yourselves, and we will answer you fairly and without equivocation. Who is it that you ask for?" "HE *that is*," replied they; "have you ever seen HIM?" &c. &c. The force of the pronominal *Autos*, without any adjunct, was not likely to escape so accu-

rate an observer as Theophrastus. He has put it into the mouth of his Flatterer with the happiest effect.

\* The same ingenious author, (Wieland,) observing upon the former loquacity of the scholar, and his present taciturnity now that the master appears, concludes with a remark, which editors and commentators, in these days of acuteness and general knowledge, cannot have too much before their eyes, when they begin to write notes.

Doch Verzeihung! und es sollen (wenn mirs möglich ist) keine solche Anmerkungen mehr kommen, die der Leser, der *eine Nase* hat, selbst macht, und machen muss: denn bey einem Komiker, wie Aristofanes, fände sich alle Augenblicke Gelegenheit zu ästhetischen Bemerkungen dieser Art. Wem sie nöthig wären, der muss ihn ungelesen lassen.

*Streps.* Hoa! Socrates—What hoa, my little Socrates!

*Socr.* Mortal, how now! Thou insect of a day,  
What would'st thou?

*Streps.* I would know what thou art doing.

*Socr.* I tread in air,\* contemplating the sun.

*Streps.* Ah! then I see you're basketed so high,  
That you look down upon the Gods—Good hope,  
You'll lower a peg on earth.

*Socr.* Sublime in air,  
Sublime in thought I carry my mind with me,  
Its cogitations all assimilated  
To the pure atmosphere, in which I float;  
Lower me to earth, and my mind's subtle powers,  
Seiz'd by contagious dulness, lose their spirit;  
For the dry earth drinks up the generous sap,  
The vegetating vigour of philosophy,  
And leaves it a mere husk.†

\* It might be thought that that prince of liars, Philostratus, had resorted to our poet's description of the Socratic school, for some part of the scenery, which he throws round the Gymnosophists of India. Those sages, according to his account, inhabited a castle situated in a cloud, and were in the frequent habit of perambulating the air. See an amusing ex-

tract in Brucker's chapter De Philosophiâ Indorum.

† It would hardly be necessary to mention an omission made here by Mr. Cumberland, if one of the traits of the Socratic character did not suffer by it. It was common with that great philosopher, as it was with one of the greatest of modern statesmen (Mr. Burke), to descend suddenly from the highest

*Streps.* What do you say?

Philosophy has sapt your vigour? Fie upon it.

But come, my precious fellow, come down quickly,  
And teach me those fine things I'm here in quest of.

*Socr.* And what fine things are they?

*Streps.* A new receipt

For sending off my creditors, and foiling them  
By the art logical; for you shall know  
By debts, pawns, pledges, usuries, executions,  
I am rackt and rent in tatters.

*Socr.* Why permit it?

What strange infatuation seiz'd your senses?

*Streps.* The horse-consumption, a devouring plague;

But so you'll enter me amongst your scholars,  
And tutor me like them to bilk my creditors,  
Name your own price, and by the Gods I swear  
I'll pay you the last drachm.

*Socr.* By what Gods?

Answer that first; for your Gods are not mine.

*Streps.* How swear you then? As the Byzantians swear  
By their base iron\* coin?

elevation to the utmost familiarity. Thus Socrates, in the present instance, closes his philosophic train of thought with a very humble exemplification. "It is precisely

the same with water-cresses." "What," replies the clown, "does thought draw humidity into water-cresses?"

\* The answer of Strepsiades will

*Socr.* Art thou ambitious  
To be instructed in celestial matters,  
And taught to know them clearly?

*Streps.* Aye, aye, in faith,  
So they be to my purpose, and celestial.

*Socr.* What, if I bring you to a conference  
With my own proper Goddesses, the Clouds?

*Streps.* 'Tis what I wish devoutly.

*Socr.* Come, sit down;  
Repose yourself upon this couch.\*

be made more intelligible by observing, that the former speech of Socrates would have been rendered more correctly, by translating "Gods are not current coin with me."

\* Here commences, with the omission of the very important epithet "sacred" attached to the "couch" of the original, an almost entire neglect by Mr. Cumberland of a very singular part of the Socratic character, which grew out of his early attachment to the occult sciences, so much in vogue among the Greek philosophers. When we find both Plato and

Aristophanes agree in attaching a considerable degree of mysticism to this singular person, we may be sure that there were some grounds for such a proceeding. In the original, this part of the Socratic character is generally announced by a change of metre, and Wieland, in his translation, has admirably kept up with his original. All the pomp and solemnity of magical incantation come over the mind in the beautiful metres of the Greek and German languages, which, in the cold stiff iambics of Mr. Cumberland, are utterly lost. The character of Strepsiades is entirely

\* Biblical readers will, perhaps, smile to hear, that the *συνεως* of the original is the word which the eloquent Triphyllius, when preaching on a solemn occasion, chose to substitute for the *υπαββαρον* of his text, as thinking the latter too homely a word. Cave, Hist. Litt. in voc. Triph.

*Streps.* 'Tis done.

*Socr.* Now take this chaplet—wear it.

*Streps.* Why this chaplet?

Would'st make of me another Athamas,\*

And sacrifice me to a cloud?

*Socr.* Fear nothing;

It is a ceremony indispensable

At our† initiations.

*Streps.* What to gain?

*Socr.* (*instead of the sacred meat, which was thrown on the sacrificed victim, a basket of stones is showered on the head of Strepsiades.*) 'Twill sift your faculties as fine as powder, Bolt 'em like meal, grind 'em as light as dust;

Only be patient.

redeemed by the exquisite metrical harmony, in which his jokes are delivered; and instead of the coarse hardness which the English dress throws over it, it rises into the most perfect legitimate style of poetical buffoonery. It is not very agreeable to make these strictures on a writer, who, where masculine vigour and strength alone are required, has done all that could be wished for Aristophanes; but every reader of the original, will, I feel sure, agree in their truth, and German readers cannot but be thankful for the substitutes, which will presently be given them from one of the most musical of German poets,

\* The poet plays upon a tragedy of Sophocles, then current in every body's mouth; the story of which had been taken out of the fabulous and romantic history of this old Bæotian prince. In the play Athamas is to be sacrificed to the gods, and, like other victims, he is led to the altar with a chaplet on his head. *Ed.*

† Mr. Cumberland translates *at all initiations*. The humour of the original evidently consists in the mock solemnity of Socrates's manner, and the importance with which the word *Huue* or *Wz* is delivered.

*Streps.* Truly, you'll go near  
To make your words good; an' you pound me thus,  
You'll make me very dust and nothing else.

*Socr. (assuming all the magical solemnity and tone of voice of an adept.)\** Keep silence then, and listen to a prayer,  
Which fits the gravity of age to hear—  
Oh! Air, all powerful Air, which dost enfold  
This pendant globe, thou vault of flaming gold,

\* The transition from Cumberland's iambics to the hexameters of Wieland, is like passing from a cold anti-chamber to a room, where all is warmth, brilliancy and beauty. The reader must be satisfied, however, with a small portion of them.

Still! Ein heiliges Schweigen verschliess', o Alter, die Lippen  
Dir bey meinem Gebeth!—O du allherrschender König  
Unermesslicher *Aer* der du umfassend die Erde  
Hoch im Schweben erhältst, und du, hellleuchtender *Aether*,  
Und ihr hehre Göttinnen, ihr donnerblitzende *Wolken*,  
Auf, erhebt euch, erscheint in den Höhen dem rufenden *Seher*.

*Strepsiades.* Halt! Noch nicht! Noch nicht! bis ich erst den Mantel gedoppelt

Ueber den Kopf mir geschlagen, um nicht begossen zu werden.

(*Vor sich.*) Dass ich auch ohne Regenhut aus dem Hause gehn musste!

*Sokrates.* Kommt dann herbey, verehrenswürdige Wolken, und zeigt euch

Diesem Menschen; es sey nun, dass ihr euch auf des Olympos  
Schneebeladenen heiligen Gipfel herunter gelassen  
Oder in *Vater Okeanos* Gärten zu festlichen Tänzen  
An die Nymfen euch schliesst, oder aus des vielarmigen Nilos  
Wassern schöpfet in goldene Urnen oder des *Mimas*  
Schneeige Felsen, oder die Sümpfe *Mäotis* umschwebet,  
Höret uns und seyd gnädig dem Opfer und freundlich den Priestern!

Ye sacred Clouds, who bid the thunder roll,  
Shine forth, approach, and cheer your suppliant's soul!

*Streps.* Hold, keep 'em off awhile, till I am ready.  
Ah! luckless me, wou'd I had brought my bonnet,  
And so escap'd a soaking.

*Socr.* Come, come away!  
Fly swift, ye clouds, and give yourselves to view!  
Whether on high Olympus' sacred top  
Snow-crown'd ye sit, on in the azure vales  
Of your own father Ocean sporting weave  
Your misty dance, or dip your golden urns  
In the seven mouths of Nile; whether ye dwell  
On Thracian Mimas, or Mœotis' lake,  
Hear me, yet hear, and thus invok'd approach!

*Chorus of Clouds.* (*The scene is at the remotest part of the stage. Thunder is heard. A large and shapeless Cloud is seen floating in the air; from which the following song is heard.*)

Ascend, ye watery Clouds, on high,  
Daughters of Ocean, climb the sky,  
And o'er the mountain's pine-capt brow  
Towering your fleecy mantle throw:  
Thence let us scan the wide-stretch'd scene,  
Groves, lawns, and rilling streams between,  
And stormy Neptune's vast expanse,  
And grasp all nature at a glance.

Now the dark tempest flits away,  
 And lo! the glittering orb of day  
 Darts from his clear ethereal beam,  
 Come let us snatch the joyous gleam.

*Socr.* Yes, ye Divinities, whom I adore,  
 I hail you now propitious to my prayer.  
 Didst thou not hear them speak in thunder to me?

*Streps.* (*kneeling, and, with various acts of buffoonery,  
 affecting terror and embarrassment.*)

And I too am your Cloudships' most obedient,  
 And under sufferance trump against your thunder:—  
 Nay, (*turning to Socrates,*) take it how you may, my frights  
 and fears

Have pinch'd and cholick'd my poor bowels so,  
 That I can't chuse but treat their holy nostrils  
 With an unsavoury sacrifice.

*Socr.* Forbear  
 These gross scurrilities, for low buffoons\*

\* In the original, *comic writers*. Aristophanes borrows the contemptuous language, in which the philosophers were accustomed to speak of the writers for the stage, whose influence with the people they beheld with the utmost indignation. The orator Isocrates, in his *Nicocles*, taunts the Athenians with their preference of these buffoons to such moral writ-

ers as Hesiod, Theognis, Phocylidis, &c. In his speech *de Pace*, he observes, "To oppose your opinions, is, I am aware, but an uphill-task: for, though we live in a democracy, there is no freedom of speech in the ecclesia but to the most ignorant of mankind, and those who have not the least concern for you: and in the theatre, to the writers of comedies."—V. i.



And mountebanks more fitting. Hush! be still,  
List to the chorus of their heavenly voices,  
For music is the language they delight in.

*Chorus of Clouds.. (approaching nearer.)* Ye Clouds,  
replete with fruitful showers,  
Here let us seek Minerva's towers,  
The cradle of old Cecrops' race,  
The world's chief ornament and grace;  
Here mystic fanes and rites\* divine  
And lamps in sacred splendour shine;  
Here the Gods dwell in marble domes,  
Feasted with costly hecatombs,  
That round their votive statues blaze,  
Whilst crowded temples ring with praise;  
And pompous sacrifices here  
Make holidays throughout the year,  
And when gay spring-time comes again,  
Bromius convokes his sportive train,

p. 329. Of this degrading language, the poet of comedy had, relatively speaking, no reason to complain. The highest of the profession, in the declaration of the philosophic Plato, was only two removes from *the tyrant*; and the tyrant, in the Master of the Academy's well-known scale of souls, occupied the last of nine

degrees of dignities, being but one degree lower than the detestable Sophist. *Ed.*

\* The Eleusinian Mysteries, τὴν τελευτὴν, as Isocrates with some boldness hints at them, ἡς οἱ μετεχόντες περὶ τῆς τῷ βίῳ τελευτῆς, καὶ τῷ συμπαντος αἰῶνος, ἰδὺς τὰς ἐλπίδας ἔχουσιν. In Paneg. 108. *Ed.*

And pipe and song and choral dance\*

Hail the soft hours as they advance.

*Streps.* Now, in the name of Jove, I pray thee tell me  
Who are these ranting dames, that talk in stilts?

Of the Amazonian cast no doubt.

† *Socr.* Not so,

No dames, but clouds celestial, friendly powers

\* The original applies more to the songs than the dances of the choruses; the whole is applicable to the spring-festival, when plays were exhibited.

† The original of this speech, and of the following one of Streps-  
siades, contains some of those happy words, which no translation can supply; and which only scholars, well versed in the metaphysics of Plato, can duly appreciate.

Σωκ. 'Ηκισ', ἀλλ' ἑρῶναι Νεφέλαι, μεγάλαί τ' εἰσι ἀνδράσιν ἀγροῖς

'Αἰπερ γνῶμην καὶ διαλεξίν, καὶ νῦν ἡμῖν παρέχουσι,

Καὶ τερατεῖαν, καὶ περιλεξίν, καὶ κῆρσιν, καὶ καταληψίν.

Στρεψ. Ταυτ' αὖτ' ἀκῶσας αὐτῶν το φθγγμ' ἡ ψυχὴ μὴ πιποτῆται,

Καὶ λεπτολογεῖν ἡδὲ ζῆται, καὶ περὶ κῆρην γενόλοισχ' εἶναι,

Καὶ γνῶμίδι γνῶμην νῦξας ἑτέρῳ ἀντιλογησαί·

'Ὡς', εἰ πῶς ἐστίν, ἰδεῖν αὐτὰς ἡδὲ φανερῶς ἐπιδυμῶ.

Many readers, says Wieland, and of the liberties, which the  
will, perhaps, be displeased (and OLD COMEDY allowed itself, and  
it will be an error very pardonable the little regard paid by it to  
in them, since a scholar like Mr. consistency of character, it may  
Cumberland has stated the same be observed, in complete justifica-  
opinion) at finding the simple igno- tion of the author, that the near  
rant Strepsiadēs stepping out of approach and the songs of the  
his character, as he does through CLOUDS, the pretended divinities  
the whole of this scene, and ap- of Socrates and his hangers-on,  
pearing to know things, which throw the old peasant into a sort  
might be presumed to lie far be- of nympholepsy—he thus becomes  
yond his reach. But indepen- elevated above himself, and, under

To men of sluggish parts ; from these we draw

Sense, apprehension, volubility,

Wit to confute, and cunning to ensnare.

*Streps.* Aye, therefore 'twas that my heart leapt within  
me

For very sympathy when first I heard 'em :

Now I could prattle shrewdly of first causes,

And spin out metaphysic cobwebs finely,

And dogmatize most rarely, and dispute

And paradox it with the best of you :

So, come what may, I must and will behold 'em ;

Show me their faces, I conjure you.

*Socr.* Look,

Look towards Mount Parnes\* as I point—There, there !

Now they descend the hill ; I see them plainly,

As plain as can be.

*Streps.* Where, where ? I prythee, show me.

*Socr.* Here ! a whole troop of them thro' woods and  
hollows,

A bye-way of their own.

*Streps.* What ails my eyes,

That I can't catch a glimpse of them ?

the influence of this inspiration,  
breaks out into a train of thought,  
which, conveyed, as it is, in the  
most beautiful verse, makes it one

of the happiest scenes in the whole  
play.

\* One of the mountains in the  
neighbourhood of Athens.

*Socr.* Behold!

Here at the very entrance—

*Streps.* Never trust me,  
If yet I see them clearly.

*Socr.* Then you must be  
Sand-blind or worse.

*Streps.* Nay, now by father Jove,  
I cannot chuse but see them—precious creatures!  
For in good faith here's plenty and to spare.

(*Chorus of Clouds enter.*)

*Socr.* And didst thou doubt if they were goddesses?

*Streps.* Not I, so help me! only I'd a notion  
That they were fog, and dew, and dusky vapour.

*Socr.* For shame! Why, man, these are the nursing  
mothers

Of all our famous sophists, fortune-tellers,  
Quacks,\* med'cine-mongers, bards bombastical,  
Chorus projectors, and star interpreters,  
And wonder-making cheats—The gang of idlers,  
Who pay them for their feeding with good store  
Of flattery and mouth-worship.

\* The group Socrates here gives us of *cloud-inspired* worthies has great comic point; it is the reply of sophistry to common sense, which had struck upon the truth in a very natural solution of their properties, supposing them to be *fog* and *vapour*. It is an answer so contrived as to recoil upon himself. C.

*Streps.* Now I see

Whom we may thank for driving them along  
At such a furious dithyrambic\* rate,  
Sun-shadowing clouds of many-colour'd hues,  
Air-rending tempests, hundred-headed Typhons;  
Now rousing, rattling them about our ears,  
Now gently wafting them adown the sky,  
Moist, airy, bending, bursting into showers;  
For all which fine descriptions these poor knaves  
Dine daintily on scraps.†

*Socr.* And proper fare;

What better do they merit?

*Streps.* Under favour,

If these be clouds, (d'you mark me?) very clouds,  
How came they metamorphos'd into women?  
Clouds are not such as these.

*Socr.* And what else are they?

\* This rant is glanced at the dithyrambic writers, whose compositions appear to have made part of the amusements of the Dionysian Festival. Wieland thinks that they were sung by ambulant troops, who accompanied them, in a wild and frantic manner, with choral dances.

† Mr. Cumberland does not appear to have known what were considered the delicacies of an

Athenian table; or he would otherwise have seen that the dithyrambic writers did not dine on scraps. On the contrary, these turgid poems introduced them to the tables of the rich, and to such delicacies as were to be found in *slices of the large sea-pike*, and *the flesh of thrushes*—luxuries which, as the answer of Socrates implies in the original, were ill-deserved for such bombastical performances.

*Streps.* Troth, I can't-rightly tell; but I should guess  
Something like flakes of wool, not women, sure;  
And look! these dames have noses.\*—

*Socr.* Hark you, friend,  
I'll put a question to you.

*Streps.* Out with it!  
Be quick: let's have it.

*Socr.* This it is, in short—  
Hast thou ne'er seen a cloud,† which thou could'st fancy  
Shap'd like a centaur, leopard, wolf or bull?

*Streps.* Yea, marry, have I, and what then?

*Socr.* Why then  
Clouds can assume what shapes they will, believe me;  
For instance; should they spy some hairy clown  
Rugged and rough, and like the unlick't cub‡

\* Wieland explains this as a joke upon the persons composing the *CHORUS*. Their masks, *provided with large noses*, would have a monstrous appearance to a close spectator; while, to a distant one, they would be in exact proportion. A laughable description of the enormous proportions of the tragic actors is given by Lucian in his treatise on dancing. *Ed.*

† Whatever region Aristophanes

inhabits for the time, whether the earth, the air, or the regions below, he generally contrives to elicit a species of humour, peculiarly appropriate to the situation. The metaphysical wit, in the present scene, besides its ingenuity, appears to have a perfect local propriety. *Ed.*

‡ Hieronymus, the dithyrambic poet, son of Xenophantes, is here aimed at.

Of Xenophantes, straight they turn to centaurs,  
And kick at him for vengeance.

*Streps.* Well done, Clouds!

But should they spy that peculating knave,  
Simon,\* that public thief, how would they treat him?

*Socr.* As wolves—in character most like his own.

*Streps.* Aye, there it is now; when they saw Cleonymus,  
That dastard runaway, they turn'd to hinds  
In honour of his cowardice.

*Socr.* And now,  
Having seen Cleisthenes,† to mock his lewdness  
They change themselves to women.

*Streps.* Welcome, ladies!  
Imperial ladies, welcome! An' it please  
Your Highnesses so far to grace a mortal,  
Give me a touch of your celestial voices.

*Chor.* Hail, grandsire! who at this late hour of life  
Would'st go to school for cunning; and all hail,  
Thou prince pontifical of quirks and quibbles,  
Speak thy full mind, make known thy wants and wishes!

\* Simon the sophist is satyri-  
zed also by Eupolis for his great and  
notorious public frauds.

† Cleisthenes was a character  
so contemptibly effeminate, and  
vicious withal, that the impurity of

his manners became proverbial.  
The reader will find admirable use  
made of him in the comedy of the  
Thesmophoriazusæ, or the Festival  
of Ceres held by women.

Thee and our worthy Prodicus\* excepted,  
 Not one of all your sophists† have our ear:  
 Him for his wit and learning we esteem,  
 Thee‡ for thy proud deportment and high looks,  
 In barefoot beggary strutting up and down,  
 Content to suffer mockery for our sake,  
 And carry a grave face whilst others laugh.

*Streps.* Oh! mother earth, was ever voice like this,  
 So reverend, so portentous, so divine!

*Socr.* These are your only deities, all else  
 I flout at.

*Streps.* Hold! Olympian Jupiter—  
 Is he no god?

*Socr.* What Jupiter? what god?  
 Prythee no more—away with him at once!

*Streps.* Say'st thou? who gives us rain? answer me that.

*Socr.* These give us rain; as I will straight demonstrate:  
 Come on now—When did you e'er see it rain  
 Without a cloud? If Jupiter gives rain,

\* This famous sophist has already been noticed in the General Preface.

† Meteorosophist in the original: the distinction is worth observing, because of some allusions made to it by Plato. *Ed.*

‡ These verses marked out to

the spectators (many of them, it must be remembered, strangers from various parts of Greece) the person, whom, perhaps without knowing his name, they had seen about the streets and public places of Athens. *Ed.*



Let him rain down his favours in the sunshine,  
Nor ask the clouds to help him.

*Streps.* You have hit it,  
'Tis so ; heav'n help me ! I did think till now,  
When 'twas his godship's pleasure, he made water  
Into a sieve and gave the earth a shower.  
But, hark'ye me, who thunders ? tell me that ;  
For then it is I tremble.

*Socr.* These, these thunder,  
When they are tumbled.

*Streps.* How, blasphemer, how ?

*Socr.* When they are charg'd with vapours full to th'  
bursting,  
And bandied to and fro against each other,  
Then with the shock they burst and crack amain.

*Streps.* And who is he that jowls them thus together  
But Jove himself ?

*Socr.* Jove ! 'tis not Jove that does it,  
But the ætherial vortex.\*

\* The *ætherial vortex*, *αἰθερίας*  
*δυνάμις*, is referable to the philosopher  
Anaxagoras ; and it is a general  
remark, which the reader should  
bear in mind, that all the satire  
bestowed upon the character of  
Socrates in this comedy is not  
pointed personally, but through his  
vehicle at various sophists and

philosophers, as they fall in the  
poet's way : Socrates was known  
to direct all his studies to morality,  
and to rescue his philosophy from  
abstruse researches, as Cicero tes-  
tifies. C. (In ascribing the principle  
of an ætherial vortex to Anaxago-  
ras, Mr. Cumberland has most pro-  
bably been misled by the Scholiast,

*Streps.* What is he?

I never heard of him; is he not Jove?

Or is Jove put aside, and Vortex crown'd.

King of Olympus in his state and place?

But let me learn some more of this same thunder.

*Socr.* Have you not learnt? I told you how the clouds,

Being surcharg'd with vapor, rush together,

And, in the conflict, shake the poles with thunder,

*Streps.* But who believes you?

*Socr.* You, as I shall prove it:

Mark the Panathenæa, where you cram

Your belly full of pottage; if you shake

And stir it lustily about—what then?

*Streps.* Marry, why then it gives a desperate crack;

It bounces like a thunderbolt, the pottage

Keeps such a coil within me—At the first,

*Pappax* it cries—anon with double force,

*Papappax!*—when at length *Papappapax*

From forth my sounding entrails thund'ring bursts,

who has evidently mistaken Anaxagoras for Protagoras. The former advocated a ruling Intelligence in all the works of nature; it was the latter who, in conformity with his master, Democritus, ascribed all their effects to perpetual motion. So strongly as the poet has attacked the pernicious system of this sophist in higher matters, it was not likely that he should let him escape in smaller concerns. How far Socrates was himself addicted to abstruse researches, has been considered in the General Preface.) *Ed.*

*Socr.* Think then, if so your belly trumpets forth,  
How must the vasty vault of heaven resound,  
When the clouds crack with thunder!

*Streps.* Let that pass,  
And tell me of the lightning, whose quick flash  
Burns us to cinders; that, at least, great Jove  
Keeps in reserve to launch at perjury?

*Socr.* Dunce, dotard! were you born before the flood  
To talk of perjury, whilst Simon breathes,  
Theorus and Cleonymus, whilst they,  
Thrice-perjur'd villains, brave the \* lightning's stroke,  
And gaze the heav'ns unscorcht? Would these escape?  
Why, man, Jove's random fires strike his own fane,  
Strike Sunium's guiltless top, strike the dumb oak,  
Who never yet broke faith or falsely swore.

\* The most philosophical of poets has dilated this thought into two very fine passages:—

Quòd si Jupiter atque alii fulgentia Divi  
Terrifico quatiunt sonitu cœlestia templa,  
Et jaciunt ignes, quo quoique est cunque voluptas,  
Cur, quibus incautum scelus aversabile cumque est,  
Non faciunt, icti flammas ut fulguris halent,  
Pectore perfixo, documen mortalibus acre?—*Luc.* l. vi. v. 386.

Again:

Postremo, cur sancta Deûm delubra, suasque  
Discutit infesto præclaras fulmine cædes,  
Et bene facta Deûm frangit simulacra? suisque  
Demi; imaginibus violento vulnere honorem?  
Altaque cur plerumque petit loca? plurimaque hujus  
Montibus in summis vestigia cernimus ignis?

*Streps.* It may be so, good sooth! You talk this well;  
But I would fain be taught the natural cause  
Of these appearances.

*Socr.* Mark when the winds,  
In their free courses check'd, are pent and purs'd  
As 'twere within a bladder, stretching then  
And struggling for expansion, they burst forth  
With crack so fierce as sets the air on fire.

*Streps.* The devil they do! why now the murder's out:  
So was I serv'd with a damn'd paunch, I broil'd  
On Jove's day last, just such a scurvy trick;  
Because, forsooth, not dreaming of your thunder,  
I never thought to give the rascal vent,  
Bounce! goes the bag, and covers me all over  
With filth and ordure till my eyes struck fire.

*Chor.* The envy of all Athens shalt thou be,  
Happy old man, who from our lips dost suck  
Into thy ears true wisdom, so thou art  
But \*wise to learn, and studious to retain

\* Mr. Cumberland, not aware of the force of the word *φροντιστής*, or the *το ταλαιπωρον εν τη ψυχῃ*, or the *μη κατανυξις, μηδ' ἰσως μηδὲ βαδίζων*, by which the perseverance and patience of Socrates in delivering his gratuitous lectures about the streets and public places of Athens seem

to be characterised, has translated this passage much too gravely, and, as usual, without any reference to the playful metre in which the description is conveyed. The reader will easily perceive, that the true import of the whole speech is, "Be, in short, another Socrates," and that

What thou hast learnt ; patient to bear the blows  
 And buffets of hard fortune ; to persist,  
 Doing or suffering ; firmly to abide  
 Hunger and cold, not craving where to dine,  
 To drink, to sport and trifle time away ;  
 But holding that for best, which best becomes  
 A man who means to carry all things through  
 Neatly, expertly, perfect at all points  
 With head, hands, tongue, to force his way to fortune.

*Streps.* Be confident ; I give myself for one  
 Of a tough heart, watchful as care can make me,  
 A frugal, pinching fellow, that can sup  
 Upon a sprig of savory and to bed ;  
 I am your man for this, hard as an anvil.

*Socr.* 'Tis well, so you will ratify your faith  
 In these our deities—CHAOS and CLOUDS  
 And SPEECH—to these and only these adhere.

*Streps.* If from this hour henceforth I ever waste  
 A single thought on any other gods,

it takes that view of the Socratic character, in which it would appear to a gay man of the world, no advocate for unnecessary abstinence, a sombre carriage, and what appeared an affected recurrence to the fashions of the old times ; and who, as his enemies allege, wanting elevation of mind to compre-

hend the motives which actuated Socrates, saw only a source of ridicule in the perpetual locomotion which they engendered, and in the hardy frame of body which was cultivated as a necessary instrument for carrying those intentions into effect.

Or give them sacrifice, libation, incense,

Nay, even common courtesy, renounce me.

*Chor.* Speak your wish boldly then, so shall you prosper  
As you obey and worship us, and study  
The wholesome art of thriving.

*Streps.* Gracious ladies,  
I ask no mighty favour, simply this—  
Let me but distance every tongue in Greece,  
And run 'em out of sight a hundred lengths.

*Chor.* Is that all? there we are your friends to serve you;  
We will endow thee with such powers of speech,  
As henceforth not a demagogue in Athens  
Shall spout such popular harangues as thou shalt.

*Streps.* A fig for powers of spouting! give me powers  
Of nonsuited my creditors.

*Chor.* A trifle—  
Granted as soon as ask'd; only be bold,  
And show yourself obedient to your teachers.

*Streps.* With your help so I will, being undone,  
Stript of my pelf by these high-blooded cattle,  
And a fine dame, the torment of my life.  
Now\* let them work their wicked will upon me;

\* The metre, which through the whole of the preceding dialogue is of a very different kind in the original from that used by Mr. Cumberland, here changes into one still more playful. Having given a specimen of translation from a writer who has attended much more

They're welcome to my carcass; let 'em claw it,

strictly than Mr. Cumberland to this *important* point,—important, because among a people of so nice an ear as the Athenians were, the metre in which sentiments were conveyed, tended very much to establish the tone in which an author wished his sentiments to be un-

derstood, and consequently ought in a great measure to direct us as to the precise feelings which Aristophanes entertained towards Socrates and his school, evidently a light-hearted, and not a bitter one, —I shall insert another extract from the same author.

*Streps.* Ja, mit Leib und Seele!—(*vor sich.*) Ich muss wohl, gern oder ungern,

Von den verfluchten Pferden und meiner Frau mich zu retten.

Und nun fangen sie was sie wollen

Mit mir an! Ich bin zu allem

Willig, leide Durst und Hunger,

Schmutz und Kälte, lass mich prügeln,

Und das Fell mir über die Ohren

Ziehen. Kann ich meinen Schulden

Nur entgehn, so mögen die Leute

Immerhin mich für den frechsten,

Gröbsten, unverschämtesten Schwätzer,

Lügner und Betrüger halten;

Mir die schnödsten Tittel geben,

Windsak, Zungendrescher, Schlaufuchs,

Rechtsverdreher, Beutelfeger,

Klappermühle, Schäker, Schalksnarr,

Tellerlecker, Rattenfänger,

Unflath, Lumpenhund und Gauner,

All dies und noch ärgers will ich

Mir auf öffentlicher Strasse

In die Ohren schreien lassen,

Alles leiden, und wenn sie, bey Gott, mich

Gar zu Wurstgut hacken und ihren

Schülern zu fressen geben wollten!

*Chor.* Der Mensch hat einen eisernen Kopf

Starve it with thirst and hunger, fry it, freeze it,\*  
 Nay, flay the very skin off; 'tis their own;  
 So that I may but fob my creditors,  
 Let the world talk; I care not though it call me  
 A bold-faced, loud-tongued, overbearing bully;  
 A shameless, vile, prevaricating cheat;  
 A tricking, quibbling, double-dealing knave;

Und erschrickt vor nichts.

So gesinnt, und in unsrer Schule gebildet,  
 Wirst du zu himmeln steigendem Ruhm  
 Dich unter den Sterblichen schwingen.

*Streps.* Was hab ich aber davon?

*Chor.* Du wirst mit mir auf immer

Ein von allen Menschen beneidetes Leben führen.

*Sok.* Sollt' ich wirklich noch ein solches Glück erleben?

*Chor.* Schaa'renweis werden sie immer

Vor deiner Schwelle sitzen,

Und vorgelassen zu werden sich drängen,

Um dich zu fragen,

Und über Geschäfte und Handel,

Viele Tausende werth,

Sich im Vertrau'n zu berathen mit dir.

*Zum Sok.* Und du, fange nun an, den Alten, was du ihm dienlich  
 Findest, zu lehren; doch magst du erst seine Fähigkeit prüfen!

\* It may not be unimportant to remark, that a word is here omitted, which expresses the willingness of Strepsiades to give up his carcass to the dirt and filth, as well as hardy privations of his future teachers. All the ideas of the poet on the Socratic character are evidently formed upon exterior, and show that he had very little knowledge of the inner Socrates; or rather, that Socrates had not yet redeemed the revolting parts of his character by that mixture of great qualities and endowments, which have so much commanded the attention of posterity.



A prating, pettyfogging limb o' th' law;  
 A sly old fox, a perjurer, a hang-dog,  
 A raggamuffin made of shreds and patches,  
 The leavings of a dunghill—Let 'em rail,  
 Yea, marry, let 'em turn my guts to fiddle-strings,  
 May my bread be my poison! if I care.\*

\* This torrent of terms, nearly, if not quite synonymous, says Mr. Cumberland, speaking of his own translation, forms one of the most curious passages in this very singular author, and is such a specimen of the versatility and variety of language, as almost defies translation.

It is not more certain that the above 'torrent of terms' defies direct translation, than that Mr. Cumberland has not given any thing like synonymous terms for the original. The pleasure derived from the Greek text (and the English reader must not expect to participate in all the pleasures of the scholar) appears to arise from three sources; from juxta-position or ingenious composition, which our language does not admit, as in the *περιτριμμενὰ δικὰν, ψευδὸν ξυκολλητὴς, αὐρησινπῆς, ματτιβολαίχης*; from the application of words in a sense for which they were not intended, and making *things* characteristics of *thoughts*, as in the *τρύμν, μασθλῆς*,

*ερεφίς*; or from images derived from objects familiar to Athenian minds, but for which we have nothing corresponding, as in the *γλοιός*, the *κρηταλον* and the *κυρβίς*, the first applying to the dirty leavings of oil employed in the baths, the second to the noisy castanets which regulated the movements of the indecent *cordax*, and the third to the tables which registered the criminal statutes of Athens. Among the more direct reproaches, which Strepsiades professes his willingness to have heaped upon him, (and of which, as bearing a reflex reference to the members of the Socratic school who were now to have the direction of his mind, it becomes us to have as clear a conception as possible,) three may be found described at full length by the admirable pupil of Aristotle, *viz.* Shamelessness, Braggardism, and Irony. In his 'Shameless man,' the great portrait painter has a little overstepped that nice line which lies between the humorous and the

*Chor.* This fellow hath a prompt and daring spirit—  
Come hither, sir; do you perceive and feel  
What great and glorious fame you shall acquire  
By this our schooling of you?

offensive, and which, in most of his characters, Theophrastus has so nicely observed. His Braggard, who takes advantage of a fellow-traveller on the road, to record the campaigns, which he has made with *Alexander*,—who has just received letters from *Antipater*, requesting (*for the third time*<sup>a</sup>) his company in Macedon—who, in the market where couches are sold, seeks out furniture that costs two talents, and then vehemently scolds his servant for coming without money in his pocket,—is a character for which many parallels and substitutes might be found in modern writers. But his ‘Ironical man’ stands singly and is a master-piece. Each of the strokes, however, with which it is described, would demand a long explanation, and the point of view, from which the portrait ought to be seen, has not always been nicely<sup>b</sup> caught. The term Irony does not seem to have borne, in Theophrastus’s time, the meaning which it did in the age of Aristo-

phanes, and which so completely justified the application of the term to Socrates; that fine ridicule which, under the mask of a native simplicity, corrects folly without giving pain to the object of the ridicule. Irony, in Theophrastus, is a cold-hearted persiflage, a paralysis of the moral feelings,—an insensibility to every thing but that of making others feel your superiority, and a self-consciousness that you deserve and receive secret execration, while a nicely conducted dissimulation constrains the outward marks of civility, and even of gratitude. Fortunately, such a character is not often to be found in the world. The Tiberius of Tacitus is perhaps the ironical man of Theophrastus carried to its most exaggerated pitch of deformity. The *comitas*—the *ludibria seriis permista*—the secret pleasure which the great Ironist evidently felt in disguising his murders under the formalities of justice, and in rendering the senate

<sup>a</sup> In this translation the opinion of J. J. Hottinger is followed; one of that class of critics, who put themselves on a level with the author they illustrate.

<sup>b</sup> Theophrast’s *Karakterschilderungen*. Neues Attisches Museum.

*Streps.* What, I pray you!

*Chor.* What but to live the envy of mankind  
Under our patronage?

*Streps.* When shall I see  
Those halcyon days?

*Chor.* Then shall your doors be throng'd  
With clients \* waiting for your coming forth,  
All eager to consult you, pressing all  
To catch a word from you, with abstracts, briefs,  
And cases ready-drawn for your opinion.  
But come, begin and lecture this old fellow;  
Sift him, that we may see what meal he's made of.

*Socr.* Hark ye, let's hear what principles you hold,  
That these being known, I may apply such tools  
As tally with your stuff.

*Streps.* Tools! by the gods;  
Are you about to spring a mine upon me?

*Socr.* Not so, but simply in the way of practice  
To try your memory.

his accomplices as well as his victims, are little more than hinted at by the great historian, whose genius lay in describing the more terrible traits of his character. But they are hinted at, and the finishing stroke is put to the portrait, when the matchless dissembler, not content with playing the ironist with the living, seemed dis-

posed to play it with death itself.—  
*Tac. Ann.* l. vi.

\* Mr. Cumberland has given too legal a turn to this passage. All the features in the original agree admirably with the accounts given us by Plato of the Sophists most in practice at Athens, Hippias, Prodicus, Gorgias, &c.

*Streps.* Oh! as for that,  
 My memory is of two sorts, long and short :  
 With them who owe me aught, it never fails ;  
 My creditors indeed complain of it,  
 As mainly apt to leak and lose its reck'ning.

*Socr.* But let us hear if nature hath endow'd you  
 With any grace of speaking.

*Streps.* None of speaking,  
 But a most apt propensity to cheating.

*Socr.* If this be all, how can you hope to learn ?

*Streps.* Fear me not, never break your head for that.

*Socr.* Well then be quick, and when I speak of things  
 Mysterious and profound, see that you make  
 No boggling, but—

*Streps.* I understand your meaning ;  
 You'd have me bolt philosophy by mouthfuls,  
 Just like a hungry cur.\*

*Socr.* Oh! brutal, gross  
 And barbarous ignorance ! I must suspect,  
 Old as thou art, thou must be taught with stripes :  
 Tell me now, when thou art beaten, what dost feel ?

*Streps.* The blows of him that beats me I do feel ;  
 But having breath'd awhile I lay my action  
 And cite my witnesses ; anon more cool,

\* He glances at the Cynic philosophers, says Mr. Cumberland. The Cynic philosophers had not yet formed their school. The ingenious translator is mis-  
*Ed.*

I bring my cause into the court, and sue  
For damages.

*Socr.* Strip off your cloak! prepare.

*Streps.* Prepare for what? what crime have I committed?

*Socr.* None; but the rule and custom is with us,  
That all shall enter naked.

*Streps.* And why naked?

I come with no search-warrant; fear me not;  
I'll carry nought away with me.

*Socr.* No matter;  
Conform yourself, and strip.\*

*Streps.* And if I do,  
Tell me for my encouragement to which  
Of all your scholars will you liken me.

*Socr.* You shall be call'd a second Chærephon.

*Streps.* Ah! Chærephon is but another name  
For a dead † corpse—excuse me.

\* The poet, who seems to hold all the superstitious ceremonies of the heathen religion in contempt, makes Socrates insist upon Strepsiades stripping himself naked before he can be admitted of his school, because such was the practice with those, who were initiated into the *Sacred Mysteries*. The clown, who does not see the drift of this injunction, excuses himself

from obeying it, by saying, he does not come like those, who are sent upon the search for stolen goods, and who by law were obliged to enter all such houses naked, and so to go out of them, that their warrant might not be made a pretence for plundering the owners. C.

† Aristophanes generally makes himself merry with the paleness and meagre body of this pupil of

*Socr.* No more words ;  
Pluck up your courage ; answer not, but follow :  
Haste and be perfected.

*Streps.* Give me my dole \*  
Of honey-cake in hand, and pass me on ;  
Ne'er trust me if I do not quake and tremble  
As if the cavern of Trophonius yawn'd,  
And I were stepping in.

*Socr.* What ails you ? enter !  
Why do you halt and loiter at the door ?  
(*Socrates and Strepsiades enter the mansion of the former.*)

*Chor.* Go, brave adventurer, proceed !  
May fortune crown the gallant deed ;  
Tho' far advanc'd in life's last stage,  
Spurning the infirmities of age,  
Thou canst to youthful labours rise,  
And boldly struggle to be wise.

Ye, who are here spectators of our scene,†

*Socrates.* See the Wasps and the Birds. Chærephon was distinguished for a sort of half-crazy devotion to Socrates, (as we have observed in the Preliminary Discourse.) It was to his friendly inquiries, as is there added, that Socrates owed the Delphic oracle, which was so industriously circulated, and upon the authenticity of

which the character of the reporter throws as much doubt as any thing which Athenæus and Van Dale have urged against it.

\* In the ceremonials of Trophonius's cave, honey-cake was an indispensable oblation to the prophetic dragon under ground.

† This address, it is presumed, was spoken by the Chorus on the

Give me your patience to a few plain words,  
 And by my patron Bacchus, whose I am,  
 I swear they shall be true ones—Gentle friends,  
 So may I prosper in your fair esteem,  
 As I declare in truth that I was mov'd  
 To tender you my former comedy,  
 As deeming it the best of all my works,  
 And you its judges worthy of that work,  
 Which I had wrought with my best care and pains :  
 But fools were found to thrust me from the stage,  
 And you, whose better wisdom should have sav'd me  
 From that most vile cabal, permitted it ;

part of the author, and probably by one wearing his mask. I think it is easy to understand his motives for the introduction of it here, whilst the action of the comedy is suspended, and in this stage of its progress rather than as a prologue before the opening of the play, when the minds of the audience might have been less favourably disposed to receive it. Depending upon the interest, which the preceding scenes would naturally create, he now ventures gently to expostulate with them upon the hard treatment his former comedy of the *Clouds* had met with, vindicating that performance, yet artfully charging its miscarriage upon a cabal, whose ignorance and in-

justice they had no share in. This is curious, as far as it gives us an insight into the mind and feelings of the poet, where we can at once discover a high sense and understanding of his own merit, and a keen resentment of the indignity he had suffered by what he calls a faction, from which however he exculpates his present audience, only because he fears to provoke them to a similar opposition, and finds it necessary to sooth them into good-humour, fully evincing, by the compliments he pays them, how doubtfully he thought of his own situation, and of their disposition to support him in his present undertaking. C.

For which I needs must chide, yet not so sharply  
 As to break off from such approv'd good friends:  
 No, you have been my patrons from all time,  
 Ev'n to my first-born \*issue: when I dropt  
 My bantling at your door to hide the shame  
 Of one, who call'd herself a maiden muse,  
 You charitably took the foundling in,  
 And gave it worthy training. Now, behold,  
 This sister comedy,† Electra-like,  
 Comes on the search if she perchance may find  
 Some recognition of a brother lost,  
 Though but a relic of his well-known hair.  
 Seemly and modest she appears before you;  
 Not like our stage buffoons in shaggy hide ‡

\* See note in the Prel. Disc.

† It is almost unnecessary to mention, that an allusion is here made to the Chosphore of *Æschylus*, where *Electra* recognizes a lock of hair, found on her father's grave, to be the hair of her brother.

‡ From the turn which is here given to the original, it is difficult to say, whether Mr. Cumberland correctly understood the text or not. The poet declares that his comedy was not disgraced by the introduction of that image, to which so much reference has been made in a note to the Preliminary

Discourse. The following *castrated* note, derived from the learned authors or translators of the *Antiquités d'Herculanum*, t. iv. p. 45. who had too many occasions to revert to the subject, will perhaps convince the reader, that the introduction of such a figure on the stage during the jollity of a Bacchanalian festival, was not to be much wondered at, when it was so much admitted, even in the common usages of life,

La figure du phallus, si scandaleuse à nos yeux, si étrange pour nos mœurs, l'étoit si peu chez les



To set a mob a roaring; she will vent

anciens, qu'ils donnoient cette forme à tous leurs \* ustensiles domestiques, à leurs vases à boire, au pain qu'ils mangeoient.

Tel étoit le culte établi chez les sages Egyptiens, chez les Grecs si délicats, chez les Romains, qui d'ailleurs faisoient de si grandes choses. Le peuple est le même par tout et dans tous les temps; il perd bientôt l'esprit de ses usages: en voulant se mettre à sa portée, les législateurs ont manqué leur but. Au lieu de descendre jusqu'à lui, il falloit l'élever jusqu'à eux. La religion, comme la renommée, en passant d'âge en âge, jusqu'à nous, se chargea d'interprétations fausses, de traditions ridicules, et finit par devenir méconnoissable et tout-à-fait étrangère à elle-même: ce qui, dans l'origine, ne servoit qu'à caractériser la force expansive, l'énergie, la fécondité de la nature, l'innocente image des plaisirs légitimes de l'hymen, dégénéra en un simulacre grossier de débauche et de turpitude. Cependant, au milieu de cette dissolution, d'autant plus générale qu'elle étoit sacrée, la trace des idées primitives ne se perdit pas tout-à-

fait; puisque les matrones les plus graves, les vierges les plus intactes se décorent sans rougir de l'*Ityphallus*, in *propatulo*. Circonstance précieuse! qui fait honneur au cœur humain, et qui montre qu'il n'est pas aussi enclin au vice qu'on a prétendu le prouver. t. iv. p. 45. On the philosophical turn which both here and in other places these writers attempt to give to this usage, the reader must decide from his own feelings: it may be permitted however to observe, that the religion, which has made its essence and its pride to consist in privation and in the complete removal of all suberviency or provocation to grosser appetites, has shown its deep knowledge of human nature, at least as much as that which gained votaries by giving the most unlimited sway to sensual pleasures; and that the refinement of the moral feelings, gained by the sobriety and temperance of reformed religion, is more than a compensation for the pomp or gaiety, which was thrown into a worship, more directed to the gratification of the senses.

\* Two or three sun-dials, found among the ruins of Pompeii, exemplify, in a very striking manner, the passionate fondness of the ancients for the use of this figure.

No foolish jests at baldness,\* will not dance  
 Th' indecent cordax; we have no old man  
 Arm'd with a staff to practise manual jokes  
 On the by-standers' ribs, and keep the ring  
 For them who dance the chorus: you shall see  
 No howling furies † burst upon the stage  
 Waving their torches; other weapons  
 Than the muse gives us we shall not employ,  
 Nor let *ah me, ah me!* ‡ sigh in your ears.  
 Yet not of this I boast, nor that I scorn  
 To cater for your palates out of scraps  
 At second or third hand, but fresh and fair  
 And still original, as one, who knows,  
 When he has done a good deed, where to stop;  
 And, having levell'd Cleon § to the ground,  
 Not to insult his carcass, like to those  
 Who, having once run down Hyperbolus,||

\* This is a retort upon Eupolis, who had taken occasion to ridicule Aristophanes for so poor a reason as his being bald-headed. Various other allusions are here made to some lost pieces of antiquity, by the poet's rivals, Eupolis, Cratinus, &c.

† Æschylus was mulct in a heavy fine for introducing his chorus of furies armed with fiery torches.

‡ He says (glancing at the hypochondriac philosophers) that he will not weary his audience with the mournful repetitions of *too! too!* Yet with these very words Strep-siades opens the very play we are upon.

§ Cleon's death took place in the year following. C. [How then could the poet speak of it, as having already taken place? Ed.]

|| Some account of this turbu-

Poor devil! mouth and mangle without mercy  
 Him and his mother too; foremost of these  
 Was Eupolis, who pilfer'd from my muse,  
 And pass'd it for his own with a new name,\*  
 Guilty the more for having dash'd his theft  
 With the obscene device of an old hag  
 Dancing the drunken cordax in her cups,  
 Like her Phrynichus feign'd to be devour'd  
 By the sea-monster†—Shame upon such scenes!  
 Hermippus next *Hyperboliz'd* amain,  
 And now the whole pack open in full cry,  
 Holding the game in chace, which I had rous'd.  
 If there be any here, who laugh with these,‡

lent demagogue has been given in the comedy of the Knights. The poet takes leave of him in a very significant manner in the subsequent play of the Peace. *Ed.*

\* The name of Eupolis's stolen play is mentioned in the text (*Maricaas*): the object of imitation was the Knights of Aristophanes. The poet, a few lines farther, more particularly alludes to the use which had been made of his simile of fishing in troubled waters. See *Knights*, p. 238. *Ed.*

† A woman, devoured by a sea-monster, seems to have been a favourite spectacle on the Greek

stage. Plato, the comic writer, had something of the kind in his Cleophon. See also our author's concluding scenes in the Thesmophorizusæ. *Ed.*

‡ It is curious, though not pleasing, to observe with what acrimony these contemporary wits pursue each other; and it is not unnatural to conclude, that wherever the practice shall obtain, as at Athens, of reviewing the dramatic productions of the year, and adjudging the prize of fame to one above all the rest, the consequences must ever be such, or nearly such, as we now contemplate. Those

Let such not smile with me ; but if this night  
 Ye crown these scenes with merited applause,  
 Posterity shall justify your taste.

*Semichorus.* Great Jove, supreme of Gods, and heav'n's  
 high king,

First I invoke ; next him the Trident's lord,  
 Whose mighty stroke smites the wild waves asunder,  
 And makes the firm earth tremble ; thee from whom  
 We draw our being, all-inspiring Air,  
 Parent of nature ; and thee, radiant Sun,  
 Thron'd in thy flaming chariot, I invoke,  
 Dear to the gods and by the world ador'd.

*Chorus of Clouds.* Most grave and sapient judges, hear  
 the charge,

Which we shall now prefer, of slights ill brook'd  
 By us your wrong'd appellants : for whilst we,  
 The patronesses of your state, the Clouds,  
 Of all the powers celestial serve you most,  
 You graceless mortals serve us not at all ;  
 Nor smoke, nor sacrifice ascends from you,  
 But blank ingratitude and cold neglect.

adjudications, we have authority to believe, were in many cases partial, or at least injudicious, and, even at best, they could not but be attended with murmurs and re-

monstrances, nor fail to aggravate the animosity and inflame the envious spirits of rival authors, high in their own conceit, and keenly jealous of each other's success. C.

If some rash enterprise you set on foot,  
 Some brainless project, straight with rain or thunder,  
 Sure warnings, we apprize you of your folly :  
 When late you made that offspring of a tanner,  
 That Paphlagonian odious to the gods,  
 The general\* of your armies, mark how fierce  
 We scowl'd upon you, and indignant roll'd  
 Our thunders intermixt with flashing fires ;  
 The Moon forsook her course, and the vext Sun  
 Quench'd his bright torch, disdaining to behold  
 Cleon your chief, yet chief that Cleon was,  
 (For it should seem a proverb† with your people,

\* The reader is already acquainted with the achievements of Cleon's generalship through the medium of our author's Demagogues. The present passage, no doubt, alludes to some violent tempest, (an occurrence by no means uncommon in the climate of Greece,) which took place about the time of Cleon's appointment to the command of the army in Thrace. *Ed.*

† It is less to a proverb than to one of the old Athenian mythical tales, that allusion is here made. In the celebrated contest, which took place between Minerva and Neptune for the presidency over

Athens, the former, it is well known, was victorious. Irritated at his defeat, the god of the sea pronounced a curse over the city, which had been the object of their strife ; and, in virtue of this imprecation, measures ill planned and ill advised were to be the common characteristics of Athenian politics. The goddess had the power of correcting, though not of altering, this sentence. By her decree, the opinions which directed measures were to be no tests of the consequences which should attend them ; or rather, the success of measures was to be inversely as the wisdom which sug-

That measures badly taken best succeed :)  
 But if you'll learn of us the ready mode  
 To cancel your past errors, and ensure  
 Fame and good-fortune for the public weal,  
 You have nought else to do, but stop the swallow\*  
 Of that wide-gaping cormorant, that thief  
 Convicted and avow'd, with a neat noose  
 Drawn tight and fitted to his scurvy throat.

*Semichorus.* Thou too, Apollo, of thy native isle,  
 Upon the Cinthian mount high thron'd, the king,  
 Hear and be present! thou, Ephesian goddess,  
 Whose golden shrine the Lydian damsels serve  
 With rich and costly worship; thou, Minerva,  
 Arm'd with the dreadful ægis, virgin queen,

gested them. Whoever was the author of this fable, he seems to have formed no inaccurate idea of the Athenians, so foolish frequently, and precipitate in their counsels; so wise and steady in their actions. *Ed.*

\* It does not appear, says Mr. Cumberland, that Cleon's public character deserved these invectives, though his private one was far from amiable. The account of his public services will be found in Thucydides, lib. iv. and he died in battle. Mr. Cumberland's ac-

quaintance with Thucydides could not have been very intimate, or he would hardly have referred to that admirable historian for an account of Cleon's merits. Cautious as the great chronicler is at all times of expressing any private opinion upon persons or things, it is easily inferred from his direct language, what were his sentiments about Cleon. The time and manner of the turbulent demagogue's death will come more properly before the reader in our author's comedy, called Peace.

And patroness of Athens; thou, who hold'st  
 Divided empire on *Paraassus*' heights,  
 Lead hither thy gay train of revellers,  
 Convivial god, and thus invok'd approach!

*Chorus.* As we were hither journeying, in midway  
 We crost upon the *Moon*,\* who for a while

\* When the poet, says Mr. Cumberland, who is here speaking in his own person, indulges himself in such a vein of daring ridicule, it would be hard to suppose that he was seriously employed to fix the charge of impiety upon Socrates, for the purpose of bringing him to trial.

Mr. Cumberland indulges in some further observations to the same purport; but of the real object of the Chorus, he does not seem to have the least suspicion. The humour of it is derived from the reformation, then taking place in the Athenian calendar, by the celebrated astronomer Meton. The year first known to the Greeks had been what is called the Lunar year, between which and the Solar year, as is well known, there is a difference of eleven days; and this difference in a period of seventeen years, of course amounted to 187 days. The months then became necessarily inverted; the whole

calendar was deranged, and festivals, which ought to have fallen in the Summer months, by the Almanack became due in Winter. Meton proposed to rectify this serious inconvenience by inserting an intercalary month at the end of every third, fifth, eighth, eleventh, thirteenth, sixteenth, and nineteenth year. This cycle, comprising 235 lunations, would necessarily bring the moon and sun into the same relative position, as they were in at the commencement of the cycle, and it was accordingly adopted. In such a town as Athens, where the people were much more distinguished by their loquacity and acuteness, than by their attainments in the sciences, or a capacity for applying to them, such a proposal was not likely to be made without exciting a great deal of conversation, and party-feeling at the time. The ingenious promulgator of the cycle itself, it is probable, did not behave with

Held us in converse, and with countess greeting  
 To this assembly charg'd us—This premis'd,  
 The tenor of our next instruction points  
 To anger and complaint for ill returns  
 On your part to good offices on her's.  
 First for the loan of her bright silver lamp  
 So long held out to you, by which you've sav'd  
 Your torch\* and lacquey for this many a night.  
 More she could name, if benefits avail'd;  
 But you have lost all reck'ning of your feasts,  
 And turn'd your calendar quite topsy-turvy;  
 So that the deities, who find themselves  
 Bilk'd of their dues, and supperless for lack  
 Of their accustom'd sacrifices, rail  
 At her, poor Moon, and vent their hungry spite,

all becoming modesty on the occasion, or Aristophanes perhaps had occasion to know, that, like many other of his countrymen, who set up for proficiency in the more exact sciences, he was only strutting in borrowed plumes, and was taking praise to himself for the invention of a system, the credit of which was more due to the Egyptians, the great teachers of the Greeks on all these points. It was most probably to some feeling of this kind, that Meton is indebted

for the flagellation, which is bestowed upon him in our author's comedy of the Birds.

\* The conviviality of the Athenians made the torch a very necessary appendage to their supper-parties, and the plays of Aristophanes show the abundant use which was made of it. It was with a view to promote temperance and sobriety that the Spartan laws absolutely forbade the use of torches at night. *Ed.*



As she were in the fault; whilst you, forsooth,  
 Maliciously select our gala days,  
 When feasting would be welcome, for your suits  
 And criminal indictments; but when we  
 Keep fast and put on mourning for the loss  
 Of Memnon or Sarpedon, sons of Heaven,  
 Then, then you mock us with the savory odour  
 Of smoking dainties, which we may not taste:  
 Therefore it is, that when this year ye sent  
 Your deputy Amphictyon to the diet,\*  
 (Hyperbolus forsooth) in just revenge  
 We tore away his crown, and drove him back  
 To warn you how you slight the Moon again.

\* On the subject of the Amphictyonic Diet, see Prideaux's Treatise on the Oxford Marbles, Leland's Preliminary Discourse to his History of Philip King of Macedon, Mitford's History, v. i., and Le Jeune Anacharsis, t. iii. Every Grecian state, which had a seat in this important confederacy, sent to its meetings two deputies, one of whom bore the name of Pylagore, the other the appellation of Hieromnemon; indicating that his office was more particularly to superintend all concerns of religion. In honour of this holy office, the

Hieromnemon appears to have been distinguished by the privilege of wearing a chaplet during the sitting of the diet, and of returning to his country with this honorary distinction on his head. A storm of wind, it seems, had accidentally torn this chaplet from the head of Hyperbolus; and as the Clouds profess to have taken this vengeance in compliment to the Moon, it is probable that Hyperbolus had made himself conspicuous by affecting to patronize the new astronomical system. *Ed.*

## SCENE III.

SOCRATES, (*coming out of the house in violent indignation,*)

STREPSIADES, CHORUS.

*Socr.* O vivifying breath, æthereal air,  
And thou profoundest chaos, witness for me  
If ever wretch was seen so gross and dull,  
So stupid and perplexed as this old clown,  
Whose shallow intellect can entertain  
No image nor impression of a thought;  
But ere you've told it, it is lost and gone!  
'Tis time however he should now come forth  
In the broad day—What ho! Strepsiades—  
Take up your pallet; bring yourself and it  
Into the light.

*Streps.* Yes, if the bugs would let me.

*Socr.* Quick, quick, I say; set down your load and  
listen!

*Streps.* Lo! here am I.

*Socr.* Come, tell me what it is  
That you would learn besides what I have taught you;  
Is it of measure, verse, or modulation?

*Streps.* Of measure by all means, for I was fobb'd

Of two days' dole i' th' measure of my meal  
By a damn'd knavish huckster.

*Socr.* Pish! who talks

Of meal? I ask which metre you prefer,  
Tetrameter or trimeter.

*Streps.* I answer—

Give me a pint pot.\*

*Socr.* Yes, but that's no answer.

*Streps.* No answer! stake your money, and I'll wager  
That your tetrameter is half my pint pot.

*Socr.* Go to the gallows, clodpate, with your pint pot!  
Will nothing stick to you? But come, perhaps  
We may try further and fare better with you—  
Suppose I spoke to you of modulation;  
Will you be taught of that?

*Streps.* Tell me first,  
Will I be profited? will I be paid  
The meal that I was chous'd of? tell me that.

*Socr.* You will be profited by being taught  
To bear your part at table in some sort  
After a decent fashion; you will learn

\* There was a certain measure, as near as possible to our pint, which the Greeks dealt out daily of meal to their slaves. To this Strepsiades alludes when he says he was defrauded of two measures, and to this humorous mal-entendu he obstinately adheres through the whole scene. C.

Which verse\* is most commensurate and fit  
 To the arm'd chorus in the dance of war,  
 And which with most harmonious cadences guides  
 The dactyl in his course poetical.

*Streps.* The dactyl, quotha! Sure I know that well.

*Socr.* As how? discuss.

*Streps.* Here, at my fingers' end;  
 This is my dactyl, and has been my dactyl  
 Since I could count my fingers.

*Socr.* Oh! the dolt.

*Streps.* I wish to be no wiser in these matters.†

*Socr.* What then?

*Streps.* Why then, teach me no other art  
 But the fine art of cozening.

*Socr.* Granted; still

There is some previous matter, as for instance  
 The genders male and female‡—Can you name them?

\* The learned reader will compare with this a curious, but at the same time a very obscure passage in the Third Book of Plato's Republic, p. 437. G. H. and De Legibus, l. vii. *Ed.*

† This is an excellent answer on the part of common sense to all such unprofitable and pedantic trifling. *C.*

‡ What the leading object of attack in this comedy was, has been already shown. Before the reader concludes too hastily on the impossibility of such a man as Socrates descending to the quibbling and nonsense, displayed in this scene, he will do well to consult the Platonic dialogue, called Cratylus.

*Streps.* I were a fool else—These are masculine ;  
Ram, bull, goat, dog, and pullet.

*Socr.* There you're out :  
Pullet is male and female.

*Streps.* Tell me how ?

*Socr.* Cock and hen pullet—So they should be nam'd.

*Streps.* And so they should, by the æthereal air !  
You've hit it ; for which rare discovery,  
Take all the meal this cardopus contains.

*Socr.* Why there again you sin against the genders,  
To call your bolting-tub a cardopus,  
Making that masculine which should be fem'nine.

*Streps.* How do I make my bolting-tub a male ?

*Socr.* Did you not call it cardopus ? As well  
You might have call'd Cleonymus a man ;  
He and your bolting-tub alike belong  
To t'other sex, believe me.

*Streps.* Well, my trough  
Shall be a Cardopa and he Cleonyma ;  
Will that content you ?

*Socr.* Yes, and while you live  
Learn to distinguish sex in proper names.

*Streps.* I do ; the female I am perfect in.

*Socr.* Give me the proof.

*Streps.* Lysilla, she's a female ;  
Philinna, and Demetria, and Cleitagora.

*Socr.* Now name your males.

*Streps.* A thousand—as for instance,  
Philoxenus, Melesias, and Amynias.

*Socr.* Call you these masculine, egregious dunce?

*Streps.* Are they not such with you?

*Socr.* No; put the case,

You and Amynias meet—how will you greet him?

*Streps.* Why, thus for instance—Hip! holla! Amynia!

*Socr.* There, there! you make a wench of him at once.

*Streps.* And fit it is for one who shuns the field;\*

A coward ought not to be call'd a man;

Why teach me what is known to all the world?

*Socr.* Aye, why indeed?—but come, repose yourself.

*Streps.* Why so?

*Socr.* For meditation's sake: lie down.

*Streps.* Not on this pallet I beseech you, sir;

But if I must lie down, let me repose

On the bare earth and meditate.

*Socr.* Away!

There's nothing but this bed will cherish thought.

*Streps.* It cherishes, alas! a host of bugs,

That show no mercy on me.

\* This Amynias seems to have had his full share of abuse from the comic poets of his time: Eu- polis, Crates, and our author, in various parts, bestow it very plentifully.

*Socr.* Come,\* begin,  
 Cudgel your brains and turn yourself about;  
 Now ruminate awhile, and if you start  
 A thought that puzzles you, try t'other side,  
 And turn to something else, but not to sleep;  
 Suffer not sleep† to close your eyes one moment.

\* In the original, Socrates resumes his mystic character; and his thoughts are consequently thrown into rich verse. Wieland, whose poetical mind these turns never escape, has adopted accordingly a corresponding measure.

*Sok. (feierlich)* So meditiere dann, ganz in dich selbst  
 Hineingezogen, und suche scharf umher;  
 Indem du dich, wie ein Kreisel,  
 Auf alle Seiten herumdrehst.  
 Sobald du nicht mehr weiter kannst,  
 Gleich spring' auf einen andern  
 Gedanken über, und ferne sey  
 Der süsse Schlaf von deinen Augenliedern!

† This was not quite consonant with general opinion, which often looked to a fortunate dream for a solution of those difficulties, which the waking thoughts could not furnish. The pious Artaxerxes took this means for reconciling the conflicting parties, which grew out of the different interpretations of the Zendavesta. Eighty thousand priests having been assembled at his behest, these, according to Gibbon, were reduced, by successive operations, to forty thousand, to four thousand, to four hundred, to forty, and, at last, to seven magi, the most respected for their learning and piety. One of these, Erdaviraph, a young but holy prelate, then received from the hands of his brethren, three cups of soporiferous wine. He drank them off, and instantly fell into a long and profound sleep. As soon as he waked, he related to the king and to the believing multitude, his journey to Heaven, and his intimate conferences with the Deity. Every doubt was silenced by this supernatural evidence; and the

*Streps.* (after a considerable pause.) Ah! woe is me;  
ah, woeful, well-a-day!

*Socr.* What ails you? why this moaning?

*Streps.* I am lost;  
I've rou's'd the natives\* from their hiding holes;  
A colony of bugs in ambuscade  
Have fall'n upon me: belly, back, and ribs,  
No part is free: I feed a commonwealth.

*Socr.* Take not your sufferings too much to heart.

articles of the faith of Zoroaster were fixed with equal authority and precision.—*Decline and Fall of the Rom. Emp.* v. i. p. 203.

\* Mr. Cumberland's usual spirit of translation is seen in the version, though not in the metre of this little passage; and it was not his fault, that he has not been able to mark the play of words, with which the nice inflexions of a Grecian actor's voice, no doubt, slip-

ped into the difference between CORI-es (the troublesome tenants of the Socratic bed) and CORINTHians (the troublesome and active enemies of Athens). The latter part of the original however deserves a short remark, to show that it furnishes, perhaps, one of the nearest approaches to the modern rhyme, of any thing which antiquity has left us.

και τας πλευρας δαρδαπτουσιν,  
και την ψυχην εκπιουσιν,  
και της αρχης εξελκυσιν,  
και τον πρωκτον διορυττωσιν,  
και με' απολυσιν.

Literally, as far as metre is concerned,  
Side and side-bone these are trying,  
Heart and vitals those are plying,  
Into secrets these are prying;  
Gasping—panting—fainting—sighing;  
Help and aid! for I am dying.



*Streps.* How can I chuse—a wretch made up of wants!  
Here am I penniless and spiritless,  
Without a skin, Heav'n knows, without a shoe;  
And to complete my miseries here I lie,  
Like a starv'd sentinel upon his post,  
At watch and ward, till I am shrunk to nothing.

*(A pause of some duration.)*

*Socr.* How now; how fare you? Have you sprung a  
thought?

*Strep.* Yes, yes, so help me Neptune!

*Socr.* Hah! what is it?

*Streps.* Why I am thinking if these cursed vermin  
Will leave one fragment of my carcass free.

*Socr.* A plague confound you!

*Streps.* Spare yourself that prayer;  
I'm plagued already to your heart's content.

*Socr.* Prythee don't be so tender of your skin;  
Tuck yourself up and buff it like a man:  
Keep your scull under cover, and depend on't  
'Twill make your brain bring forth some precious project  
For furthering your good-fortune at the expense  
Of little else but honesty and justice.

*Streps.* Ah! would to Heav'n some friendly soul would  
help me  
To a fine project how to cheat the bugs  
With a sleek lambskin. *(A long pause.)*

*Socr.* Whereabouts, I trow,  
Sits the wind now? What ails you? are you dozing?

*Streps.* Not I, by Heaven!

*Socr.* Can you start nothing yet?

*Streps.* Nothing, so help me.

*Socr.* Will your head breed no project,  
Tho' nurs'd so daintily?

*Streps.* What should it breed?  
Tell me, sweet Socrates; give me some hint.

*Socr.* Say first what 'tis you wish.

*Streps.* A thousand times,  
Ten thousand times I've said it o'er and o'er—  
My creditors, my creditors—'Tis them  
I would fain bilk.

*Socr.* Go to! get under cover,  
Keep your head warm, and rarify your wits  
Till they shall sprout into some fine conceit,  
Some scheme of happy promise: sift it well,  
Divide, abstract, compound, and when 'tis ready,  
Out with it boldly.

*Streps.* Miserable me!  
Would I were out!

*Socr.* Lie still,\* and if you strike

\* Socrates's instructions for soliciting the inspiration of some sudden thought, are a banter upon the pretended visions and communications with dæmons of the sophists and philosophers; tricks

Upon a thought that baffles you, break off  
From that entanglement and try another,  
So shall your wits be fresh to start again.

*Streps.* (not attending to what Socrates is saying.) Hah!  
my dear boy!—My precious Socrates!

*Socr.* What would'st thou, gaffer?

*Streps.* I have sprung a thought,  
A plot upon my creditors.

*Socr.* Discuss!

*Streps.* Answer me this—Suppose that I should hire  
A witch, who some fair night shall raise a spell,  
Whereby I'll snap the moon\* from out her sphere  
And bag her.

*Socr.* What to do!

*Streps.* To hold her fast,  
And never let her run her courses more;  
So shall I 'scape my creditors.

*Socr.* How so?

*Streps.* Because the calculations of their usury  
Are made from month to month.

*Socr.* A gallant scheme;  
And yet methinks I could suggest a hint

brought by them out of Egypt  
and the East, which served to im-  
pose upon the credulous and vul-  
gar. C.

\* Mr. Cumberland says, that in  
this project for arresting the moon,  
the poet seems to glance at Py-  
thagoras.

As practicable and no less ingenious—  
Suppose you are arrested for a debt,  
We'll say five talents, how will you contrive  
To cancel at a stroke both debt and writ?

*Streps.* Gramercy! I can't tell you how off hand;  
It needs some cogitation.

*Socr.* Were you apt,  
Such cogitations would not be to seek;  
They would be present at your fingers' ends,  
Buzzing alive, like chafers in a string,  
Ready to slip and fly.

*Streps.* I've hit the nail  
That does the deed, and so you will confess.

*Socr.* Out with it!

*Streps.* Good chance but you have noted  
A pretty toy, a trinket in the shops,  
Which being rightly held produceth fire  
From things combustible—

*Socr.* A burning glass,  
Vulgarly call'd—

*Streps.* You are right; 'tis so.

*Socr.* Proceed!

*Streps.* Put the case now your whoreson bailiff comes,  
Shows me his writ\*—I, standing thus, d'ye mark me,

\* It must be remembered, that documents of this kind were inscribed on tables of wax. *Ed.*

In the sun's stream, measuring my distance, guide  
My focus to a point upon his writ,  
And off it goes in fumo!

*Socr.* By the Graces!

'Tis wittingly devis'd.

*Streps.* The very thought  
Of his five talents cancel'd at a stroke  
Makes my heart dance for joy.

*Socr.* But now again—

*Streps.* What next?

*Socr.* Suppose yourself at bar, surpriz'd  
Into a suit, no witnesses at hand,  
The judge prepar'd to pass decree against you—  
How will you parry that?

*Streps.* As quick as thought—

*Socr.* But how?

*Streps.* Incontinently hang myself,  
And baulk the suitor—

*Socr.* Come, you do but jest.

*Streps.* Serious, by all the gods! A man that's dead  
Is out of the law's reach.

*Socr.* I've done with you—

Instruction's lost upon you: your vile jests  
Put me beyond all patience.

*Streps.* Nay, but tell me

What is it, my good fellow, that offends thee?

*Socr.* Your execrable lack of memory.

Why how now; what was the first rule I taught you?

*Streps.* Say'st thou the first? the very first—what was it?

Why, let me see; 'twas something, was it not?

About the meal—Out on it! I have lost it.

*Socr.* Oh thou incorrigible, old doating blockhead,  
Can hanging be too bad for thee?

*Streps.* Why there now,  
Was ever man so us'd? If I can't make  
My tongue keep pace with your's, teach it the quirks  
And quibbles of your sophistry at once,  
I may go hang—I am a fool forsooth—  
Where shall I turn? Oh gracious Clouds, befriend me,  
Give me your counsel.

*Chorus.* This it is, old man—  
If that your son at home is apt and docile,  
Depute him in your stead, and send him hither.

*Streps.* My son is well endow'd with nature's gifts,  
But obstinately bent against instruction.

*Chorus.* And do you suffer it?

*Streps.* What can I do?  
He's a fine full-grown youth, a dashing fellow,  
And by the mother's side of noble blood:  
I'll feel my way with him—but if he kicks,  
Befall what may, nothing shall hinder me  
But I will kick him headlong out of doors,

And let him graze ev'n where he will for me—

Wait only my return; I'll soon dispatch.

[*Exit.*

*Chor.* “ Highly favour'd shalt thou be,

“ With gifts and graces kept in store

“ For those who our divinities adore,

“ And to no other altars bend the knee :

“ And well we know th' obedience shown

“ By this old clown deriv'd alone

“ From lessons taught by thee.

“ Wherefore to swell thy lawful gains,

“ Thou soon shalt skin this silly cur,

“ Whom thou hast put in such a stir,

“ And take his plunder for thy pains :

“ For mark how often dupes like him devise

“ Projects that only serve t' enrich the wise.”

#### SCENE IV.

STREPSIADES, (*coming out of his house to his Son, who stands at the door,*) PHEIDIPPIDES.

*Streps.* Out of my house! I call the Clouds to witness  
You shall not set a foot within my doors.

Go to your Lord Megacles! Get you hence,  
And gnaw his posts for hunger.

*Pheidip.* Ah, poor man!

I see how it is with you. You are mad,  
Stark mad, by Jupiter!

*Streps.* You swear by Jupiter!\*

Why then, I swear by Jove there's no such god—  
Now who is mad but you?

*Pheidip.* Why do you turn  
Such solemn truths to ridicule?

*Streps.* I laugh  
To hear a child prate of such old men's fables;  
But list to what I'll tell you, learn of me,  
And from a child you shall become a man—  
But keep the secret close, do you mark me, close;  
Beware of babbling.

*Pheidip.* Heyday! what is coming?

*Streps.* You swore but now by Jupiter—

*Pheidip.* I did.

*Streps.* Mark now what 'tis to have a friend like me—  
I tell you at a word there is no Jupiter.

*Pheidip.* How then?

\* This and the following speech self-conceit, with which the clown  
are put a little too seriously by chuckles over his newly-acquired  
Mr. Cumberland. The following wisdom.  
comes more near, I believe, to the

*Streps. (laughing.)* By Jupiter!  
Come, that's a good one, faith. By Jupiter!  
And at your age! by Jupiter indeed! (*laughing vociferously.*)  
*Pheidip. (gravely.)* And where's the pleasantry, I ask?



*Streps.* He's off; I tell it you for truth;  
He's out of place, and Vortex reigns instead.

*Pheidip.* Vortex indeed! What freak has caught you  
now?

*Streps.* No freak, 'tis fact.

*Pheidip.* Who tells you this?

*Streps.* E'en Socrates the Melian,\*  
And Chærephon, the flea philosopher.

\* Wieland has been already mentioned, as one of that party, who consider the attack upon Socrates as purely personal and malicious; and he accordingly sees three heavy blows aimed at his favourite philosopher in these few words: 1. An attempt to mislead the auditors as to the birth and right of citizenship in Socrates; (a very serious ground of accusation, if seriously urged, in the jealous town of Athens, which, according to the weightiest historians, hastened its political ruin by the narrow-minded caution<sup>a</sup> with which both these rights were guarded;) 2. An endeavour to confound him with the Melians, a people peculiarly odious to the Athenians, upon the well-known principle, that those whom we have most injured, are always

those who are most particularly unacceptable to us;—and, 3. A wish to class him with the Melian Diagoras, whose want of religious principles and attempts to instil atheistic notions into others, had, according to Mad. Dacier's extended conception of a passage in the Scholiast, involved the whole body of Melians in a charge of atheism. In a town of so small a free population as Athens, the truth of such an accusation as the assumption of citizenship was very easily ascertained, and therefore much stress need not be laid on the first asseveration of Wieland; nor is much argument necessary to show, that the author could not have been very serious in an attack which advanced that the hero of his piece was a Me-

<sup>a</sup> Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, v. i. p. 34. Tacitus in *Annal. lib. xi. s. 24.*

*Pheidip.* And are you so far gone in dotage, sir,  
As to be dup'd by men like them, fellows  
Whose bile has overflowed them?

lian.' The latter charge, whether as imputing atheistical opinions in common to Socrates and Diagoras, or, which is more probable, as insinuating, that the former's neglect of initiation into the Mysteries evinced something like the same contempt for the religious rites of his country, which the Melian's open avowal did for those of foreigners,<sup>a</sup> is unquestionably one of the heaviest blows which the poet has dealt him; how far it was deserved, and in what spirit it was dictated, must now, in a great measure, be a matter of uncertainty. As the history of an individual often throws light upon the history and opinions of the times, the following accounts have been borrowed from Wieland and Barthlemi, of the person, with whom it is here attempted to confound Socrates. Diagoras was a native of the island of Melos, the cruel treatment of which by the Athenians has been already alluded to in the Preliminary Discourse. From the situation of Melos, and

its extensive commerce, a young man who felt within him a craving for information, was furnished with abundant opportunities of quitting his own country, and making acquaintance with the most ingenious men of his own day. In this way, and from these motives, Wieland supposes Diagoras to have quitted his country in early life, and to have been intimate with the leading Sophists and philosophers of the day—with Democritus, Anaxagoras, and Protagoras; a society well qualified for laying the foundation of those modes of thinking on the religious worship of the times, which the German writer supposes to have been early engrafted into the young Melian, but which for a long time he prudentially suppressed. A young man of clear head and lively curiosity would naturally feel a passionate desire to know the grounds of those secret religious ceremonies and initiations, with which Greece abounded, and which were so carefully concealed from the public.

<sup>a</sup> This at least is all that Lysias (contra *Andocidem*. p. 214. Reiske's edit.) lays to the charge of Diagoras, a passage which does not seem to have come under Wieland's notice.

*Streps.* Keep a good tongue ;  
Take heed you slander not such worthy men,

It appears, therefore, for a long time, to have been a leading object with Diagoras to get himself admitted into all those mysteries, which, whether in honour of gods or heroes, were observed throughout Greece and Asia—as the Mysteries of the Cabiri, the Orphic, the Eleusinian, the Samothracian, and other mysteries. This he carried so far, that, according to Sextus Empiricus, he gained the reputation of being a man with particularly strong religious fears upon him, (*ὁ τις καὶ ἄλλος δεισιδαιμον*). This religious feeling the author of the French Anacharsis considers to have been sincere: Wieland at considerable length urges, that it was assumed for the purpose of gaining a closer insight into the Mysteries, which the reputation of an opposite character would effectually have obviated; and he grounds his belief on the previously supposed habits of society in Diagoras, and on the improbability that a man, really impressed with strong ideas of an overruling power, should have been led suddenly to renounce all these opinions, from mere indignation at a crime committed against his own person; after having witnessed, as a resident in Greece and Athens

must have witnessed, the daily and hourly enormities which were practised without calling down the immediate anger of the deity. At whatever period the offensive religious opinions of Diagoras may have been instilled into him, or whatever motives may have led to the divulging them, whether indignation at the perfidy of a friend, or grief at the cruelties exercised upon his countrymen, certain it is, that the unhappy Melian had not the prudence to confine his religious opinions to his own bosom, and that the consequences were fatal to him: he drew upon himself a religious persecution, and accidental death by shipwreck alone saved him from the vengeance of an offended populace. The opinions and fate of Diagoras, as discussed in the French Anacharsis, are as follows:

Un philosophe né dans cette île, témoin des maux dont elle était affligée, crut que les malheureux, n'ayant plus d'espoir du côté des hommes, n'avaient plus rien à mépriser par rapport aux dieux. C'est Diagoras, à qui les Mantinéens doivent les lois et le bonheur dont ils jouissent. Son imagination ardente, après l'avoir jeté dans les

So wise withal and learned,—men so pure  
 And cleanly in their morals, that no razor  
 Ever profan'd their beards; their unwash'd hides  
 Ne'er dabbled in a bath, nor wafted scent  
 Of od'rous unguent as they pass'd along.  
 But you, a prodigal fine spark, make waste  
 And havoc of my means, as I were dead  
 And out of thought—but come, turn in and learn.

*Pheidip.* What can I learn or profit from such teachers?

*Streps.* Thou canst learn every thing that turns to profit;

écarts de la poésie dithyrambique, le pénétra d'une crainte servile à l'égard des dieux; il chargeait son culte d'une foule de pratiques religieuses, et parcourait la Grèce pour se faire initier dans les Mystères. Mais sa philosophie, qui le rassurait contre les désordres de l'univers, succomba sous une injustice dont il fut la victime. Un de ses amis refusa de lui rendre un dépôt, et appuya son refus d'un serment prononcé à la face des autels. Le silence des dieux sur un tel parjure, ainsi que sur les cruautés exercées par les Athéniens dans l'île de Mélos, étonna le philosophe, et le précipita du fanatisme de la superstition dans ce-

lui de l'athéisme. Il souleva les prêtres, en divulguant dans ses discours et dans ses écrits les secrets des Mystères; le peuple, en brisant les effigies<sup>a</sup> des dieux; la Grèce entière, en niant ouvertement leur existence. Un cri général s'éleva contre lui; son nom devint une injure. Les magistrats d'Athènes le citèrent à leur tribunal, et le poursuivirent de ville en ville: on promit un talent à ceux qui apporteraient sa tête, deux talents à ceux qui le livreraient en vie; et pour perpétuer le souvenir de ce décret, on le grava sur une colonne de bronze. Diagoras, ne trouvant plus d'asile dans la Grèce, s'embarqua et périt dans un naufrage.

<sup>a</sup> Un jour, dans une auberge, ne trouvant point d'autre bois, il mit une statue d'Hercule au feu; et faisant allusion aux douze travaux de ce héros; il s'en resta un troisième, s'écria-t-il; fais cuire mon dîner. (*Schol. Aristoph. in Nub. v. 828.*)

But first and foremost thou canst learn to know  
 Thyself how totally unlearn'd thou art;  
 How mere a blockhead, and how dull of brain—  
 But wait awhile with patience— [*Enters the house hastily.*]

*Pheidip.* Woe is me!

How shall I deal with this old crazy father?  
 What course pursue with one, whose reason wanders  
 Out of all course? Shall I take out the statute,  
 And cite him for a lunatic; or wait  
 Till nature and his phrenzy, with the help  
 Of the undertaker, shall provide a cure?

(*Strepsiades returns, with a cock in one hand  
 and a hen in the other.*)

*Streps.* Now we shall see! Lo! what have I got here?

*Pheidip.* A chicken—

*Streps.* Well, and this?

*Pheidip.* A chicken also.

*Streps.* Are they the same then? Have a care, good  
 boy,

How you expose \* yourself, and for the future  
 Describe them cock and hen-chick severally.

*Pheidip.* Ridiculous! Is this the grand discovery  
 You have just borrow'd from these † sons o' th' dunghill?

*Streps.* This, and a thousand others—but being old

\* The reader's mind, I think,  
 will often recur in this play to  
 Molière's *M. Jourdain*.

† *γυναικ*—Titanes—himmel-  
 stürmer; as Wieland very properly  
 translates.

And lax of memory, I lose it all

As fast as it comes in.

*Pheidip.* Yes, and methinks

By the same token you have lost your cloak.

*Streps.* No, I've not lost it; I have laid it out  
Upon the arts and sciences.

*Pheidip.* Your shoes—

They're vanish'd too. How have you laid them out?

*Streps.* Upon the commonwealth—Like Pericles \*  
I'm a barefooted patriot—Now no more;  
Do as thou wilt, so thou wilt but conform  
And humour me this once, as in times past  
I humour'd thee, and in thy playful age  
Brought thee a penny go-cart from the fair,  
Purchas'd with what my legal labours earn'd,  
The fee for my attendance. (*Going towards the house of*  
*Socrates.*)

\* He alludes to the sums that Pericles had expended in bribing the Lacedæmonian ephori, Cleander and Plistianax. [From the text and the note, it does not appear that Mr. Cumberland perfectly understood the event to which the text refers. When Pheidippides asks his father, 'how he has laid out his shoes,' the answer should have been, 'on necessary purposes, like Pericles;' alluding to a well-known item in Pericles' accounts, which, equally to the credit of the mutual confidence of Pericles and his fellow-citizens, was allowed to pass unexamined, under the conviction, that it had been applied to the purpose of withdrawing an invading army from Attica. See a further note in the Comedy of the Peace.]

*Pheidip.* You'll repent,  
My life upon 't; you will repent of this. (*Following reluctantly.*)

*Streps.* No matter, so you'll humour me—What, ho!  
Why Socrates, I say, come forth, behold,  
Here is my son!

## SCENE V.

I've brought him, tho' in faith  
Sorely against the grain.

(*Socrates enters.*)

*Socr.* Aye, he's a novice,  
And knows not \* where the panniers hang as yet.

*Pheidip.* I would you'd hang yourself there in their  
stead.

*Streps.* Oh monstrous impudence! this to your master!

*Socr.* Mark how the idiot quibbles upon *hanging*,  
Driv'ling and making † mouths—Can he be taught  
The loopholes of the law; whence to escape,  
How to evade, and when to press a suit;—

\* The text intimates 'And has    niers:' alluding to the panniers in  
not yet had practice in the pan-    which Socrates used to meditate.

† Wieland hits the sense of the original much more accurately.

Du siehst ja, wie er die Lippen noch so kindisch zieht,  
Und dass er das R noch lispelt! Wie sollte der, &c.

Or tune his lips to that soft rhetoric,\*  
Which steals upon the ear, and melts to pity  
The heart of the stern judge?

*Streps.* Come, never doubt him;  
He is a lad of parts, and from a child  
Took wondrously to dabbling in the mud,  
Whereof he'd build you up a house † so natural  
As would amaze you, trace you out a ship,  
Make you a little cart out of the sole  
Of an old shoe mayhap, and from the rind  
Of a pomegranate cut you out a frog,  
You'd swear it was alive. Now what do you think?  
Hath he not wit enough to comprehend  
Each rule both right and wrong? Or if not both,  
The latter way at least—There he'll be perfect.

*Socr.* Let him prepare: His lecturers are ready.

*Streps.* I will retire—When next we meet, remember

\* Mr. Cumberland has very successfully evaded the difficulty of the Aristophanic *χαυροῖς ἀναμίσγνυρα*, one of those terms, which no other language can come up to. Mr. Cumberland has omitted a line at the end, which is not immaterial. "And yet this knowledge cost Hyperbolus a talent," says the satirical Socrates, alluding to the

price which the fashionable Sophists exacted for their instructions.

† Plato, in his system of education, strongly recommends, that the pupil should be taught to commence his own course of instruction in this amusing manner. *De Leg.* l. i. p. 572.



I look to find him able to contend

'Gainst right and reason, and outwit them both. [*\*Exit.*

(†*Dicaeologos and Adicaeologos enter.*)

*Dicaol.* Come forth; turn out, thou bold audacious  
man,

And face this company.

*Adicaol.* Most willingly:

I do desire no better: take your ground

Before this audience, I am sure to triumph.

*Dicaol.* And who are you that vapour in this fashion?

*Adicaol.* Fashion itself—the very style of the times.

*Dicaol.* Aye, of the modern times, and them and you  
I set at naught.

*Adicaol.* I shall bring down your pride.

*Dicaol.* By what most witty weapon?

*Adicaol.* By the gift

Of a most apt invention.

*Dicaol.* Then I see

You have your fools to back you.

*Adicaol.* No,—the wise

Are those I deal with.

*Dicaol.* I shall spoil your market.

\* A preparatory choral song, which preceded the entrance of the allegorical Logos, is now irretrievably lost.

† The reasons for the liberty taken of altering Mr. Cumberland's names, will be seen in the Preliminary Discourse.

*Adicæol.* As how, good sooth?

*Dicæol.* By speaking such plain truths  
As may appeal to justice.

*Adicæol.* What is justice?  
There's no such thing—I traverse your appeal.

*Dicæol.* How! No such thing as justice?

*Adicæol.* No; where is it?

*Dicæol.* With the immortal gods.

*Adicæol.* If it be there,  
How chanc'd it Jupiter himself escap'd  
For his unnatural deeds to his own father?

*Dicæol.* For shame, irreverent wretch, thus do you talk?  
I sicken at impiety so gross,  
My stomach kicks against it.

*Adicæol.* You are craz'd;  
Your wits, old gentleman, are off the hinges.

*Dicæol.* You are a vile blasphemer and buffoon.

*Adicæol.* Go on! you pelt me—but it is with roses.

*Dicæol.* A scoffer!

*Adicæol.* Every word your malice vents  
Weaves a fresh wreath of triumph for my brows.

*Dicæol.* A parricide!

*Adicæol.* Proceed, and spare me not—  
You shower down gold upon me.

*Dicæol.* Lead, not gold,  
Had been your retribution in times past.

*Adicæol.* Aye, but times present cover me with glory.

*Dicæol.* You are too wicked.

*Adicæol.* You are much too weak.

*Dicæol.* Thank your own self, if our Athenian fathers  
Coop up their sons at home, and fear to trust them  
Within your schools, conscious that nothing else  
But vice and folly can be learnt of you.

*Adicæol.* Methinks, friend, your's is but a ragged trade.

*Dicæol.* And your's, oh shame! a thriving one, tho' late,  
A perfect Telephus, you tramp'd the street  
With beggar's wallet cramm'd with hungry scraps,  
Choice gather'd from—\* Pandeletus' larder.

*Adicæol.* Oh! what rare wisdom you remind me of!

*Dicæol.* Oh, what rank folly their's, who rule this city,  
And let it nourish such a pest as you,  
To sap the morals of the rising age.

*Adicæol.* You'll not inspire your pupil with these notions,  
Old hoary-headed time!

\* This line has been altered from Mr. Cumberland, in order to preserve the proper quantity in the name of Pandeletus, of which Mr. Cumberland had made the penultima short. The reader of 'The Acharnians' will easily perceive, what name the author meant his hearers to supply at the pause purposely made as the

line is just concluding. The substitution of the malignant Pandeletus for the sophisticating Euripides, is one of those two-sided blows, and jokes by surprise, in which both the Greeks and Romans appear to have taken a pleasure, that modern readers rarely sympathise in. See *Cicero de Oratore*, lib. ii. sect. 63. et alibi.

*Dicaol.* I will inspire him,  
If he has grace, to shun the malady  
Of your eternal clack.

*Adicæol.* Turn to me, youth !  
And let him rail at leisure.

*Dicaol.* Keep your distance,  
And lay your hands upon him at your peril.

*Chor. (interposing.)* Come, no more wrangling.—Let us  
hear you both ;  
You of the former time produce your rules  
Of ancient discipline—of modern, you—  
That so, both weigh'd, the candidate may judge  
Who offers fairest, and make choice between you.

*Dicaol.* I close with the proposal.

*Adicæol.* 'Tis agreed.

*Chor.* But which of you shall open ?

*Adicæol.* That shall he :

I yield him up that point ; and in reply,  
My words, like arrows levelled at a butt,  
Shall pierce him through and through ; then, if he rallies,  
If he comes on again with a rejoinder,  
I'll launch a swarm of syllogisms at him,  
That, like a nest of hornets, shall belabour him,  
Till they have left him not an eye to see with.

*Chor.* “ Now, sirs, exert your utmost care,  
“ And gravely for the charge prepare ;

" The well-rang'd hoard of thought explore,  
 " Where sage experience keeps her store ;  
 " All the resources of the mind  
 " Employment in this cause will find,—  
 " And he, who gives the best display  
 " Of argument, shall win the day :  
 " Wisdom this hour at issue stands,  
 " And gives her fate into your hands ;  
 " Your's is a question that divides  
 " And draws out friends on different sides :  
 " Therefore on you, who, with such zealous praise,  
 " Applaud the discipline of former days,  
 " On you I call ; now is your time to show  
 " You merit no less praise than you bestow."

*Dicæol.* \*Thus summon'd, I prepare myself to speak.

\* If the reader have any knowledge of German, he will thank me for supplying Mr. Cumberland's deficiencies by another application to Wieland.

*Chor.* Du, der die Männer der Vorzeit mit löblichen Bräuchen und Sitten Schmücktest, wohlan, erhebe die Stimme, und lass uns in deiner Rede deine Natur und deinen Karakter erkennen.

*Dikæol.* Höret dann, wie vordem die Erziehung bestellt war, als Ich noch Blühte, und des Beyfalls gewiss war, indem ich was recht ist Lehrte, und Mässigung noch, und Zucht und Bescheidenheit, Sitte Unter uns war. Fürs erste so durft' ein Knab' auf der Strasse Keinen Laut von sich hören lassen, sondern aus jeder Gasse zogen die Kinder, in leichten Käppchen, mit blossen Köpfen und Füßen trotz Regen und Schnee, zusammen in schönster

Of manners primitive, and that good time,  
Which I have seen, when discipline prevail'd,

Ordnung der *Singschule* zu. Da sassen sie ruhig und sittsam,  
Nicht mit übereinander geschlagenen Schenkeln, und lernten  
Irgend ein gutes Lied, "*die Städtezerstörerin Pallas*"  
Oder, "*was schallt von fern,*" das ihnen der Meister in alter  
Melodie, wie Väter und Anhern sie immer gesungen,  
Vorsang, langsam und ernst. Wenn einer dann Muthwillen treiben,  
Oder die Melodie mit Schnörkeln verzierlichen wollte,  
Etwa wie heutiges Tages die Schule des *Frynys* mit ihren  
Künsteleien und Schwierigkeiten den männlichen, reinen  
Alten Gesang verfälscht, so ward er, als hätt' er sich gröblich  
An den Musen vergangen, mit scharfen Schlägen gezüchtigt.  
Sassen sie aber beym *Pädotriben*, dann mussten die Schenkel  
Ueber einander geschlagen werden, um den von Aussen  
Stehenden nichts, das sich nicht gebührt, zu zeigen; und wenn sie  
Nach vollendeter Uebung aufstanden, mussten sie sorgsam  
Alle Formen im Sande verzwischen, um ihren Liebhabern  
Nichts, das lose Gedanken erwecken könnte, zu lassen.  
Damahls salbete sich kein Knabe weiter als bis zum  
Nabel mit Oehl,—und schmiegte sich nicht, wie heutiges Tag's, mit  
Einem mädchenhaft zärtlichen Stimmchen und buhlenden Augen  
Seinem *Erasten* an, als wollt' er sich selber verkuppeln.  
Eben dieselbe Zucht regierte bey Tische; da durfte  
Keiner zuerst nach den Rettigen langen, oder die Tunke  
Und den Kümmel den Aeltern vor'm Munde wegnehmen, noch Fisch' und  
Drosseln speisen, noch die Füße kreuzweis verschränken.

*Adikol.* Was für altväterisches Zeug! das riecht nach der Zeit, da der  
erste

*Ochsenmord* durch ein Fest gebüsst ward, da man die Lieder  
Des *Kekeides* noch sang, und goldne *Cikaden* im Haar trug!

*Dikäol.* Gleichwohl stellt' ich allein durch diese Art von Erziehung  
Jene Helden von *Marathon* auf! Du aber, indem du  
Unsre Knaben gewöhnst sich einzuwindeln, verzärtelst  
Sie so schändlich, dass ich oft bersten möchte vor Aerger,

And modesty was sanctioned by the laws.

No babbling then was suffer'd in our schools ;—

Wenn so ein Weichling, beym Waffentanz an den *Panathenäen*,  
Seinen Schild, der Göttin zur Schmach, vor den Nabel herabhängt.  
Drum, o Jüngling, vertraue dich mir, dem Lehrer der bessern  
Sitte, und lerne den Tummelplatz der Schikane verabscheun,  
Warme Bäder vermeiden, erröthen vor allem was schlecht ist,  
Dich nicht ungestraft necken zu lassen, vor alten Männern  
Aufzustehn, deinen Erzeugern kein Leid zuzufügen, und sonst nichts  
Schändlichs zu thun, im Gegentheil dich zu betragen als ob du  
Ganz zum Bilde der *Aedo* dich auszubilden gedächtest ;  
Keiner Tänzerin Thür zu stürmen, noch dich zum Schaden  
Deines Rufes gemein mit losen Dirnen zu machen ;  
Nie dem Vater zu widersprechen, noch, Altersgebrechen  
Halben, zu höhnen den Mann, der deine Kindheit gepflegt hat.

*Adikol.* Lässst du dich, o Jüngling, zu diesem allen beröden,  
Wird dein einz'ger Gewinn seyn *Hippokrates Söhnen* zu gleichen,  
Und in der ganzen Stadt für einen Pinsel zu gelten.

*Dikäol.* Umgekehrt, du wirst dich vor andern glänzend und blühend  
In den Gymnasien zeigen ; anstatt, wie die heutige Jugend,  
Auf dem Markt' herum schlendernd, von Dingen zu schwatzen wovon du  
Nichts verstehst, und dich, um jeder Kleinigkeit willen,  
Vor die Gerichte schleppen und durch die verfänglichen Kniffe  
Rechtsverdrehender Schelme zu Grunde richten zu lassen,  
Wirst du die *Akademie* mit einem sittsamen Freunde  
Deines Alters besuchen, dich frey von Geschäften und Sorgen  
Unter des Oehlbaums Schatten ergehen, die Stirne mit weissen  
Binsen bekränzt, und dich der lieblichen Jahreszeit erfreuend,  
Wenn der Eibenbaum blüht, und die Silberpappel mit frischem  
Laube sich schmückt und der Ahorn flüsternd zur Ulme sich hinbeugt.

Lebst du nun nach deiner Weise,  
Und nimmst alles was ich sagte  
Wohl zu Herzen, so wirst du immer  
Starke Brust und frische Farbe,  
Breite Schultern, kleine Zunge

The scholar's test was silence. The whole group  
 In orderly procession \* sallied forth  
 Right onwards, without straggling, to attend  
 Their teacher in harmonics; though the snow  
 Fell on them thick as meal, the hardy brood  
 Breasted the storm uncloak'd: their harps were strung  
 Not to ignoble strains, for they were taught  
 A loftier key, whether to chant the name †

Und gefüllte Waden haben.  
 Lässt du aber dich beschwatzen,  
 Nach der jetzigen Mode zu leben,  
 Wird das Gegentheil erfolgen;  
 Denn da wirst du blasse Wangen,  
 Schwache Brust und schmähle Schultern,  
 Eine mächtig grosse Zunge,  
 Aber dünne Beine haben;  
 Und er wird dich dahin bringen  
 Dass du mit deinen Lastern prahlest  
 Und dich nur der Tugend schämeest;  
 Bis du endlich das Mass der Schande  
 Voll zu machen, nicht erröthest,  
 Dem *Antimachos* sogar dich Preis zu geben.

\* This beautiful description will remind the reader of Xenophon's picture of the severe discipline of Spartan youth, who were met in the streets in silent step, with each hand wrapped up in their vests, and regarding only what was just before them; with no more motion in their eyes, than if they were made of brass; no more sound

in their voices, than if they were marble statues, and bashful as virgins, who have never left the female apartment. *De Rep. Lac.* c. 3.

† The original, for which Mr. Cumberland has given a periphrasis, consists of the beginnings of two old choral songs, well known to the audience.



Of Pallas; terrible amidst the blaze  
 Of cities overthrown, or wide and far  
 To spread, as custom was, the echoing peal.  
 There let no low buffoon intrude his tricks,  
 Let no capricious quavering on a note,  
 No running of divisions high and low  
 Break the pure stream of harmony; no Phrynis\*

\* Phrynis of Mitylene, the scholar of Aristocleides, is here meant. We have had occasion in the Preliminary Discourse to advert, at some length, to the subject of music, and to an important revolution which took place in that science during the days of Aristophanes; a revolution, to which most of the greater of the Greek writers concurrently refer as the principal cause of the great corruption of manners, which disfigured their days. Plato more particularly adverts to the importance of music as essential to the

good polity of a state. Thus, having formed his own Utopia, he makes his Socrates observe, that all human things are subject to decay, and that a change must take place even in this most perfect of all governments. The first symptom of it, he says, will be in the magistrates mistaking the geometrical<sup>a</sup> number, which, according to the Platonic Socrates, had so decided an influence on the good and bad qualities of children, at the time of their procreation. As mistake in this geometrical number produces two kinds of

<sup>a</sup> This famous geometrical number is one of the great puzzles in the Platonic writings. As the acme of jargon and nonsense, it deserves insertion in the original, for it would be ridiculous to attempt a translation. *αρις δι θεωρ μιν γεννητω περιδος, ην αριθμος περιλαμβανει τελειος ανθρωποις δι, εν ο πρωτη αυησεις, δυναμιναι τε και δυνασσομεναι τρεις αποκατασσεις, τετταρας δε δευς λαβησαι ομοιωντων τε και ανομοιωντων, και αυχωντων και φθινοντων, παντα προσηγορα και ρητα προς αλλα απεφηναν αν επιτρειτος πυθμεν πεμπαδι συζυγεις δυο αρμοσιαι παρεχνηται, τρεις αυησεις, την μιν, ισην ισακεις, εκατον τοσαυτακεις την δε ισομηνη μιν, τη προμηκει δε, εκατον μιν αριθμων απο διαμετρων ρητων πεμπαδων, δεομενων ινος εκατων, αρετων δε δυοιν εκατον δι κυβων τριαδος. Plat. de Rep. l. viii. p. 492. F. G. Surely the Gematria, Notarikon and Temurah of the Cabbalists, if directed to less important subjects, would have been innocent trifling, compared with this.*

Practising wanton warblings out of place—  
 Woe to his back that so was found offending!  
 Hard stripes and heavy would reform his taste.  
 Decent and chaste their postures in the school  
 Of their gymnastic exercises; none  
 Expos'd an attitude that might provoke  
 Irregular desire; their lips ne'er mov'd  
 In love-inspiring whispers, and their walks  
 From eyes obscene were sacred and secure.  
 Hot herbs, the old man's diet, were proscrib'd;  
 No radish, anise, parsley, deck'd their board;  
 No rioting, no revelling was there  
 At feast or frolic, no unseemly touch  
 Or signal, that inspires the hint impure.

*Adicæol.* Why these are maxims\* obsolete and stale;

harmony, it will be succeeded by a deteriorated race of children, who will pay less attention to the science of music than is proper,—the want of harmony will engender wars and seditions—these dissensions will end in a victory on the side of the magisterial and martial portions of the combatants; and this once perfect aristocracy will then change into a government, forming a medium between aristocracy and oligarchy. Leaving these and many similar fancies of Plato for the amusement of the learned, we may observe, that per-

sons much less speculative have observed an intimate connexion between national music and national manners. "Thou art one of those," says the indignant outlaw of the GREAT NOVELIST, "who, with new French graces or traliras, dost disturb the ancient English bugle-notes. Prior, that last flourish on the recheat, hath added fifty crowns to thy ransom for corrupting the true old manly blasts of venerie."—*Ivanhoe*.

\* The original, in taunting the staleness of these notions, puts them on a footing with *four* of the

Worm-eaten rules, coeval with the hymns  
Of old Ceceydas and Buphonian feasts.

most antiquated of Athenian practices; the sacrifices in honour of Zeus Polieus, or Jupiter the protector of the city;—the practice of wearing golden cicadæ in the hair—the time when the songs of Ceceydas were in fashion—and the Buphonian Festival. The custom of wearing golden cicadæ in the hair has been already explained (see the *Knights*, p. 285); and it will be sufficient to say of Ceceydas, that he was an ancient dithyrambic poet, whose songs were long gone by; the Buphonian Festival, which grew out of the sacrifices in honour of the Zeus Polieus, deserves a little more notice. In the earlier stages of Athenian civilization, the nature of the soil, and the use which was made of oxen, for the purposes of agriculture, required that the utmost care should be taken to keep up so valuable a stock. The life of an ox was accordingly put upon the same footing with that of a man; and the altars of Jupiter, before which whole hecatombs fell in after-times, were then satisfied with the offering of a little salted meal, and a few cakes. The first slaughter of an ox was a circumstance to put the whole of the little town

of Cecropia, as Athens was then called, into a state of unwonted agitation. It happened during the reign of Erectheus, and under particular circumstances. The usual sacrifice in honour of the Zeus Polieus was taking place in the Acropolis, when an ox, accidentally breaking loose, ran towards the offerings, and began to make free with them. One Thaulon, or, according to Porphyry, the priest of Jupiter himself, irritated by this sacrilegious intrusion, and forgetting at the moment the law which was established in favour of the horned intruder, struck him dead with a blow of his hatchet. A consciousness of legal guilt, however, presently came across him; he dropped his hatchet in a fright, and fled for his life. A law was now past, that in future this particular day of the feast should be called Buphonia, and that certain ceremonies should be observed in memorial of this first slaughter of an ox. Accordingly, it became an established custom, that, just as every thing was prepared for the usual sacrifice, a number of oxen should be made to pass by the altar, and that the one who tasted of the offerings on it should be put

*Dicaeol.* Yet so were train'd the heroes, that imbru'd  
 The field of Marathon with hostile blood;  
 This discipline it was that braced their nerves  
 And fitted them for conquest. You, forsooth,  
 At great Minerva's festival produce  
 Your martial dancers, not as they were wont,  
 But smother'd underneath the tawdry load\*

to death. The custom further en-joined certain young girls to bring water in vessels, for the purpose of sharpening the instruments of sacrifice; the servants of the god bringing the instruments themselves. The priest then smote the victim: but no sooner was the blow struck, than with all the marks of terror in his countenance, he let fall the axe, and fled for his life. His accomplices, in the mean time, partook of the victim; the skin of the animal was sewed up, having previously been filled with hay; and the party, having tied this shapeless mass to a plough, proceeded to justify themselves before a mock-tribunal appointed for the purpose. The young girls, who had furnished the water for sharpening the sacrificial instruments, laid the blame upon those who had actually sharpened them: these transferred it to the slaughterers of the victim, while the slaughterers referred the guilt to

the hatchet itself, which had committed the murder. This last, having no means of pleading its own cause, was condemned as the real murderer, and thrown into the sea. See *The German Attic Museum*, des 2 Band. Heft. iii. *Le Jeune Anacharsis*, t. ii. p. 405. *Ælian*, *Var. Hist.* l. viii. c. 3. *Suidam et Harpocr.* in voce *Διωολα*.

\* From the manner in which Mr. Cumberland has translated this passage, he does not appear to have understood the allusion conveyed in the original. It refers to a dance, celebrated in the earlier ages of Athenian simplicity, in honour of the great patroness of their town, and more particularly as a memorial of her wonderful birth, when, at the blow of Vulcan's hammer, she sprang from her father's skull in complete armour. In memory of this tradition was established a solemn procession, which, made up of the whole Athenian population, traversed the prin-

Of cumbrous armour, till I sweat to see them  
 Dangling their shields in such unseemly sort  
 As mars the sacred measure of the dance.  
 Be wise, therefore, young man, and turn to me.  
 Turn to the better guide, so shall you learn  
 To scorn the noisy forum,\* shun the bath,

cial streets of Athens, and ascended to the magnificent Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, on the Acropolis. It was the fashion for the young men of Athens, armed with a spear and shield, with little more clothing than a short military frock, to accompany the procession, to the steps of a solemn dance. The rest may be told in the words of a writer, often very minute in his illustrations.

"In jenen alten Zeiten, says Wieland, der *Sieger bey Marathon*, als Einfalt der Sitten und öffentliche Ehrbarkeit noch den zuverlässigsten Schleier um die Schamhaftigkeit webten, kümmerten die wackern Jünglinge, deren Aufmerksamkeit bloss darauf gerichtet war, der Göttin zu Ehren ihre Schuldigkeit zu thun, sich wenig darum, ob unter den vorgeschriebenen Bewegungen und Figuren dieses gottesdienstlichen Tanzes jemand von ungefähr etwas gewahr werden könnte, das Niemanden ärgerte, und dessen sie sich nicht

zu schämen hatten; sie trugen also ihre Schilde, wie es seit Homer's Zeiten immer üblich gewesen war, die Brust, nicht was unter dem Nabel ist, zu decken. Aber in den Tagen unsers Dichters, von deren ungeheurer Verdorbenheit seine Komödien die vollständigsten Urkunden sind, mochte wohl mancher dieser jungen Herren Ursache haben, seinen Schild vorwärts herabhängen zu lassen, um auf alle Fälle die verrätherischen Zeichen eines asotischen Lebens, vielleicht (wie Hr. HARTLES anmerkt) das, was er weiter unten, durch *καλὴν μάγαν* andeutet, nach Möglichkeit unsichtbar zu machen."

\* The character of those, who were frequenters of the Forum or Agora, has been already explained. Isocrates, who was very fond of recurring to the good old times, seems to have Aristophanes in his eye when he enters into so full a description of them as he does in his Areiopagitic oration. "Our citizens," says he, "were then kept

And turn with blushes from the scene impure :  
 Then conscious, innocence shall make you bold  
 To spurn the injurious, but to reverend age  
 Meek and submissive, rising from your seat  
 To pay the homage due, nor shall you ever  
 Or wring the parent's soul, or stain your own.  
 In purity\* of manners you shall live

in order by two motives; the fear of punishment and the diligent inspection of their superiors. So vigilant was that attention, that it embraced not merely those who had been guilty of any offence, but, by a sort of forecast, detected those who were likely to offend. The consequence of this was, that our young men did not waste their time in gaming-houses, nor among music-women, nor those assemblies which now consume whole days—they gave themselves up steadily to those studies which were enjoined them, and confined their intercourse and their admiration to those, who were the leading men in similar pursuits. Such an aversion had they to the Agora, that if necessity obliged them to pass through it, it was done with the utmost modesty, bashfulness and forbearance. To contradict an elder, or to reproach him, was then thought a more

heinous offence, than a misdemeanour towards a parent is considered in these days. But to eat or drink in a tavern—was an act of boldness of which no decent domestic would have been guilty. A grave and decent behaviour was then thought much more creditable, than buffoonery; and the scoffing, jibing person, whom we now compliment with the title of a man of wit, was in those times accounted a sorry sort of fellow.' *Ed.*

\* Mr. Cumberland gives a substitute here for a passage, which has excited some controversy among the learned. Frischlinus translates, *adeoque pudoris vivum exemplum in te dare*—Brunckquia *Pudoris signum debes effingere*—*Mad. Dacier, tu dois être un modèle de pudeur.* Upon the authority of a passage in Pausanias, which states that there was an altar erected to Shame of great antiquity in Athens, but without any

A bright example ; vain shall be the lures  
Of the stage-wanton\* floating in the dance,

statue of this allegorical divinity, it may perhaps without extravagance be assumed that the poet wished his younger hearers to understand, that each of them ought individually to supply the deficiency, by encouraging noble and honourable sentiments in himself; thus rendering his own person a sort of representative of that fine and delicate feeling, which the ancients understood by the word *Αἰδώς*. For a confirmation of this opinion see Cicero de Legg. L. i. § 22. L. ii. § 11.

\* There is a little sin of commission, as well as omission, in the translation of this passage, which, as affecting a correct knowledge of Greek manners, and more particularly of their theatrical entertainments, it may not be amiss to rectify. The word, which Mr. Cumberland translates stage-wanton, is in the original *εἰσπρεπής*, and implies one of those Grecian females, who made it their employment (and the profession by no means wanted for numbers) to contribute to the enjoyment of private convivial parties by the exhibition of dancing. No females were admitted on the Greek stage, for the purposes of recitation, or in the orchestra, for

the purposes of dancing; but the *εἰσπρεπής* supplied the young men of Athens, who had more money than sense or virtue, with the same means of getting rid of their superfluous cash as the stage-wantons and opera-dancers of the present day. Among the paintings found in the ruins of Pompeii are a series of these dancing-women; and it must be confessed that if they are to be considered as a just sample of the profession, the young men of Athens had need of some admonition to make them rise superior to their allurements. Movements, all lightness and air; attitudes, which might supply a Canova with ideas; and robes so thin as to justify the expression, which called them "woven wind," and these too thrown but very sparingly over the person, formed some of the attractions of these usual and dangerous appendages to a Grecian banquet. Having turned the private dancer of the Greeks into a modern stage-figurante, Mr. Cumberland might think it necessary to omit the provocative apple, which in the original is thrown at the young man, as the prelude to further playfulness; and which, however it might suit a banqueting

Vain all her arts to snare you in her arms,  
And strip you of your virtue and good name.

No petulant reply shall you oppose  
To fatherly commands, nor taunting vent

Irreverent mockery on his hoary head,

Crying—"Behold Iäpetus\* himself!"

Poor thanks for all his fond parental care.

*Adicæol.* Aye, my brave youth, do, follow these fine rules,

room and a private party, could not well have taken place from the stage. The classical reader need not be reminded of his Theocritus, his Virgil and his Ovid, to know how much the apple entered into all the amatory poetry and engagements of the ancients; nor from what allusions to the most beautiful part of the female form, it became the favourite present and pledge of affection between lovers. One of the prettiest uses made of this favoured fruit, occurs among the Images of Philostratus. A band of Cupids, represented as the ancient artists delighted to paint them, with little wings to their backs and without clothing, are there described as throwing apples at each other, with a reward of kisses, proportioned to the number which they catch.

\* Iäpetus here stands for the *ne*

*plus ultra* of antiquity. Thus in Lucian's Saturnalia, the great founder of that time of festivity, comparing his happy situation, now that he had surrendered his throne to Jupiter, observes, "I now live at my ease, and as an old man should live—I drink nectar without mixture, and I talk over old stories with Iäpetus and others my coevals. The cares of government (and a numerous tribe they are) I leave to him. I have reserved only a few days to myself, that men may still be reminded of the blessings, which they enjoyed under my beneficent reign, when sowing and ploughing were unknown arts, when bread grew ready-made, and meat was cooked to the hand, when rivers ran wine, and milk and honey were to be found in every fountain." *Ed.*



And learn by them to be as mere a swine,  
Driveler, and dolt, as any of the sons  
Of our Hippocrates ;\*—I swear by Bacchus,  
Folly and foul contempt shall be your doom.

*Dicæol.* Not so, but fair and fresh in youthful bloom  
Amongst our young athletics you shall shine ;  
Not in the forum loit'ring time away  
In gossip prattle, like our gang of idlers  
Nor yet in some vexatious paltry suit  
Wrangling and quibbling in our petty courts,  
But in the solemn academic grove,  
Crown'd with the modest reed, fit converse hold  
With your collegiate equals ; there serene,  
Calm as the scene around you, underneath  
The fragrant foliage where the ilex spreads,  
Where the deciduous poplar strews her leaves,  
Where the tall elm-tree and wide-stretching plane  
Sigh to the fanning breeze, you shall inhale  
Sweet odours wafted in the breath of spring.  
This is the regimen that will insure  
A healthful body and a vigorous mind,  
A countenance serene, expanded chest,  
Heroic stature and a temperate tongue ;

\* The sons of Hippocrates (better known to the spectators than they are to us) were proverbial for their stupidity.

But take these modern masters, and behold  
 These blessings all revers'd ; a pallid cheek,  
 Shrunk shoulders, chest contracted, sapless limbs,  
 A tongue that never rests, and mind debas'd,  
 By their vile sophistry perversely taught  
 To call good evil, evil good, and be  
 That thing, which nature spurns at, that disease,  
 A mere Antimachus,\* the sink of vice.

*Chor.* " Oh sage instructor, how sublime  
 " These maxims of the former time !  
 " How sweet this unpolluted stream  
 " Of eloquence, how pure the theme !  
 " Thrice happy they, whose lot was cast  
 " Amongst the generation past,  
 " When virtuous morals were display'd  
 " And these grave institutes obey'd.  
 " Now you, that vaunt yourself so high,  
 " Prepare ; we wait for your reply,  
 " And recollect, or ere you start,  
 " You take in hand no easy part ;  
 " Well hath he spoke, and reasons good  
 " By better only are withstood ;

\* Antimachus, according to the Scholiast, appears to have been equally conspicuous for his beauty, his effeminacy, and the utter corruption of his morals. *Ed.*

"Sharpen your wits then, or you'll meet

"Contempt as certain as defeat."

*Adicæol.* Doubt not I'm ready, full up to the throat  
And well nigh chok'd with plethory of words,  
Impatient to discharge them. I do know  
The mighty masters of the modern school  
Term me the Lower Logic, so distinguish'd  
From the old practice of the upper time,  
By him personified; which name of honour  
I gain'd as the projector of that method,  
Which can confute and puzzle all the courts  
Of law and justice—An invention worth  
Thousands to them who practise it, whereas  
It nonsuits all opponents.—Let that pass.  
Now take a sample of it in the ease,  
With which I'll baffle this old vaunting pedant  
With his warm baths, that he forsooth forbids.  
Harkye, old man, discuss, if so it please you,  
Your excellent good reason for this rule,  
That interdicts warm bathing.

*Dicæol.* Simply this—

I hold it a relaxer, rendering men  
Effeminate and feeble.

*Adicæol.* Hold awhile—

I have you on the hook. Answer me this—  
Of all the heroes Jupiter has father'd,

Which is for strength, for courage, and a course  
Of labours most renown'd ?

*Dicaeol.* I know of none

Superior in those qualities to Hercules.

*Adicaeol.* And who e'er heard Herculean baths \* were  
cold ?

Yet Hercules himself you own was strong.

*Dicaeol.* Aye, this is in the very style of the times ;  
These are the dialectics now in fashion  
With our young sophists, who frequent the baths  
Whilst the palæstra starves.

*Adicaeol.* I grant you this ;  
It is the style of the times, by you condemn'd,  
By me approv'd, and not without good cause ;  
For how but thus doth ancient Nestor† talk ?

\* Tepid baths, according to fabulous legends, being the gift of Vulcan to Hercules, it became a fashion to term all such Herculean. C. That the gift was not a complete sinecure, may be seen from one of the liveliest of modern travellers. Mr. W. Rose, in his amusing account of the warm baths at Abano, quotes some verses from Claudian, which tend to prove, that the son of Jupiter took the trouble to plough two long furrows through a marble rock, for the distribution of the springs.

Mr. Rose is too well read in Rabelais, not to know what origin the witty Frenchman invents for the formation of these springs.

† Mr. Cumberland has missed the sense here. The humour of the passage lies in imitating the *persiflage* of the sophists, and in a play of words, deriving the Homeric title of Nestor, Agorètes, (a fluent orator) from Agora, (a place with which the readers of Aristophanes have been made acquainted in the preceding plays.)

Can Homer err? Were all his wise men fools?  
 They are my witnesses.—Now for this tongue,  
 This member out of use by his decree,  
 Not so by mine.—His scholar must be silent  
 And chaste withal—damping prescriptions both—  
 For what good fortune ever did betide  
 The mute and modest? Instance me a case.

*Dicæol.* Many—Chaste Peleus\* so obtain'd his sword.

*Adicæol.* His sword! and what did Peleus gain by that?  
 Battle and blows this modest Peleus gain'd;  
 Whilst mean Hyperbolus, whose wretched craft  
 Was lamp-making, by craft of viler sort  
 Garbel'd his thousands, solid coin, not swords.

*Dicæol.* But continence befriended Peleus so,  
 As won the goddess Thetis to his bed.

*Adicæol.* And drove her out of it—for he was cold,  
 Languid and listless: she was brisk and stirring,  
 And sought the sport elsewhere. Now are you answered?  
 Good sooth you're in your dotage. Mark, young sir,  
 These are the fruits of continence: you see  
 What pleasure you must forfeit to preserve it—

\* Peleus, having withstood the solicitations of Atalante, wife of Acæstus, was rewarded for his continence by the gods, with a sword of celestial temper, the workmanship of Vulcan. But Atalante, having accused him to her hus-

band, and stimulated Acæstus to revenge a supposed attempt upon her honour, Peleus found himself driven to declare war against him, and to this Adicæologos alludes in his retort upon Dicæologos. C.

All the delights that woman can bestow ;  
 No am'rous sports to catch the fair one's smile,  
 No luscious dainties shall you then partake,  
 No gay convivial revels, where the glass  
 With peals of laughter circulates around ;  
 These you must sacrifice, and without these  
 What is your life ?—So much for your delights.—  
 Now let us see how stands your score with nature—  
 You're in some scrape we'll say—intrigue—adultery—  
 You're caught, convicted, crush'd—for what can save you ?  
 You have no powers of speech—but arm'd by me,  
 You're up to all occasions : Nothing fear ;  
 Ev'n give your genius scope ; laugh, frolic, sport,  
 And flout at shame ; for should the wittol spouse  
 Detect you in the fact, you shall so pose him  
 In his appeal, that nothing shall stick to you ;  
 For Jove shall take the blame from off your shoulders,  
 Being himself a cuckold-making \* god,

\* It is on account of stories of this nature, as well as other representations degrading to the heroic character, that Plato so anxiously excludes the works of Homer from his system of education. *De Rep.* l. iii. The character of the heaven divinities is generally treated with sufficient freedom by Aristophanes ; but the tragic stage rather exceeded than fell short of him. See

among other passages of Sophocles, in *Ajace* 1036. in *Antigone* 925. Euripides in *Iphig.* in *Aul.* 1034. 1095. in *Tauris* 379. in *Oreste* 417. 419. In *Herc. Furente* 341. 497. 1306. 1314. See also various passages of the *Cyclops* and the *Ion*, two pieces which give us as high an idea of the variety, as of the excellence of Euripides' dramatic talents. *Ed.*

And you a poor frail mortal—Why should you  
Be wiser, stronger, purer than a god?

*Dicæol.* But what if this your scholar should incur  
Th' adulterer's correction,—pill'd and sanded,  
And garnish'd with a radish in his crupper,  
The scoff of all beholders—What fine quirk  
Will clear him at that pinch, but he must pass  
For a most perfect Ganimede?

*Adicæol.* What then?

Where is the harm?

*Dicæol.* Can greater harm befall him?

*Adicæol.* What will you say if here I can confute you?

*Dicæol.* Nothing—my silence shall confess your triumph.

*Adicæol.* Come on then—answer me to what I ask.

Our advocates—what are they?

*Dicæol.* Catamites.

*Adicæol.* Our tragic poets—what are they?

*Dicæol.* The same.

*Adicæol.* Good, very good!—our demagogues—

*Dicæol.* No better.

*Adicæol.* See there! discern you not that you are foil'd?  
Cast your eyes round this company!—

*Dicæol.* I do.

*Adicæol.* And what do you discover?

*Dicæol.* Numerous birds

Of the same filthy feather, so Heaven help me!

This man I mark; and this, and this fine fop  
With his curl'd locks.—To all these I can swear.

*Adicæol.* What say you then?

*Dicæol.* I say I am confuted—

Here, wagtails, catch my cloak—I'll be amongst you.\*

*Socr. (to Strepsiades, just returned.)* Now, friend, what  
say you? who shall school your son?

\* Thus ends this famous episode, says Mr. Cumberland, reversing the Choice of Hercules, and making the spectators parties in the criminality and injustice of the decision. Wieland, after applauding the truly comic manner in which the dialogue concludes, and allowing the necessity there was of giving the upper hand to the genius, or representative of things on their wrong side, is still in doubt, whether a due regard to the moral graces allowed of the contest being so easily given up by the genius or representative of things on their right side.—*Detached passages of Aristophanes* offer so much cause for the remark which is thrown out at the conclusion of his note, that no appeal can be made but to the subject taken collectively and in all its branches.

Ein Umstand, den ich nicht unberührt lassen kann, ist die leichtfertige art, wie der Dichter

den Kreitton Logos am Ende dieser Scene plötzlich aus seinem eigenen Karakter *heraus*, und mit einer unverzeihlichen Polissonerie, mitter unter die Zuschauer, nachdem er ihnen zuvor seinen Mantel (vermuthlich seine Federmaske) zugeworfen hat, *hinein* springen läßt. Man kann freylich zu seiner Rechtfertigung sagen: der Genius der schlechten Sache habe, nach dem Plan und Geist des ganzen Stücks nun einmal die Oberhand behalten müssen, und der Dichter hätte dem Handel schwerlich einen komischen und lustigern, folglich den Zuschauern angenehmern Ausgang geben können; aber ich zweifle sehr, ob dies hinreiche, eine so schwere Versündigung an den sittlichen Grazien verzeihlich zu machen. Doch was kümmerten diese Grazien den Aristofanes? Sie waren es wahrlich nicht, die seine Seele zu ihrem Tempel erwählt hatten. *Erläuterung XI.*



*Streps.* School him and scourge him, take him to yourself.

And mind you whet him to an edge on both sides,  
This for slight skirmish, that for stronger work.

*Socr.* Doubt not, we'll finish him to your content  
A perfect sophist.

*Pheidip.* Perfect skin and bone—  
That I can well believe.

*Socr.* No more—Away! (*Strepsiades retires.*)

*Pheidip.* Trust me you've made a rod for your own  
back. (*Follows Socrates into the house.*)

(*Chorus address the Spectators.*)

Now to our candid judges we shall tell  
What recompense they may expect from us,  
If they indeed are studious to deserve it:  
First, on your new-sown grounds in kindly showers,  
Postponing other calls, we will descend.  
The bearing branches of your vines shall sprout,  
Nor scorch'd with summer heats nor chill'd with rain.  
This to our friends who serve us,—but to him,  
Who dares to slight us, let that mortal hear,  
And tremble at the vengeance which awaits him;  
Nor wine nor oil shall that man's farm produce;  
For when his olive trees shall yield their fruit,  
And his ripe vineyard tempts the gath'rer's hand,  
We'll batter him to ruin, lay him bare;

And if we catch him with his roof untiled,  
 Heav'ns! how we'll drench him with a pelting storm  
 Of hail and rain incessant! above all,  
 Let him beware upon the wedding night;  
 When he brings home his own or kinsman's bride,  
 Let him look to't! Then we'll come down in torrents,  
 That he shall rather take his chance in Egypt,\*  
 Than stand the vengeful soaking we will give him.

## SCENE VI.

STREPSIADES (*with a sack of meal on his shoulder, and  
 talking to himself.*)

Lo! here's the fifth day gone—the fourth—the third—  
 The second too—day † of all days to me  
 Most hateful and accurs'd—the dreadful eve,

\* Wieland, adopting *one* of the explanations of the Scholiast, (for two or three are given,) translates—

Dass er lieber am Ende der Welt gewesen wäre,  
 i. e. *He would rather be at the world's end.*

† Mr. Cumberland should have explained, and therefore luckily prevents the necessity of going into an explanation of the Athenian calendar. The text is easily corrected—  
 among the Athenians. Why this day was so hateful, the text itself  
 And then the day, of days  
 Most hateful, &c.



In token of the reverence I bear you ;  
And now, so please you, tell me of my son,  
Your late novice. Comes he on apace ?

*Socr.* He apprehends acutely.

*Streps.* Oh brave news !

Oh the transcendant excellence of fraud !

*Socr.* Yes, you may set your creditors at naught—

*Streps.* And their avouchers too ?—

*Socr.* Had they a thousand.

*Streps.* (*singing and dancing.*) Then I'll sing out my song,  
and sing aloud,

And it shall be—Woe, woe to all your gang,  
Ye money-jobbing caitiffs, usurers, sharks !  
Hence with your registers, your cents-per-cent ;  
I fear you not ; ye cannot hook me now.  
Oh ! such a son have I in training for you,  
Arm'd with a two-edg'd tongue that cuts o' both sides,  
The stay, support, and pillar of my house,  
The scourge of my tormentors, the redeemer  
Of a most wretched father—Call him forth,  
Call him, I say, and let my eyes feast on him—  
What ho ! My son, my boy—Your father calls ;  
Come forth and show yourself.

(*To them Pheidip.*)

*Socr.* Behold him present !

*Streps.* My dear—my darling—

*Socr.* Lo! you have your darling.

*Streps.* Joy, joy, my son! all joy—for now you wear  
A face of the right character and cast,  
A wrangling, quibbling, contradicting face;  
Now you have got it neatly on the tongue—  
The very quirk o' th' time—"What's that you say?  
"What is it?"—Shifting from yourself the wrong  
To him that suffers it—an arch conceit  
To make a transfer of iniquity,  
When it has serv'd your turn—Yes, you will pass;  
You've the right \*Attic stamp upon your forehead.

\* The Athenians, says Wieland, were so well aware of the advantages, which their wit, their volubility of tongue, and their higher cultivation gave them over other Greeks, and particularly over their neighbours, the Boeotians, the Megarians, and the islanders of the Ægean and Ionian seas, that this self-consciousness actually imprest itself on their features, and produced a sort of bold, confident, shameless look, by which an Athenian citizen was easily distinguished from a stranger. From this self-confidence proceeded another piece of impertinence, of which Mr. Cumberland, from his manner of translation, does not seem to be quite aware. 'What's that you

say?' was an expression in common use at Athens—not for the purpose of 'shifting wrong from the doer to the sufferer,'—but merely to display Athenian superiority and to let a stranger know that his answers were very dull to Athenian ears. The French *comment?*—the usual answer to questions, which the hearer does not or will not understand—has too much of the triumph of civil, well-bred superiority in it to be put on a footing with the *τι λγαί σου* of the Athenian citizen; but the writer of this note has sometimes thought that he has met with its very counterpart in the *comment?* the sharp, shrewd and insolent interrogation of the lower citizens of Geneva. Theo-

Now let me see a sample of your service;  
Forsooth to say you owe me a good turn.

*Pheidip.* What vexes you, my father?

*Streps.* What! the moon,  
This day both new and old.

*Pheidip.* Both in one day?

Ridiculous!

*Streps.* No matter—'Tis the day  
Will bring my creditors upon my back  
All in a swarm together.

*Pheidip.* Let them swarm!  
We'll smother 'em if they dare so to miscall  
One day as two days.\*

phrastus, well aware of the above impertinent trait in Athenian character, makes his *Courtier*, in the true spirit of the 'envie de plaire,' compliment the *stranger* to Athens, as speaking more correctly than even the natives of the place;—  
καὶ τὸς ξένος δὲ εἰπὼν, ὡς δικαιότερα λε-  
γούσι τῶν πολιτῶν. Περὶ Ἀρισκίας.

\* The equivoque of the original text, and the turn which Mr. Cumberland has given to it, will require a little explanation. Before the commencement of a trial in Athens, both parties deposited a certain sum of money with the magistrate who entered their cause into the

court. This deposit went finally to the payment of persons attending the courts; the losing party also being obliged, beside the payment of other charges, to restore the deposit-money to his adversary. Pheidippides, playing upon a term in the Athenian calendar, which has been already explained (p. 125.) and by which one and the same day was made to appear like two days, derives from it a proof of Solon's affection for the democracy. According to him, Solon's appointment of the two days, new and old, for a legal summons, was, that by that means, the deposit-money

*Streps.* What should hinder them?

*Pheidip.* What, do you ask? Can the same woman be  
Both young and old at once?

*Streps.* They speak by law:  
The statute bears them out.

*Pheidip.* But they misconstrue  
The spirit of the statute.

*Streps.* What's that?

*Pheidip.* Time-honour'd Solon was the people's friend—

*Streps.* This makes not to the case of new or old.

*Pheidip.* And he appointed two days for the process,  
The old and new day—for citation that,  
This for discharge—

*Streps.* Why did he name two days?

*Pheidip.* Why, but that one might warn men of their  
debts,  
The other serve them to escape the payment;  
Else were they laid by th' heels, as sure as fate,  
On the new moon ensuing.

*Streps.* Wherefore then  
Upon the former day do they commence

might be taken on the new moon, the old day being added for the purpose of giving the contending parties a previous opportunity of settling matters amicably. Why then, asks Strepsiades, continuing

the quibble, do the magistrates receive the deposit-money on the new-moon, and not on the old and new day? Because, replies the son, in Mr. Cumberland's version "they're hungry feeders," &c.

Their doles of first fruits \* at the Prytaneum,  
And not at the new moon?

*Pheidip.* Because, forsooth,  
They're hungry feeders, and make haste to thrust  
Their greedy fingers in the public dish.

*Streps.* Hence then, ye witless creditors, begone!  
We are the wise ones, we are the true sort;  
Ye are † but blocks, mob, cattle, empty casks—

“ Therefore with ecstasy I'll raise

“ My jocund voice in fortune's praise,

“ And, oh rare son!—Oh happy me!

“ The burden of my song shall be;

“ For hark! each passing neighbour cries—

“ All hail, Strepsiades the wise!

“ Across the forum as I walk,

“ I and my son the public talk,

“ All striving which shall have to boast

“ He prais'd me first, or prais'd me most—

“ And now, my son, my welcome guest,

“ Enter my house and grace my feast.” [Exeunt.

\* Mr. Cumberland has confounded Prytaneia, (the deposit-money mentioned in the preceding note,) with Prytaneum, the stadhaus, or town-hall of Athens. We owe too much to the ingenious

translator, not to oblige us to wink at his little inadvertencies.

† Strepsiades, in the common manner of the Greek stage, applies these terms to the audience, and not to his creditors. *Ed.*



## SCENE VII.

(PASIAS, and a Witness.)

*Pasias.* \* Should this man be permitted to go on  
 At such a desperate rate? It must not be.  
 Better for him to have brok'n up at once  
 Than to be thus beset. Therefore it is  
 That I am forc'd upon this hostile course,  
 Empowering you to summon this my debtor  
 For the recovery of my own—Good sooth,  
 I will not put my country to the blush,  
 But I must rouse Strepsiades—

(Strepsiades re-enters.)

*Streps.* Who's this?

*Pasias.* The old and new day call upon you, sir.

*Streps. (to the Spectators.)* Bear witness that this man  
 has nam'd two days—

And for what debt do you assail me thus?

*Pasias.* For twelve good pounds that you took up at  
 interest

To pay for your son's racer.

\* The sense is very obscure here, as narrated by Mr. Cumberland. Pasias enters, addressing himself, to his accompanying witness, and the sum of his reasoning is as follows: "What, shall a man lose his own (for the sake of pleasing others?) Let it not be thought of.

Better had it been to have put a good front upon the matter at first, and have said 'no,' than to have been put to all this trouble. Self-defence, however, obliges me to take another course. Therefore it is," &c.

*Streps.* I a racer?

Do you not hear him? Can you not all witness  
How mortally and from my soul I hate  
All the whole racing calendar?

*Pasias.* What then?

You took the gods to witness you would pay me.

*Streps.* I grant you, in my folly I did swear,  
But then my son had not attain'd the art  
Of the new logic unconfutable.

*Pasias.* And have you now the face to stand it out  
Against all evidence?

*Streps.* Assuredly—

Else how am I the better for my schooling?

*Pasias.* And dare you, knowing it to be a falsehood,  
Take the great gods to witness to your oath,  
When I shall put it to you?

*Streps.* What great gods?

*Pasias.* (*starting at the question.*) Mercurius, Neptune,  
Jupiter himself—

*Streps.* Yes, and stake down three-farthings as a handse!  
That I will take the oath, so help me Jove!

*Pasias.* Insolent wretch, you'll perish in your folly!

*Streps.* Oh! that this madman was well scrubb'd with salt  
To save his brains from addling!

*Pasias.* Out upon't!

Do you make game of me?

*Streps.* —I warrant me  
He'll take at least six gallons for a dressing.

*Pasias.* So may great Jove and all the gods deal with me  
As I will handle you for this buffoonery!

*Streps.* I thank you for your gods—They're pleasant  
fellows—

And for your Jupiter, the learn'd and wise  
Hold him a very silly thing to swear by.\*

*Pasias.* 'Tis well, rash man, 'tis well! The time will  
come

When you shall wish these vaunting words unsaid :  
But will you pay the debt or will you not?  
Say, and dismiss me.

*Streps.* Set your mind at rest ;  
You shall have satisfaction in a twinkling— (*Steps aside.*)

*Pasias.* What think you of this chap?

*Witness.* That he will pay you.

(*Strepsiades returns.*)

*Streps.* Where is this dun of mine? Come hither, friend,  
How do you call this thing?

*Pasias.* A kneading-trough,  
Or, as we say, a cardopus—

\* The exultation of Strepsiades upon receiving his son out of the hands of Socrates, the confidence with which he now faces creditors, of late so much dreaded, and the daring contempt he avows

for Jupiter and the gods, are given with great comic spirit, and in the boldest strain of satire, through the whole of this and the preceding scenes. C.

*Streps.* Go to!

Dost think I'll pay my money to a blockhead,

That calls this kneading-trough a *cardopus*?

I tell you, man, it is a *cardopa*—

Go, go, you will not get a doit from me,

You and your *cardopus*.

*Pasias.* Will you not pay me?

*Streps.* Assure yourself I will not—Hence, begone!

Will you not beat your march, and quit my doors?

*Pasias.* I'm gone, but take this with you, if I live

I'll sue you in the Prytaneum\* before night.

*Streps.* You'll lose your suit, and your twelve pounds  
besides.

I'm sorry for your loss, but who can help it?

You may ev'n thank your *cardopus* for that.

[*Exit Pasias and Witness.*

(*Amynias enters, followed by a Witness.*)

*Amynias.* Ah me, ah me!

*Streps.* Who's that with his—Ah me?

Whom has *Carcinus*† sent amongst us now—

Which of his doleful deities?—

\* The word Prytaneia has again led Mr. Cumberland into an error. The threat of *Pasias* implies that he will commence the first stage of a process by laying down the gage-money.

† He glances at *Carcinus*, (by the way, Mr. Cumberland is incorrect in his quantity; the penultima of *Carcinus* being short,) a very voluminous tragic writer, to the amount of 160 dramas. He in-

*Amyntias.* Alas!

Would you know who I am? Know then I am

A wretch made up of woes—

*Streps.* A woeful wretch—

Granted! pass on.

*Amyntias.* Oh\* inauspicious chance!

Oh ye hard hearted, chariot-breaking fates!

Oh! Pallas my destroyer, what a crash

Is this that you have giv'n me!

*Streps.* Hah! what ails you?

Of what can you accuse Tlepolemus?

*Amyntias.* Mock not my miseries, but bid your son

Repay what he has borrow'd.

*Streps.* Take me with you—

What should my son repay?

*Amyntias.* The sum I lent him.

*Streps.* Is that it? Then your case is desperate;

Truly you're out of luck.

*Amyntias.* I'm out of every thing—

I overthrew my chariot—By the gods

That's being *out*, I take it, with a vengeance.

roduced some of the immortals in ridiculous situations, using the like doleful expressions as he puts here into the mouth of the money-lender. C.

\* These lines appear to be a

parody upon some tragedy, in which Tlepolemus, one of the sons of Hercules, apparently gave occasion to some character in the piece to utter a similar exclamation.

*Streps.* Say rather you are kick'd by an ass\*—a trifle!

*Amyntias.* But, sir, my lawful money is no trifle;

I shall not choose to be kick'd out of that.

*Streps.* I'll tell you what you are—Out of your wits,

*Amyntias.* How so?

*Streps.* Because your brain† seems wondrous leaky.

*Amyntias.* Look to't! By Mercury, I'll clap you up,

If you don't pay me.

*Streps.* Hark'ye, one short question—

When Jove rains on us does he rain fresh water,

Or only vapours that the sun exhales?

Answer me that.

*Amyntias.* I care not what he rains;

I trouble not my cap with such conceits.

*Streps.* And do you think a man, that has no wit

To argue upon these rare points, will argue me

Out of my money?

*Amyntias.* Let your debt go on,

And pay me up the interest.

\* There is a play upon words in the original, which is not possible to transmute into the translation. The learned reader will understand the difficulty. C. [It consists in the nice inflexion of voice, by which *απ' ου* and *απου* would be confounded together.]

† It may not be amiss to mention, that Aristophanes, alluding to the brain, uses a word (*εγκεφαλον*) which, from Grecian notions of delicacy, was generally avoided, and a periphrasis used instead. See *Athenæus*, lib. ii. p. 65. F. Ed.

*Streps.* What is that?

What kind of thing is that same interest?

*Amynias.* A thing it is that grows from day to day,  
And month to month, swelling as time rolls on  
To a round sum of money.

*Streps.* Well defin'd!

One question more—What think you of the sea?  
Is it not fuller now than heretofore?

*Amynias.* No, by the Gods! not fuller, but as full;  
That is my judgment of it.

*Streps.* Oh thou miser!  
That so would'st stint the ocean, and yet cram  
Thy swelling coffers till they overflow—  
Fetch me a whip, that I may lash him hence:  
Take to your heels—begone!

*Amynias.* I will convoke  
My witnesses against you.

*Streps.* Start! set off!—  
Away! you jennet\* you!

*Amynias. (to the Spectators.)* Is not this outrage?

*Streps. (smacking his whip.)* Will you not bolt? will you  
not buckle kindly

Into your geers, or must I mount and goad you  
Under the crupper, till you kick and wince

\* These three words have been Cumberland's text, to give more  
inserted from the original, into Mr. effect to the following lines.

For very madness? Oho! Are you off?  
 A welcome riddance—All the devils drive  
 You and your cursed chariot hence together!

*(Strepsiades goes into his house.)*

*Manet Chorus.* “ Mark here how rarely it succeeds

“ To build our trust on guilty deeds :

“ Mark how this old cajoling elf,

“ Who sets a trap to catch himself,

“ Falsely believes he has found the way

“ To hold his creditors at bay.

“ Too late he'll curse the Sophists' school,

“ That taught his son to cheat by rule,

“ And train'd the modest lips of youth

“ In the vile art of torturing truth ;

“ A modern logic much in use,

“ Invented for the law's abuse;

“ A subtle knack of spying flaws

“ To cast in doubt the clearest cause,

“ Whereby, in honesty's despite,

“ The wrong side triumphs o'er the right—

“ Alas! short triumph he must have,

“ Who glories that his son's a knave :

“ Ah foolish sire, the time will come\*

“ You'll wish that son of your's were dumb.”

\* The moral and prophetic ment and repentance upon the in-  
 Chorus again denounces punish- famous expedients which Strepsi-



## SCENE VIII.

STREPSIADES, (*rushing out of the house, in great confusion,*  
*followed by his son*) PHEIDIPIDES, CHORUS.

*Streps.* Hoa there! What hoa! for pity's sake some help!  
Friends, kinsmen, countrymen! turn out and help!  
Oh! my poor head, my cheeks are bruised to jelly—  
Help by all means!—Why, thou ungracious cub,  
Thy father wouldst thou beat?

*Pheidip.* Assuredly.

*Streps.* There, there! he owns that he would beat his  
father.

*Pheidip.* I own it, good my father!

*Streps.* Parricide!

Impious assassin! Sacrilegious wretch!

*Pheidip.* All, all, and more—You cannot please me  
better;

I glory in these attributes. Go on!

*Streps.* Monster of turpitude!

*Pheidip.* Crown me with roses!

ades has resorted to for defrauding his creditors, and the succeeding incident fully verifies the prediction. I am fully persuaded there is no Greek drama now in our hands, where the Chorus takes a part so intimately connected with

the plot, as in this comedy: here it is essential, and delivers those sentiments, which reason dictates, and the poet wishes to inspire into the minds of his hearers—

*Oh! si sic semper dixisset! C.*

*Streps.* Wretch, will you strike your parent?

*Pheidip.* Piously,

And will maintain the right, by which I do it.

*Streps.* Oh shameless villain! can there be a right  
Against all nature so to treat a father?

*Pheidip.* That I shall soon make clear to your conviction.

*Streps.* You, you convince me?

*Pheidip.* With the greatest ease:

And I can work the proof two several ways;

Therefore make choice between them.

*Streps.* What do you mean?

*Pheidip.* I mean to say we argue up or down—  
Take which you like. It comes to the same end.

*Streps.* Aye, and a precious end you've brought it to,  
If all my care of you must end in this,  
That I have put you in the way to beat me,  
(Which is a thing unnatural and profane)  
And after justify it.\*

*Pheidip.* That I'll do

By process clear and categorical,

\* It is not easy to conceive any incident more pointedly severe than this, which the poet has employed for interesting the spectators in his attack upon the sophists. A son exhibited in the impious act

of striking his father, and justifying the crime upon principle, is surely as bitter an invective against the schools of the philosophers as can be devised. C.

That you shall fairly own yourself a convert  
To a most wholesome cudgelling.

*Streps.* Come on!

Give me your arguments—but spare your blows.

*Chorus.* How to restrain this headstrong son of your's  
Behoves you now, old man, to find the means,  
For sure he could not be thus confident  
Without some cause; something there needs must be,  
Some strong possession of himself within,  
That buoys him up to this high pitch of daring,  
This bold assumption; which that we may know,  
Give us distinctively the whole detail  
From first to last whence this contention sprang,  
So shall we hear, and hearing judge betwixt you.

*Streps.* So please you then I will the cause unfold  
Of this base treatment to your patient ears,  
And thus it stands—When we had supp'd together,  
As you all know, in friendly sort, I bade him  
Take up his lute and give me the good song  
Of old Simonides,\*—“the ram was shorn;”—  
But he directly scouted my request—  
It was a fashion out of date forsooth—  
He would not sit twanging the lute, not he;  
'Twas not for him to cackle o'er his wine,

\* The nature of the *Scolia* or may be seen in the comedy of the  
drinking-songs of the Athenians Wasps.

As if he were some wench working the hand-mill\*—

'Twas vulgar and unseemly—

*Pheidip.* Grossly so;

And was it not high time that I should beat you,

Who had no better manners than to set

Your guest a chirping like a grasshopper?

*Streps.* These were his very words, and more than these;  
For by and bye he told me that Simonides†

\* Alluding to the ballads sung by women, whilst at work upon the hand-mill. The names of several of these may be found in Hesychius and Athenæus. One of the simplest is preserved in Ælian, lib. vii. c. 4. It bore the name of Pittacus, one of the seven wise men

of Greece, and King of Mitylenë, who, according to Plutarch, took a peculiar pleasure in grinding his own corn and making his own bread. The women at their mills did not, of course, forget so honourable a testimony to their craft.

Grind, grind, good my mill, grind;

Pittacus turns a mill as we all find.

Grind, grind, good my mill, grind,

This miller-king, oh he's the man to my mind.

† The name of this celebrated writer, who, like the French Marot, may be called the king of the poets and the poet of the kings of his time, (and if Xenophon's dialogue, Hiero, be a just specimen of his conversation, kings had reason to value themselves on the possession of such a contemporary,) occurs more than once in the writings of Aristophanes. The talents, the literary contests, and the

mercenary disposition of the poet, are there briefly commended or satirized in the comedian's usual peculiar manner. The variety of the compositions of Simonides, the addition which he made to the Greek language by the invention of long and short letters; and to music, by supplying the lyre with another string—some romantic adventures which characterized his life, and an old age, protracted

Was a most paltry poet. This you'll own  
 Was a tough morsel, yet I gulp'd it down,  
 And pass'd it off with bidding him recite  
 Some passage out of Æschylus, withal  
 Tendering a myrtle\* wreath, as custom is,  
 To grace the recitation—He forsooth,  
 Flouting my tender, instantly replied—  
 “I hold your Æschylus, of all our poets,  
 “First of the spouters, incoherent, harsh,

beyond the usual limits, without any diminution of the faculties, more particularly the memory—all these circumstances seem to have made Simonides a favourite subject of biography with older writers; while modern writers have anxiously gleaned such particulars of him as antiquity has left us. (See *Ducker in Dissert. de Simonide*.—*Leo Allatius de Simeonibus*.—*Bayle's Dictionnaire*, V. *Simonide*, and *Boissy's Histoire de Simonide*.) Living in that age, which witnessed the most splendid of Grecian achievements, Simonides has not refused to contemporary heroism the warmest tribute of his praise. The simple epitaph,<sup>a</sup> which re-

cords the patriotism of those who fell at Thermopylæ, would have been sufficient, even without the addition of the pathetic fragment, called Danaë, to give us a high idea of the powers of Simonides. *Analecta Græca Poetica. Attisches Museum*. Des iv. Bandes. 1 Heft. *Ed*.

\* When any poems, sacred to the deity, such as those of a dramatic kind, were recited at private tables, the person reciting held a branch of laurel (myrtle) in his hand, to signify that he was performing an act of devotion as well as amusement. *Inquiry*, by R. P. Knight, *Esq.* p. 38.

<sup>a</sup> Schiller has introduced this epitaph into an interesting elegy, called der Spatziergang, which copies exactly the elegiac measure of the ancients.

“Wanderer, kommst du nach Sparta, verkündige dorten du habest  
 Uns hier liegen gesehn, wie das Gesetz es befahl.”

"Precipitous and turgid."—Oh my friends,  
 Was not this more than flesh and blood should bear?  
 Yet, yet I smother'd rage within my heart,  
 And calmly said—"Call something else to mind  
 "More to your taste and from some modern bard,  
 "So it be good withal and worth the hearing—"  
 Whereat, would you believe it? he began  
 Repeating from Euripides—Great Jove,  
 Guard my chaste ears from such another dose!  
 A perilous long-winded tale of incest  
 'Twixt son and daughter of the same sad mother.\*  
 Sick to the soul I spurn'd at such declaiming,  
 Adding, as well I might, all that my scorn  
 Of such vile trash could add! till, to be short,  
 Words begat words, and blows too as it prov'd,  
 For leaping from his seat he sprung upon me,  
 Struck, buffeted, and bang'd me out of measure,  
 Throttled me, pounded me well nigh to dust—  
*Pheidip.* And what less does that heretic deserve,  
 Who will not praise Euripides, the first†  
 In wisdom of all poets?  
*Streps.* He the first!

\* The story of Macareus the son of Æolus, and his uterine sister Canace.

† This high admiration for Eu-

ripides had, of course, been learnt in the school of Socrates, whose regard for that poet and his tragedies, is well known.

How my tongue itches!—but the rogue is ready;  
He'll beat me if I answer.

*Pheidip.* And with reason.

*Streps.* What reason, graceless cub, will bear you out  
For beating me, who in your baby age  
Caress'd you, dandled you upon my knee,  
Watch'd every motion, humour'd all your wants?  
Then if you lisp'd a syllable I caught it—  
*Bryn* cried the bantling—strait I gave you drink:  
*Mamman* it mew'd—and that forsooth was bread:  
Nay, I perform'd the nurse's dirtiest task,  
And held you out before me at your needs;  
And now in my necessity you show'd  
No mercy to the pressing calls of nature,  
But having pummel'd me till my poor bowels  
Could hold no longer, kept me fast imprison'd  
To struggle with occasion as I could.

*Chor.* Now every young man's heart beats an alarm,  
Anxious to hear his advocate's appeal;  
Which if he can establish, the same right  
By him asserted will on all devolve,  
And beating then will be so much in vogue  
That old men's skins will be reduc'd to cobwebs—  
Now you, that hold up this new paradox,  
Look well how you defend it, for it asks  
No trivial reasons to enforce persuasion.

*Pheidip.* How gratefully the mind receives new lights,  
Emerging from the shades of prejudice,  
And casting old establishments aside!  
Time was but now, when every thought of mine  
Was centered in the stable; then I had not  
Three words upon my tongue without a stumble;  
But now, since I've been put into the way  
Of knowing better things, and the fine art  
Of subtil disputation, I am bold  
To meet this question, and convince my hearers  
How right it is to punish this old sinner.

*Streps.* Mount, mount your chariot! Oh, that I could  
see you  
Seated again behind your favourite horses,  
Tho' 'twere with four in hand, so that you kept  
From driving me at such a pelting rate.

*Pheidip.* Now then I ask you, gathering up my thread  
Where it was broken off, if you, my father,  
When I was but a stripling, spar'd my back?

*Streps.* No, for I studied all things for your good,  
And therefore I corrected you.

*Pheidip.* Agreed,  
I also am like studious of your good,  
And therefore I most lovingly correct you;  
If beating be a proof of love, you have it  
Plenteous in measure, for by what exemption



Is your most sacred carcass freed from stripes  
And mine made subject to them? Am not I  
Free-born as you? Say, if the son's in tears,  
Should not the father weep?

*Streps.* By what one rule  
Of equity?

*Pheidip.* What equity were that  
If none but children are to be chastis'd?  
And grant they were, the proverb's in your teeth,  
Which says old age is but a second childhood.  
Again, if tears are seen to follow blows,  
Ought not old men to expiate faults with tears  
Rather than children, who have more to plead  
In favour of their failings?

*Streps.* Where's the law  
That warrants this proceeding? There's none such.

*Pheidip.* And what was your law-maker but a man,  
Mortal as you and I are? And tho' time  
Has sanctified his statutes, may not I  
Take up the cause of youth, as he of age,  
And publish a new ordinance for leave  
By the right-filial to correct our fathers,  
Remitting and consigning to oblivion  
All ex-post-facto beating? Look at instinct—  
Inquire of nature how the brute creation  
Kick at their parents, which in nothing differ.

From lordly man, except that they compile  
No laws, and hold their rights without a statute.

*Streps.* If you are thus for pecking at your father  
Like a young fighting-cock, why don't you peck  
Your dinner from the dunghill, and at night  
Roost on a perch?

*Pheidip.* The cases do not tally,  
Nor does my master Socrates prescribe  
Rules so absurd.

*Streps.* Cease then from beating me;  
Else you preclude yourself.

*Pheidip.* As how preclude?

*Streps.* Because the right I have of beating you  
Will be your right in time over your son,  
When you shall have one.

*Pheidip.* But if I have none,  
All my sad hours are lost, and you die laughing.

*Streps.* There's no denying that.—How say you, sirs?  
Methinks there is good matter in his plea;  
And as for us old sinners, truth to say,  
If we deserve a beating we must bear it.

*Pheidip.* Hear me—there's more to come—

*Streps.* Then I am lost,  
For I can bear no more.

*Pheidip.* Oh fear it not,  
Rather believe what I have now to tell you

Will cause you to make light of what is past,  
'Twill bring such comfort to you.

*Streps.* Let me have it :

If it be comfort, give it me.

*Pheidip.* Then know,

Henceforth I am resolv'd to beat my mother  
As I have beaten you.

*Streps.* How say you? How?

Why this were to out-do all you have done.

*Pheidip.* But what if I have got a proof in petto,  
To show the moral uses of this beating?

*Streps.* Show me a proof that you have hang'd yourself,  
And with your tutor Socrates beside you  
Gone to the devil together in a string ;  
Those moral uses I will thank you for—  
Oh inauspicious goddesses, O Clouds !  
In you confiding, all these woes fall on me.

*Chor.* Evil events from evil causes spring,  
And what you suffer flows from what you've done.

*Streps.* Why was I not forewarn'd? You saw me old,  
And practis'd on my weak simplicity.

*Chor.* 'Tis not for us to warn a wilful sinner ;  
We stay him not, but let him run his course,  
Till by misfortunes rous'd, his conscience wakes,  
And prompts him to appease th' offended gods.

*Streps.* I feel my sorrows, but I own them just :\*  
 Yes, ye reforming Clouds, I'm duly punish'd  
 For my intended fraud.—And now, my son,  
 Join hands with me and let us forth together  
 To wreak our vengeance on those base deceivers,  
 That Chærephon and Socrates the chief,  
 Who have cajol'd us both.

*Pheidip.* Grace forbid  
 I should lift up my hand against my masters !

*Streps.* Nay, nay, but rather dread avenging Jove,  
 God of your ancestors,† and him revere.

*Pheidip.* You're mad, methinks, to talk to me of Jove—  
 Is there a god so call'd ?

*Streps.* There is ! there is !

*Pheidip.* There is no Jupiter, I tell you so ;  
 Vortex has whirl'd him from his throne, and reigns  
 By right of conquest in the Thunderer's place,

*Streps.* 'Tis false, no Vortex reigns but in my brain.‡

\* This appeal to the Chorus, their reply to it, and the old man's acknowledgement that he merited the punishment he met with, are finely introduced, and impress a very just and natural moral on the catastrophe of the fable. C.

† The Zeus PATROUS of the original was not properly a deity of the Athenians : the title Patrous

belonged exclusively to Apollo, The answer of Pheidippides, in the original, refers primarily to this mistake.

‡ Mr. Cumberland adds two more lines.

When in my ecstasy I fancied you  
 An earthen deity, a farthing god.

This is scarcely sense, and yet it is difficult to elicit from the text

*Pheidip.* Laugh at your own dull joke and be a fool!

[*Exit.*

*Streps.* (*striking his breast.*) Insufferable blockhead that

I was ;

What ail'd me thus to court this Socrates,

Ev'n to the exclusion of the immortal gods?

O Mercury, forgive me ; be not angry,

Dear tutelary god, but spare me still,

And cast a pitying eye upon my follies,

For I have been intemperate of tongue,

And dearly rue it—Oh my better genius,

Inspire me with thy counsel how to act,

Whether by legal process to assail them,

Or by such apter means as thou may'st dictate.

I have it! Well hast thou inspir'd the thought ;

Hence with the lazy law ; thou art not for it.

With fire and faggot I will fall upon them,

And send their school *in fumo* to the Clouds.

any better meaning. There seems to be a pun in the original on the word, which Mr. Cumberland translates Vortex, and which, besides that meaning, also signified a particular sort of cup. One of the commentators supposes that a cup of this kind had been set up before the school of Socrates, in place of

the Apollo Agyieus, or the image of Apollo, which commonly stood in the fore-court of an Athenian house. Wieland suggests, that the image of Apollo before the Socratic school had been worn away, till it more resembled a cup of the particular kind here referred to, than a statue of Apollo.

Hoa, Xanthias, (*calling to one of his slaves*) hoa! bring  
forth without delay

Your ladder and your mattock, mount the roof,  
Break up the rafters, whelm the house upon them,  
And bury the whole hive beneath the ruins. (*Xanthias  
mounts the roof and begins working with his mattock.*)

Haste! if you love me, haste! Oh, for a torch,  
A blazing torch new lighted, to set fire  
To the infernal edifice.—I warrant me  
I'll soon unhouse the rascals, that now carry  
Their heads so high, and roll them in the dust.

(*One of the scholars comes out.*)

*First Disciple.* Woe! mischief! misery!

*Streps.* (*mounts the roof and fixes a torch to the joists.*)

Torch, play your part:

And we shall muster up a conflagration.

*First Disciple.* What are you doing, fellow?

*Streps.* Chopping logic;

Arguing a knotty point with your house-beams.

*Second Disciple.* Oh horror! Who has set our house on  
fire?

*Streps.* The very man whose cloak you nabb'd so neatly.

*Second Disciple.* Undone and ruin'd—!

*Streps.* Heartily I wish it—

And mean you should so be if this same mattock

Does not deceive my hopes, and I escape  
With a whole neck.

*(Socrates comes forth.)*

*Socr.* Hoa there! What man is that?  
You there upon the roof—what are you doing?

*Streps.* *Treading on air—contemplating the sun—*

*Socr.* Ah me! I'm suffocated, smother'd, lost—

*(Chærephon appears.)*

*Chærephon.* Wretch that I am, I'm melted, scorch'd,  
consum'd!—

*Streps.* Blasphemers, why did you insult the gods?  
Dash, drive, demolish them! Their crimes are many,  
But their contemptuous treatment of the gods,  
Their impious blasphemies, exceed them all.

*Chor.* Break up!—The Chorus have fulfill'd their part.

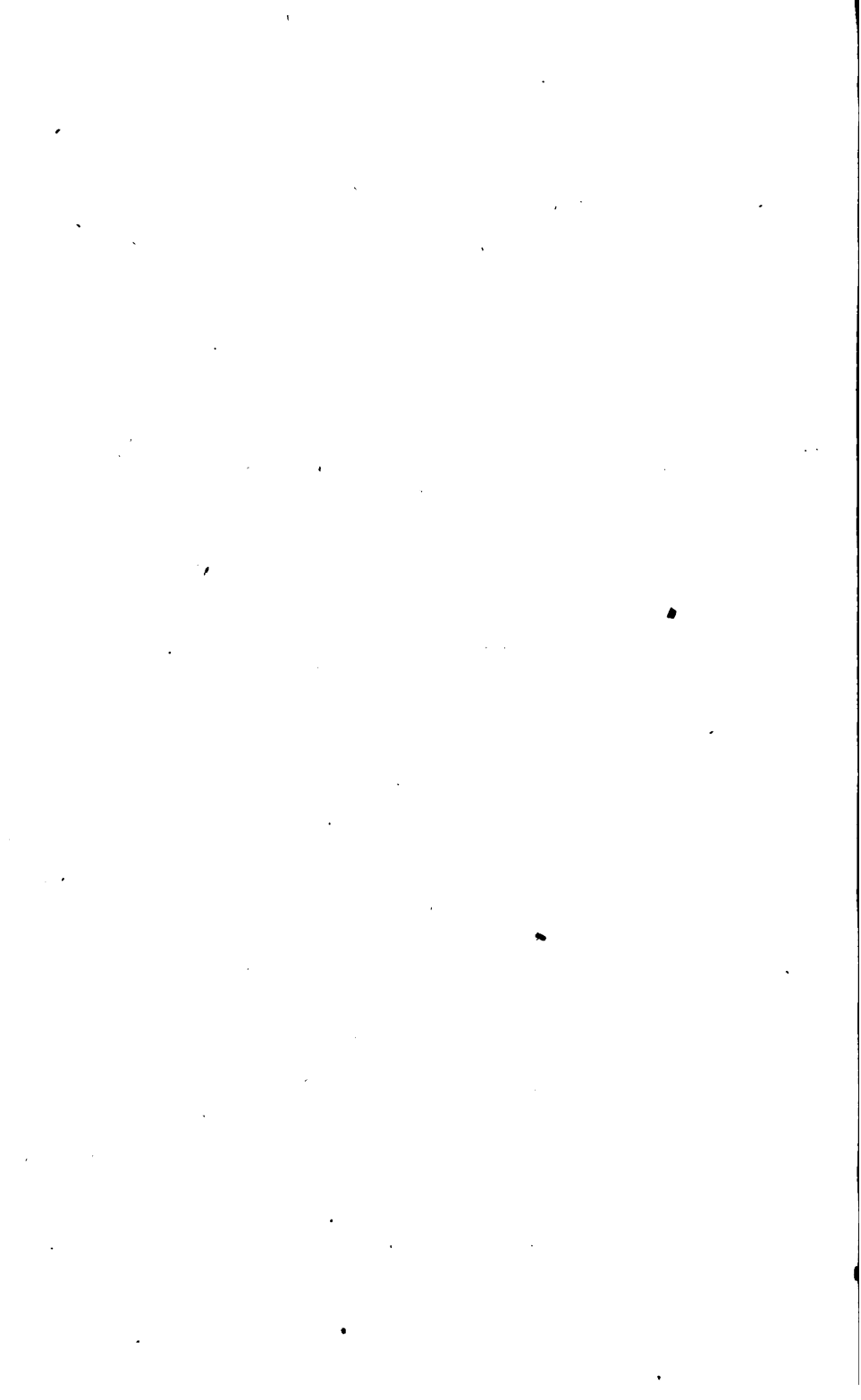
END OF THE CLOUDS.

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## THE WASPS.

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**T**O enact a law, to plead a cause, to decide a suit, and to execute a magistracy, were four things, which, as an acute observer has remarked, constituted the very instinct of an Athenian. In no nation, says the same lively writer, have there ever been seen so many tribunals, so many judges, and so many orators: from Athens, as from a fire, flowed all the political light which illuminated the rest of the world; and legislators, who were creating a state, went there for laws, as navigators, who are building a ship, now go to Sweden for wood. Whether as sound an article was as likely to be given in the one case as in the other, the present Comedy will go far to show. The WASPS is not a play historically political like the Acharnians and the Knights, nor personal like the Clouds: it is an attack, directed in the Author's peculiar manner, upon the jurisprudence of Athens, and levelled chiefly at that numerous class of her citizens,

who gained a livelihood by executing the office of dicast, an office more nearly resembling our juryman than judge.

William Schlegel has pronounced the *Wasps* to be the feeblest of all the pieces of Aristophanes. The subject, he says, is too limited, and the action drawn out to too great a \*length. This falling-off was naturally to be expected from the fate which had attended the poet's production of the preceding year. Had not Aristophanes possessed a considerable portion of that spirit of Pantagruelism, which we all know to be "a certain jollity of mind pickled in the scorn of fortune," it is probable that the *CLOUDS* would have been both the best and the last of the poet's performances.

The plot of this Comedy, if so respectable a title may be given to a piece of mere buffoonery, is soon told. Philocleon (a name signifying in the original a partisan of Cleon) is described as an Athenian citizen absolutely phrenzied with that passion of which all his countrymen partook—a taste for litigation and frequenting the courts of law,

\* This is unquestionably true; but when M. Schlegel adds, that the folly represented is a disease of too singular a description, without a sufficient universality of application, he appears to speak with a less knowledge of antiquity than his admirable criticisms usually display. A more favourable opi-

nion of this play was once expressed in a popular English journal, (*Quart. Review*, No. xvii.); but if the reader form his judgment of the original by the present inadequate version, the translator will not be surprised to find M. Schlegel's opinion taken in preference to his own.

where the higher citizens found occasional amusement, and the lower amusement, consequence, and profit. His son Bdelycleon (i. e. an enemy to Cleon) endeavours to reclaim him to a more generous mode of life. Force, persuasion, argument, are all tried in vain: he contrives to elude the first, he turns a deaf ear to the second, and he endeavours to reason down the third. It will easily be seen, therefore, that Philocleon is the buffoon of the Comedy; and that it is in his evasions, mistaken conceptions, and extravagant pleasantries, always approaching to extreme farce, that the humour of the piece consists. And truly, he that can go through them all, in the original, with muscles unmoved, may be very wise and very nice, but he must be content to rank in the sombre list with "the severe Cato, the never-laughing Cassius, the man-hating Timon, and the whining Heracleitus, who abhorred laughing, the action that's most peculiar to man." The Son, nearly driven to despair by the unconquerable obstinacy and prejudices of his Father, at last falls upon a scheme, which promises to satisfy his own wishes and to humour the malady of his sire. He proposes to convert his house into a Court of Justice—to supply it with all suitable pomp and circumstance, and to make up to Philocleon by proper compensation for the dignities and emoluments which his absence from the seats of judicature would occasion. The old gentleman is pleased with the scheme;

and a domestic mishap, the theft of a Sicilian cheese, by a house dog, affords an opportunity for putting the proposed scheme into immediate practice. The English reader will readily perceive, that the manners of the play must be purely Athenian: and that some information and more reflection will be required on his part, before he can enter properly into the humour of the piece. The learned Archbishop Potter will supply the first, and the English historian of Greece richly furnishes the other: and it may be added, that, without some acquaintance with the judicial polity of Athens, it is absolutely impossible to enter into the spirit of the Aristophanic Comedy, where so much allusion to that polity is continually made.

There were, according to the Archbishop, ten courts of justice in Athens, besides that of Areiopagus. Four had cognizance of *actions concerning blood*; the remainder of *civil matters*. "These ten courts were all painted with colours, from which names were given them; and on each of them was engraven one of the first ten letters of the Greek alphabet, from which they are likewise called *Alpha, Beta, &c.* Such, therefore, of the Athenians as were at leisure to hear and determine causes, delivered in their names, together with the names of their father and borough, inscribed upon a tablet, to the THESMOTHETE: who returned it to them with another tablet, whereon was inscribed the *letter* of one of the courts, as the lots had di-

rected. These tablets they carried to the crier of the several courts signified by the letters, who thereupon gave to every man a tablet inscribed with his own name, and the name of the court which fell to his lot, and a staff or sceptre. Having received these they were all admitted to sit in the court. If any person sate among the judges who had not received one of the aforesaid letters, he was fined. These judges, having heard the causes they were appointed to take cognizance of, went immediately and delivered back the sceptre to the PRYTANES, from whom they received the reward due to them. This was termed the judicial fee: sometimes it was an *obol* for every cause they decided; sometimes three *obols*, being sometimes raised higher than at others, by the instance of men, who endeavoured by that means to become popular. No man was permitted to sit as judge in two courts upon the same day, that looking like the effect of covetousness. And if any of the judges were convicted of bribery he was fined. The judges in all the courts were obliged to take a solemn oath by the Paternal Apollo, Ceres, and Jupiter the King, that they would give sentence uprightly and according to law, if the law had determined the point debated; or where the law was silent, according to the best of their judgments.—Of all the judicial courts that handled civil affairs, *Helixæa* was far the greatest and most frequented, being so called *απο τῆ ἀλιξοῦσαι*, from the people's thronging together, or rather *απο τῆ ἡλίου*, be-

cause it was an open place and exposed to the sun. The judges that sat in this court were at least fifty, but the more usual number was two or five hundred. When causes of great consequence were to be tried it was customary to call in the judges of other courts. Sometimes a thousand were called in, and these two courts are said to have been joined; sometimes fifteen hundred or two thousand, and then three or four courts met together. Whence it appears, that the judges were sometimes five hundred in other courts."—Thus far the learned but homely author of Grecian Antiquities; we must refer to higher authority for reflection and reasoning on this curious subject.

"We want information," says Mr. Mitford, "how Solon composed his courts of justice; but there seems reason to believe that among the changes introduced by Cleisthenes and Ephialtes, not only his venerable tribunal of the Areiopagus, but the whole judicature of Athens suffered: the institution of wages for serving in the ten ordinary courts is attributed to Pericles. It was a mode of bribing the people. Three obols, nearly four-pence sterling, were the daily pay of a dicast, whose office resembled that of our \*jurymen. The rich and the industrious avoided; the

\* Blackstone observes, in a note to the Third Book of his Commentaries, "that a learned writer of our own, Dr. Pettingal, hath

shown in an elaborate work (published A. D. 1762.) so many resemblances between the *δικασταί* of the Greeks, the *judices selecti* of the

poor, the idle, and the profligate thenceforward sought the office ; it became their resource for a livelihood. To extend gratification then among that sovereign order, the juries were made immoderately numerous. Five hundred was the ordinary number of each. In the ten courts, unless the demands of military service interfered, no less than six thousand citizens (that is, nearly one-third of the population of Athens,) are said to have been employed, except on holidays, daily throughout the year ; and for a cause of extraordinary importance, the whole six thousand were sometimes assembled to compose the single tribunal called *Heliæa*. But the holidays themselves, which interrupted the business of the courts, afforded also a pretence and a mode for bribing the people. They were truly the season of festival ; in which the numerous carcasses of animals killed in sacrifice were distributed to the multitude. Dema-

Romans, and the juries of the English, that he is tempted to conclude that the latter are derived from the former." The translator has endeavoured, but in vain, to procure a copy of a work, which could command the approbation of such a writer as Blackstone. Every scholar must lament, that the Commentator's learning was not sufficient to enable himself to mark

out, as he would have done with the utmost elegance and clearness, the points of superiority in English law over the Athenian, and that all the notices of Athenian jurisprudence, scattered about his truly great work, are only some little instances of resemblance between modern and ancient law, derived chiefly from Potter's *Antiquities*.



gogues therefore would omit no opportunity for ingratiating themselves at so easy a rate as by the proposal of a new festival; thus the Athenian holidays were multiplied till they were twice the number of those of any other Grecian city. Still, however, they were far from equalling those of the Roman church in modern Europe, making, altogether, no more than a sixth part of the year.

“ In the deficiency, therefore, of subsistence provided under the name of sacrifice, a \*lawsuit, or, still more, a cri-

\* It would be irksome to produce all the passages from contemporary authors, which bear the English historian out in his strongest observations. What can be more bitter than the testimony of Xenophon against his countrymen?—“ Instead of labouring together for mutual benefit, they load each other with reproaches; and each bears more envy to his fellow-citizens than to any other race of men. Their private and their public meetings are alike marked with dissension and dispute; their contests in the courts of law exceed all bounds, and a little advantage derived from litigation is to them infinitely more agreeable, than the benefits which result from mutual accommodation.” Lucian, who so thoroughly understood the Athe-

nians, treats their passion for litigation with his usual pleasantry. When his Menippus has made his way to the Moon, and looks down upon the world below, he sees the Egyptian ploughing, the Phœnician merchandizing, the Cilician plundering, the Spartan being flogged; *καὶ ὁ Ἀθηναῖος εὐδικεῖτο*: and the Athenian was litigating. *Xen. Mem.* l. iii. c. 5. *Lucian*, v. vii. p. 25. From this spirit of litigation we find the Athenian orators continually asserting that the most blameless life was no defence; and Lysias, the great advocate of democracy, admits that the danger was the same whether a man led a life guiltless of offence or committed the greatest enormities. *Reiske's Oratores Græci*, vol. v. p. 260.

minal prosecution, became the delight of the Athenian people. Beside the certain pay, which was small, there was the hope of bribes, which might be large ; while pride was gratified by the importance which accrued to the meanest man who called himself an Athenian citizen. Fine and confiscation, the ordinary punishments of the Athenian law, conveyed the property of the wealthy to the treasury ; to be thence distributed in various ways, theatrical exhibitions, processions, and feasts, for the gratification of the people, or wages on pretence of paying their services. Suits and prosecutions therefore, encouraged by the interest of the sovereign, became \*innumerable ; and life and property

\* Besides their own suits, it must be remembered that the Athenian people also decided those of their confederates. The object in taking this labour upon them is pointed out in a very significant manner by the great biographer of Socrates, Cyrus, and Agesilaus.

“ Another objection made to the wisdom of the Athenian people is this, that they oblige their confederates to have their judicial causes tried at Athens. But to this objection are opposed the numerous benefits which the Athenian democracy derives from this custom : as first, the dividends paid annu-

ally to the dicasts from the money laid down by the litigating parties at the commencement of the suit. Secondly, the power which it gives the Athenians of sitting quietly at home, and managing the confederate towns without the necessity of keeping a fleet in pay for the purpose : to this must be added the general encouragement given to democracy ; for its friends can thus be preserved in the courts of justice, and its opponents ruined. Were their suits tried at home, just the reverse of this would happen ; for such is the hatred borne to the Athenian people, that it would in-

were rendered insecure beyond what anything, seen in the most profligate of modern European governments, at least of the times before the French Revolution, could give to imagine under any government possible. The glorious security provided by the English law, which requires the solemn sanction of a grand jury to the merit of the accusation, before any man can be subjected even to trial, was unknown at Athens. It appears as if liberty was held there (so was the spirit of Solon's system perverted) to consist, not in the security of every one against injury from others, but in the power of every one to injure others. Any man might constitute himself\* accuser against any,

evitably occasion the ruin of those who were thought most favourably disposed to them. Several other advantages may also be mentioned, all flowing from this same source. The dues paid at Peiræus increase in number; those who have houses there to lett, find a tenant, and he that has a slave to sell, finds a purchaser; the public cryers in the courts also come in for a great deal more custom by this temporary residence of strangers. Add further, that if this obligation of having their suits tried in Athens did not lie upon the allies, such only of our countrymen, as went abroad in

high official situations, would receive honour and respect from them; while as matters now stand, every individual confederate is obliged to pay the most abject court to the whole people of Athens, as he knows that in all matters of controversy he will be obliged to repair to Athens, there to have his differences decided by the people; and in Athens the people are the law."—*Xenophon De Repub. Atheniens.* c. i. §§ 16, 17, 18.

\* Montesquieu, with much less knowledge of the Greeks than Mr. Mitford, did not lose sight of this

and the king-archon was bound by his office to bring the accused to trial. When the cause came before the jury, no right of challenge, the second security of Englishmen, gave the accused Athenian means of guarding against partiality in his judges. The effect of partiality in some, it was indeed proposed to obviate by multitude, such that the majority should not be likely to concur in it: but the disadvantages of such a resource perhaps exceeded its benefits. In no conference among themselves could the informed and the wary of so numerous a court correct the prejudices and misjudgment of the ignorant, careless, or impassioned, or obviate the effect of misused eloquence; nor was it possible to make so large a portion of the sovereign people responsible for the most irregular or flagitious decision. Punishment could not take place, and among the multitude \*shame was lost. Under this constitution of judicature, the most victorious and deserving general, the ablest and most upright magistrate, or the most inoffensive private

important fact. Remarking one among many excellencies of the British Constitution, he adds,—“ C'est l'avantage qu'a ce gouvernement sur la plupart des républiques anciennes, où il y avoit cet abus, que le peuple étoit en même

temps et juge et accusateur.”—*De l'Esprit des Loix*, liv. ii.

\* The mode of collecting the suffrages also contributed to the exclusion of this powerful and beneficial principle. See the subject considered in Cicero's third Book of Laws.

citizen might be brought to trial for his life at the pleasure of the most profligate of mankind. Even the allegation of a specific crime, a crime defined by law, was unnecessary. Constructive treason, any imputed disaffection *to the sovereignty of the people*, sufficed; and as passion and prejudice, or the powers of oratory, or solicitation and bribery, moved, condemnation or acquittal was pronounced." *Hist. of Greece*, vol. v, sect. 1. See also *Le jeune Anach*, tom. ii. chap. 16.

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**THE WASPS.**

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## ***DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.***

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SOSIAS,  
XANTHIAS, } *Two Slaves.*

PHILOCLEON—*an Athenian Dicast.*

BDELYCLEON—*Son of Philocleon.*

CHORUS—*Athenian Dicasts, habited as Wasps.*

*Dog Plaintiff.*

*Dog Defendant, (Labe).*

**SCENE—ATHENS.**

# THE WASPS.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

SCENE—*A private House, the Room opening upon the Street is covered with Nets. TIME, an Hour or two before Day-break. Two Slaves, Xanthias and Sosias, stand as Guards before the Door. Sosias finds his Companion inclining to Sleep.*

Sos. WHY, Xanthias, my toy, (*shakes him*) why what ails the poor boy!  
some infection upon him is creeping—

Xant. These eyes (*rubbing them*) so much ache, that (*yawns*) a lesson  
they take  
in the—(*yawns*) sweet little science of sleeping.

Sos. Keep a guard on them yet, or thou'lt score up a debt,  
whose payment will lie in the skin:

Hast thou yet, boy, to know what the service we owe,  
on the beast we keep guarded within?

Xant. I have neither to learn, but—(*yawns*) excuse t'other turn,  
for these eyes are incontinent winking;

Sos. (*rubbing his own eyes*) Then their pleasure e'en do, for my  
peepers too  
feel a sort of delectable blinking.



*Xant. (rousing up)* This is phrenzy, or—worse—'tis the \*wake-sleepy curse—

*Sos. (yawns)* rather say the God, †last put in motion,  
Has bid the pest come—

*Xant. (rubbing)* Then the God, smite me dumb,  
has two converts (*yawns*) of wondrous devotion.

\* This disease of sleeping with the eyes open, known among the Greeks by the term *νεφθαρτία*, forms one of the properties of Rabelais' allegorical Shrove-tide. Travailloit, rien ne faisant, rien ne faisoit travaillant, Corybantoit dormant, dormoit Corybantiant, les yeux ouverts, comme font les lievres de Champagne, craignant quelque camisade d'andonilles ses antiques ennemis.—*Liv.* iv. ch. 32.

† The god here meant is the Sabazian Bacchus. A law in Athens prohibited the introduction of any foreign divinity or mode of worship without a decree of the Areiopagus: this law in later times became neglected, and the gods of Thrace, of Phrygia, and other barbarous countries became incorporated with those of Athens. This is one among many other sarcasms directed by the comic writers against the introduction of these strange divinities, and the nightly ceremonies which were held in

their honour. The lover of Aristophanes will be pleased to find that his zeal against the Sabazian Bacchus gains him the compliments of a man whose smallest accomplishment was that of being the wittiest person of his age. Novos vero Deos et in his colendis nocturnas pervigilaciones sic Aristophanes, facetissimus poeta veteris Comœdiæ, vexat, ut apud eum Sabazius et quidam alii Dii peregrini judicati, e civitate ejiciantur.—*Cic. de Legg.* lib. ii. § 15. *Idem. de Naturâ Deorum*, l. iiii. § 23. See also *Lucian*, v. vii. p. 39. v. ix. p. 186. *Warburton*, b. v. sect. 2, Perhaps the worship of the Sabazian Bacchus was the more offensive to the comic poets, because, as it sprang out of the worship of the Phrygian Cybele (Heyne *De Religionibus et Sacris eum Furore peractis*), it came more within the department of their enemies, the flute-players.

For oh! this short rest on my senses it prest

such a lethargy—nay no derision—

Like a Mede in his \*might, it quite master'd my sight,

and I've seen a most marvellous vision.

Sos. What, my lad, are you there? Why then two make a pair:

at a vision I'll beat you quite hollow:

(*Affecting terror*) Such another I bar—but I give you the *pas*,

tell your tale, and my own quick shall follow.

Xant. Methought then I saw, (and my breath I scarce draw

while I think of its size and dimension,)

An eagle repair to the Agora and there

grasp a shield with most violent tension.

The shield made its prize, it bore back to the skies,

its flight into darkness pursuing;

Yet the shield, lad, was found, all at once on the ground,

as though 'twere Cleonymus' doing.

Sos. Cleonymus then is a †puzzle confest,

And “read me this riddle, expound me this jest,”

(Thus at feast and at wine 'twill be ask'd of each guest,)

\* This is said, affecting terror. Till the battle of Marathon, the very name of a Mede, as Herodotus honestly confesses, (*Erato*, c. 112.) excited terror in Greece.

† At the convivial entertainments of the ancients, no diversion was more usual than that of propound-

ing and answering difficult questions. On the nature of these and their various genera, the learned reader may consult the tenth book of Athenæus. Cleobulus, one of the seven wise men, was a great composer of these *griphi*, as they were termed. *Diog. Lært.* lib. i. §

“ There’s a beast—tell me what—the deep ocean it plies,  
 It creeps on the earth and it mounts to the skies,  
 Yet in ocean or heaven, in brake or in field,  
 Something ever it drops and that something’s a shield !”

*Xant. (despondingly)* The worse luck for me, such a sight who must see ;  
 some evil, I’m sure, will come on it :

*Sos.* Throw hard thoughts to the wind, and for fright, prithee mind,  
 you may doff, boy, as quick as you don it.

*Xant.* Yet that one who writes man, should adopt such a plan !—  
 cast his shield !—no : I never can brave it.

But my ears would regale in their turn on your tale,

*Sos.* And truly, my chick, thou shalt have it.

But it’s size, pray first learn :—poop to prow—stem to stern,  
*(with importance)* the whole vessel of state, man, is in it :

*Xant.* So all safe’s in the \*hold, to the rest I’m quite cold :  
 but your story—my ears fain would win it.

89. Rabelais, who was versed in all the manners of the ancients, makes Panurge propose his well-known question at the second course, in imitation of the *griphi* or knotty questions of the Greeks. Cicero, in his amusing treatise *de divinatione*, has not disdained to record two or three of those puzzles, which were rather called *enigmata* than *griphi*.—Lib. ii. § 64.

The practice itself no doubt grew out of the Oriental custom of propounding dark sayings ; of which many instances may be found in the Sacred Writings and also in Plutarch’s excellent Banquet.

\* The usual place for slaves on board ship. This equivalent for the original has been borrowed from the French translator, M. Poinset.

Sos. 'Twas, observe, my first sleep, when methought all with sheep  
 the Pnyx fill'd ;—and these reverend wethers  
 Like our parliament-men had their \*staff and their cane,  
 with a cloak duly tuck'd, round their nethers.  
 These sheep, fellow mine, taking seat did incline  
 to a †Whale, who was holding oration ;  
 Wide and deep was the throat, and its voice had the note  
 of a sow with a large corporation.

Xant. (*holding his nose*) As you love me, no more—

Sos. Why what now ?

Xant. I implore—

pah ! I scarce can keep body together,  
 There's a steam and a stench in the dream—

Sos. Of a drench ?

Xant. No : of cows' hides and vile rotten leather.

Sos. This damnable Whale, having done with his tale,  
 prick'd a ‡Bull by a scale—nothing mincing—

Xant. Lookye there now he tried, how thick Johnny Bull's hide,  
 and what he could bear without wincing.

\* The usual costume of the lower Athenians, when they attended the Ecclesia or General Assembly.

† The whale represents Cleon.

‡ In the original the whale (Cleon) is represented as holding a pair of scales. The poet then plays on the term *Demus*, which,

according to the position of its accent, signifies, in the Greek language, either *bulls' fat* or *the people* ; and on two words nearly similar in sound, of which one signifies to *weigh* and the other to *separate*. By this play of words the poet exposes the art of Cleon, whose policy it had been two years

Sos. By this Whale's very side sat Theorus's pride,—  
a sight to astonish beholders—

For his seat was quite low; and for head a large crow  
had perch'd on the top of his shoulders.

Alcibiades straight turns to me, quite elate,  
and pointing his hand at the raven:

(*imitates stammering*) "L'ooke, there by my f'ay" (you know what his way)  
"the f' latterer's turn'd to a \*c' raven."

Xant. Let him stumble or stammer—by the lord now the hammer  
hit the nail's very head there I trow, boy:

Sos. But a word for your ear—is it no cause of fear  
that Theorus should turn to a crow, boy?

Xant. Not the least.

Sos. Nay discuss, how dost prove it?

Xant. E'en thus:

Theorus—pray mark my precision—

Was a man—

Sos. even so:

Xant. this man turns to a crow—

Sos. and what argues my learned logician?

before to divide the people among themselves, and thus prevent them from accepting the offers of peace made by the Lacedemonians. Our national habits enable us to give something like an equivalent for the original.

\* The charge insinuated against Theorus in the text is flattery. To preserve the play of words another blow has been added to the original. Alcibiades' defect of speech has been recorded by several authors.

*Xant.* From wise sayings and saws this conclusion he draws,  
that Theorus once dead—the vile sinner—

His limbs will be *there* (*points to the ground*) while his head in the air  
(*points upwards*)

from a pole finds the ravens a dinner.

*Sos.* Now buss me, boy, do ; and these obols,—they're two—  
take for this thy most learn'd \*exposition.

*Xant.* But 'tis time that I say, what the theme of our play,  
dropping first though a short admonition.

(*Turns to the spectators*) Gentle sirs, for whom we live, let none present  
here pray give

to expectance and hope too large warrant ;

Nor do courtesy so small as to think his taste shall pall  
on stol'n trash such as †Megara sees current.

We've no slave nor serving man, who from basket or from pan  
scatters ‡nuts to the greedy spectators ;

No Hercules who talks of short commons or who balks  
for the joke's sake his keen masticators.

\* Among a people so superstitious as the Greeks, an expounder of dreams, or, as he was termed, an oneiro-critic, claimed no small share of importance. See a pleasant letter on the subject in Alciphron's Letters, lib. iii. ep. 59.

† Some of the earliest farces owed their birth to Susarion, a native of this place, (Aristotle in

Poeticis, § 5). From the specimens we have of Athenian comedy, it will easily be imagined, that the Megarians were not very nice in their taste or delicate in their mirth.

‡ The smaller poets used to court the favour of the audience and endeavour to promote mirth by little largesses of this kind.

Euripides's muse, let her frisk it as she chuse,  
     unassail'd shall henceforward disport her;  
 And Cleon, tho' of late he's grown hand and glove with fate,  
     is no subject just now for our \*mortar.  
 Yet your hearing to regale we've a merry little tale,  
     (under favour, I speak what most scarce is,)

Though below the critic †pit, yet it strains at higher wit,  
     than the run of our general farces.  
 Its tenor would you know?—first your eyes, sirs, upward throw—  
     to yon roof—we've a master there sleeping;  
 Himself a man of mark, though his dad, poor fellow's stark,  
     and needs vigilant duress and keeping.  
 That he wander not at large is a strict and solemn charge,—  
     to us twain by the son late imparted,—  
 For the roughest might admire, how this sickness of his sire  
     he mourns and deplores heavy-hearted.  
 And sure never came a disease with such a name  
     under notice of surgeon or college;  
 With *Phil* it begins—but the rest no one wins—  
     guess and try and you'll find it past ‡knowledge.

\* The poet apparently thought that the demagogue had been sufficiently pounded in his Knights.

† Brumoy has expressed this with much spirit—*de bons mots, qui à la vérité ne valent pas tout-à-fait ce que vaut la parterre, mais qui valent mieux qu'une mauvaise Comédie*. For the original word

here rendered *mauvaise*, see a long and very excellent note in Twining's Aristotle, v. ii. p. 420.

‡ The reader must prepare himself for the most extravagant caricature in this and the following scene; but he is ill-versed in Aristophanes and the politics of Athens, if he thinks this caricature derived

You Amynias there—hist!—(*affects to listen attentively*) a \*Philocubist?— Sos. Miss'd:

*Xant.* no, he loves not the dice-box so dearly;  
But the sons of †Pronapus— *Sos.* Oft jape us—and the ape has  
here nam'd his own malady clearly.

*Xant.* Pretty Sosias I hear whisper Dercylus near,  
(*mimics*) *the fellow 'tis clear loves hard drinking;*

*Sos.* But Sosias is nice, nor knows drinking's the vice—

*Xant.* of all sound‡ honest men to my thinking.  
And Nicostratus trips, for I see that his lips  
to themselves are § Phil'oxenist framing;

*Sos.* And that never will do, for Philoxenus—whuh!

'tis a wretch that should die for the naming.

from any thing but the most profound judgment. *It is Kharageus meddling with the most delicate prerogatives of the most despotic of governments.* The very essence of the Athenian democracy, as both Aristotle and Demosthenes allow, was centered in its Dicasteria, or courts of justice, and the poet had to throw his audience completely off their guard, before he dared meddle with so dangerous a topic.

\* A lover of dice.

† The translator has taken advantage of this word being a proper name, to give the penultima that quantity, which suited his own verse rather than the canons of the comic Iambic Senarius.

‡ The poet, who in another place calls wine "the milk of Venus," and who, according to Plato, was equally devoted to the service of the goddess of love and the god of wine, no doubt delivers his own opinion here, in which he would be backed by the greatest part of his audience. See *Erasmus's Adages*, and *Nicolaus Leonicus de Variâ Historiâ*, lib. ii. c. 293. Rousseau, it may be observed, in his interesting Letter from the Valais, speaks of intemperance in the same qualifying terms as Aristophanes.

§ A lover of hospitality towards strangers.



*Xant.* But to leave as befits, gents, this strain of your wits,  
which will bear but a sorry conclusion ;—

Just your chatt'ring forbear for a while, and you'll hear  
what his malady, phrenzy, delusion.

He's a \*PHIL-HE-LI-ASS : (*a loud roar of laughter*) bravo : let the  
joke pass :

yes : his humour, scope, taste, and fruition  
Are a seat at the bar, with the charms of word-war,  
a vote, and judicial decision.

Of these still he thinks—ne'er in sleep his sense sinks,  
or if a stray wink he is snatching ;

'Tis but meal-dust and motes, and his mind the while floats  
in the courts o'er the †water-glass watching.

When the morn sees him sped first from tester and bed,  
'tis with three ‡fingers close in compression ;

Not because the Moon's §new, and the censer's claim due,  
but—the Dicasts so use them at Session.

\* A lover of the high court of justice, called *Heliaæa*.

† Used in the courts of justice for regulating the time of an orator's speech.

‡ The sea-shell or bean, by which the dicasts gave their votes, was held between the fore-finger, the middle-finger and the thumb. This was done to prevent them from

casting more than one shell into the urn which received the judicial votes.

§ At New Moon incense was offered to the statues of the gods ; and from the Scholiast it appears that the rite was practised in the same way as casting the judiciary shells into the urns.

Sees he wall, post, or door, chalk'd and scribbl'd all o'er,

*Long life to the fair charming \*DAMUS !*

He effaces the D, and cries, marking a C,

*Live for ever my own darling †CAMUS !*

Once the cock crowing ‡late, a strange thought cross'd his pate :

*“ the bird had been brib'd, a base minion,*

*That Accounts might be pass'd snug and safe, and all fast  
without an official opinion.”*

Scarce the last meal is done, than he shouts out anon,

*“ my boots, boy !”—then off to court trudging,*

He claps head 'gainst a rail, and sticks there like a snail,

*till the morn bids his worship be budging.*

\* He that writes sentences on a wall, says a Spanish proverb, has wind in his pole. It was probably the volatile, unsteady character of the Athenians, which made them so much delight in this practice. The exquisite beauty of the young person in the text, whose name

has been altered from Demus to Damus, is warmly commended by Plato, (in *Charmide*, p. 237. in *Gorgiad*, p. 295.) and with the fine person of his father Pyrilampes, it seems to have excited something like that feeling which Schiller has described in four beautiful verses.

Aber das Schönste  
Erlebt mein Auge,  
Denn ich sehe die Blume der Tochter,  
Ehe die Blume der Mutter verblüht.

† The tunnel, through which the dicasts passed their shells or beans into the judicial urns.

‡ Racine has adopted this trait in his *Plaideurs*.

Il fit couper la tête à son coq, de colère,  
Pour l' avoir éveillé plus tard qu' à l'ordinaire ;  
Il disoit qu'un plaideur, dont l'affaire alloit mal,  
Avoit graissé la patte à ce pauvre animal.

Of the two \*lines in law, sure his fingers to draw  
 the long, which marks death and perdition ;  
 And the wax from this trick to his nails hangs so thick,  
 a bee's load would be light in addition.  
 As our suffrages tell in the courts by a shell,  
 lest the means should e'er fail him of voting,  
 He has robb'd the sea-shore, and has hiv'd such a store  
 as would give a large shingle its coating.  
 Thus his mind's strangely crost—and he raves tempest-tost,  
 neither nostrum nor physic can cure him ;  
 These but make matters worse—the sole help for his curse  
 is, that four solid walls safe ensure him.

\* In every Athenian court of justice were placed two urns. Of these, one made of brass, assumed the three several names of, the *former urn*, the *valid urn*, and the *urn of death*. The first appellation was derived from its relative position, and the second from its determining the validity of the accusation ; the third requires no explanation. Another urn, made of wood, was placed *behind* the brazen urn, into which were thrown the shells that acquitted the prisoner. For these several reasons it assumed the names of the *hinder urn*, the *invalid urn*, and the *urn of mercy*.—When all the shells had been given in, these urns were opened, and the suffrages numbered in presence of the proper magistrate. This person stood with a rod in his hand, which he laid over the shells or beans as they were numbered, lest any should be omitted through treachery and mistake, or any counted twice over. If the number of *black* beans or shells was greatest, the magistrate pronounced the person guilty ; and to denote his condemnation he drew a *long line* on a table lined with wax ; on the contrary, if the *white* beans exceeded or merely equalled the number of the black, the magistrate drew a *short* line in token of the prisoner's acquittal.

So we bolt and we bar him—flight and egress we mar him ;  
 for the son views with deep consternation  
 This paternal distraction, and alike speech and action  
 hath tried for his mind's restoration.  
 First 'twas "*Father, your ear—pray that mantle cashier,—*  
*and your cloak why, sir, wear dicast-fashion—*  
*And if you could stay just within for a day"—*  
 'twas preaching to th' seas in their passion.  
 We tried baths and \*lustrations—then his hallucinations  
 might yield to †pipe, timbrel, and viol ;  
 He turns short, ere half's done, drops the New Court upon  
 and instantly calls up a trial.

\* Lustrations and purifications by water were favourite religious rites among the Greeks. The "superstitious man" in Theophrastus never fails to purify himself with the holy water, which stands in a cauldron at the gate of the temple, and in which had been immersed a sacred fire-brand, taken from an altar whereon a victim had been burned. Sea-water was reckoned the most favourable for these rites. The Vatican MS. of Theophrastus accordingly makes the "superstitious man" go occasionally to sprinkle himself with this purifier ; if this pious ceremony draws upon him the eyes of the envious, he fastens garlic to his head and then bathes it. The reader of Anastasius will

recollect many similar instances of superstition, still familiar to the Greeks.

† Those who laboured under the phrenzy, called Corybantian, (and the old dicast is here considered as under its influence,) appear to have been treated like those in later days bitten by the tarantula spider. Certain airs were played to them, and as those airs were usually pieces of music in honour of some deity, it was judged by the patient's sensibility to any peculiar air, which deity it was by whom he was possessed. Ceres, Bacchus, the Nymphs, and Cybele, were looked upon as the causes of madness by the ancients. See *Matthias's Edition of Gray*, vol. ii. p. 407.

This failing we're sailing to Ægina, where ailing  
     cures by scaling and pailing and drenches :  
 There the night finds him fast, ere next morn seas are past,  
     and he, blithe as bee, on the benches.  
 To the house we confine him ;—he can delve, he can mine him,  
     through the conduit he's off like a shot, sirs ;  
 In each crevice and chink rag and cere-cloth we sink,  
     and matters now mend ?—not a jot, sirs.  
 'Gainst the wall pin and peg fixes he, leg by leg,  
     then descends, just as jack-daws are doing :  
 What remain'd last to hold him ?—why with nets to enfold him ;—  
     look around, 'tis the course we're pursuing.  
 Philocleon I add is the name of our dad,  
     for with Cleon he's friendly and mately ;  
 The son, from mere spite, does Bdelycleon write,  
     and his manner's prodigiously\* stately.

## SCENE II.†

BDELYCLEON, XANTHIAS, SOSIAS, PHILOCLEON.

*Bdel. (calling)* Why, Sosias, I say—Xanthias, lad— *Xant.* Lackaday!

*Sos.* What's all this? *Xant.* 'Tis our master just waking:

*Bdel.* Quickly here one or both—in the stove by my troth  
 and the bath-house our patient is raking.

\* To express this stateliness of manners, the poet in his usual way  
 compounds a word, of which one term is derived from the neighing  
 of a horse.

† The reader has been already

There for creek and for cranny, like a mouse sly and canny,  
 he makes a most sharp inquisition :

For escape he's quite ripe—quickly, lad, (*to Sos.*) guard the pipe,—  
 and do you (*to Xant.*) at the gate take position.

*Sos.* Tis done, sir. *Bdel.* What sound from the funnel breaks round ?  
 (*the dicast's head is seen rising out of the funnel of the bathing room.*)

good angels, protect us and love us !

What art thou, sight abhorr'd ? *Phil.* Smoke, and please you, my lord,  
 on his way to the regions above us.

*Bdel.* Smoke, forsooth ! of what wood ? *Phil.* Of the \*fig-tree. *Bdel.*

Why good :

never tree sharper fume yet emitted :

But to Smoke lest harm happen—Smoke, this cover I clap on,—  
 and further a bar, Smoke, is fitted. (*passing a bar through the cover*)

Now back, whence you came and some new device frame ;—  
 but oh my sad classification !

Who must henceforth write *son*, *begotten upon*,  
*his mother by Smokification !*

admonished, that the ensuing scene is directed entirely to the galleries, and that Aristophanes, like Sterne's wig, is sometimes as much below, as at other times he is above criticism.

\* The 'smoke of the fig-tree is particularly pungent.' The allusion is to the judicial character of Philocleon.

*Sos. (to Xant.)* Now your foot stoutly set 'gainst the gate—harder yet—

I'll be with you again in a minute ;

To the bolt sharply look—keep an eye on the plug,

or by Jove, boy, his teeth will be in it.

*Phil.* Why, my masters, what now ?—villains, rogues, let me go ;

the court sits, and I'm now of the latest :

What, still foil'd, and by apes ? then (*sighs heavily*) Dracontides' scapes,—

*Bdel.* and the harm, sir ? *Phil.* To me, son, the greatest.

'Twas an answer divine from Apollo's own\* shrine,

says the God, my old worthy suit-pedlar ;

If once through your flinching a defendant 'scape pinching,

you'll go off like an old rotten medlar.

\* The Athenian taste for oracles has been already seen in the Knights. Ancient writers, says Dr. Hill, make mention of several hundred oracles established in different parts of Greece, and even lead us to imagine that there were few temples in which they were not occasionally delivered. Of all these, it is scarcely necessary to observe, that there was none so eminent as the oracle at Delphi. Cicero bears more than one testimony to the love of oracles in the ancient Greeks (*de Divinatione*, lib. i. §§ 1. 48.) and a writer, who has described the modern Greeks with astonishing power, shows that their taste in this respect is not very

materially altered. " The ancient Greeks worshipped an hundred gods, the modern Greeks adore as many saints. The ancient Greeks believed in oracles and prodigies, in incantations and spells: the modern Greeks have faith in relics and miracles, in amulets and divinations. The ancient Greeks brought rich offerings and gifts to the shrines of their deities, for the purpose of obtaining success in war, and pre-eminence in peace; the modern Greeks hang up dirty rags round the sanctuaries of their saints, to shake off an ague or to propitiate a mistress."—*Anastasius*, vol. i. p. 84.

*Bdel.* Gracious heav'n, be my guard! *Phil.* Then, dear son, be not hard,

but in pity these gaolers withdrawing—

On the spot else I burst. *Bdel.* As you please, for the first—

*Phil.* Is denied? then your nets I am gnawing.

*Bdel.* Put the case you've no teeth. *Phil.* Now could I be his death, scurvy villain, his annihilation;

Hoa! within there, my sword, dagger, poniard, . . . or board, on which the wax marks condemnation.

*Bdel.* (to *Xant.* and *Sos.*) Some course dreadful he'll take. *Phil.*

(*fawning*) Nay in sooth you mistake, too closely you sift, son, and dust me;

The moon's \* new and I'd fain for our ass and sacks twain find a purchaser—nothing more, trust me.

*Bdel.* That I take on myself. *Phil.* But the pelf, boy, the pelf,—a bargain asks science and cunning.

*Bdel.* Leave the sale then to try, whether you, sir, or I—(*calls*) the ass there!—best understand funning.

*Xant.* (to *Bdel.*) Cunning scheme and device to escape in a trice! by my troth 'twas done smartly and neatly;

*Bdel.* But the gudgeon ne'er took, though the bait on the hook was cover'd, I own, most discreetly.

\* On the first day of the month, a great market was held in Athens, at which it was usual to settle many pecuniary matters. See *J.*

*G. Schweighauser's Notes to Bruyère's Translation of Theophrastus,* tom. iii. p. 21.



Further scheme lest he venture, I'll myself the house enter,  
and find where our donkey doth cram her—

So awhile I make exit (*leaves the stage, then returns with the ass*) . . .  
pretty thing, what doth vex it!

because it must go to the hammer?

But, good ass, mend thy pace—still the tears in thy face?  
oh forsooth no Ulysses doth back it—

*Xant.* Ulysses or not, by my soul she has got

her burden and (*passes his hand under the ass's belly*) hither I  
track it.

*Bdel.* Where, good knave? *Xant.* Here below. *Bdel.* What, in God's  
name, art thou?

speak, deliver, thy birth, appellation—

*Phil.* My name's\* Utis, and please ye—and further to ease ye—  
I come from the land of 'Scapeation.

*Bdel.* The worse luck for Utis—quickly, lads, do your duties,  
hands upon him—you see where he's riding :

\* The comic poets often found a subject of parody in Homer as well as in their rivals the tragedians. The story of Ulysses' escape from the den of Polyphemus by fastening himself under the belly of a large ram, and his facetiousness in puzzling the thick-headed giant by calling himself *Utis*, i. e. *Nobody*, are too well known to need expla-

nation. As to the country which Utis here assumes, there is, as an acute observer well remarks, a mousseux wit as well as a mousseux champagne, and both lose their quality, if they stop to be analysed. The readers of Rabelais and Boccaccio are familiar with similar fictitious names of countries.

Now he's drawn from his hole, how he looks like the foal

of— *Xant.* \*Bum-bailiff, that wants a good hiding.

*Phil.* Hands off, scurvy knave! what, my master, so brave?

then a conflict ensues. *Bdel.* Never doubt thee:

And its cause, crusty blade, is— *Phil.* †An ass and its shade.

*Bdel.* Nature's knave, there is nought true about thee!

*Phil.* Nought about me that's true!—lookye there and from you!

but thy speech will hold other direction,

\* The position of Philocleon under the ass's belly justified the comparison of him to a sucking foal. The homely substitute applied by the slave is a reference to his judicial character.

† An application by Demosthenes of this phrase, which implies fighting for nothing, is better known than its origin. As it serves to show the disposition of the Athenian people, it cannot be considered wholly irrelevant to our present purpose. Demosthenes was haranguing the Athenian assembly in favour of an accused person. The orator, finding he could not command the attention of his auditors, quitted his subject and broke into the following story. "I was going a short time since to Megara, said he, on a hired ass. The heat

was excessive, but not a tree nor a shrub was to be found that could afford me shelter. I suddenly be-  
thought myself, that I might avoid the scorching heat of the sun by sheltering myself under the belly of my conveyance. The owner of the animal stopped me: Sir, said he coolly, you hired the ass, but you did not hire the ass's shadow. The dispute grew hot between us." At these words there was a complete silence in the assembly, and every one listened attentively for the issue of this adventure. The orator saw his opportunity, and with much force upbraided his audience for their childishness and frivolity, who could listen to the story of an ass, and refuse their attention when the life of a fellow-creature was at stake.

When you find what a treat an old —\* dicast—if sweet,  
can furnish with proper† dissection.

*Bdel.* I have done, by my troth—man and ass, in with both (*driving them into the house*)

in, I say, and a curse light upon ye.

*Phil.* Cleon, help: I am stay'd: fellow benchers, your aid,—

*Bdel.* Bawl away, for the door's fairly on ye.

(*To the slaves*) Hand me stones there—a store—clap them fast 'gainst the door:

see the bolt's fairly shot in the bar, boy:

Add square timber and thick—roll me here (and be quick)  
a cylindrical mortar and jar, boy.

\* The dicast continues the pleasantry, if such we may venture to term it, of considering himself an ass's foal. This was less absurd to Athenian ears, than it is to ours, because young asses actually formed an article of food in Greece, (*De Pecu*, t. i. p. 140.) and we have a modern writer's testimony, that they are no contemptible morsel. During a blockade of Malta by the English and Neapolitans, the Maltese were reduced to such distress as to be obliged to live upon horses, dogs, and cats. This distress, as M. Isouard assures us, put the gourmands of La Vallette into the possession of a piece of knowledge of

which they were not before aware, viz. that ass-flesh, as food, is far preferable to beef and even to veal. "En bouilli, en entrée, en rôti, et en daube sur-tout," says this enthusiastic admirer, "le goût en est exquis." The ass to be thus fit for the table, should be fat and from three to four years old.—*Almanach des Gourm.* 8<sup>e</sup> Année. p. 63.

† From one of the French terms belonging to a short rib of beef, this joke would be more palatable to our neighbours than ourselves. On distingue dans un aloyau, says a French gastrologist, le morceau du procureur et celui des clerks; le dernier est le moins tendre. Il

*Sos.* Why the murrain, what hate bear the skies to this pate?  
clods or acres are dropping believe me.

*Xant.* Pshaw! some mouse from above drops a token of love;

*Sos.* (*looking up.*) Mouse indeed! if it is, I deceive me.

'Tis our judge, curse his wiles, he has slipt through the tiles—  
now he's climbing the rafters so narrow—

*Xant.* Pize upon it, and now by the twin-gods I vow,  
he has perch'd on the roof like a sparrow.

Quick the net hither bring—he'll be soon taking wing—  
shuh! shuh! foolish bird, must I stone 'ee?

*Bdel.* Now, Jove help me, to guard this one man is as hard  
as to keep a firm hold on Scione!\*

nous semble que ce devoit être le contraire, car rien n'est ordinairement plus coriace qu'un vieux procureur.

\* Scione was a city of Thrace, placed under Athenian protection. In the course of the Peloponnesian war the inhabitants revolted to Brasidas, the Spartan general, under circumstances which peculiarly irritated the Athenians. (*Thuc.* l. iv. c. 122.) They accordingly surrounded it with lines, and after besieging it for two entire years, at last stormed it. The decree proposed by the infamous Cleon not long before his death was then put into execution against the unfortunate Scionæans: every

male arrived at manhood was put to death, the women and the children were reduced to slavery, and the town and lands given to the Plateans.—(*Thuc.* l. v. c. 32.) Such cruel tragedies as these make the excellent remark of Montesquieu come home to us. "Que d'un côté l'on se mette devant les yeux les massacres continuels des rois et des chefs Grecs et Romains, et de l'autre la destruction des peuples et des villes par ces mêmes chefs; Thimur et Gengiskan, qui ont dévasté l'Asie; et nous verrons que nous devons au Christianisme, et dans le gouvernement un certain droit politique, et dans la guerre un certain droit des gens

*Sos.* The bird's caged, all is done—flight and egress there's none—

I defy open stormers or creepers ;

Be it merely a mote, good my lord, now let's float

just a moment's soft sleep on our peepers.

*Bdel.* Sleep indeed, idle drone ! not a wink must be known ;

all his comrades (a few minutes summing)

In a band will be here— *Sos.* Nay of that there's no fear,

the morning's too fresh for their coming.

*Bdel.* True enough, the day's young ; then their sleep they prolong :

What may mean so unwonted a slumber ?

Scarce has night with black mask got half through with her task,

ere their forces they muster and number.

Like a warisome band, they bear links in their hand ;

and from Phrynicus,\* primest old fellow,

They drawl out in a tone, 'twixt a chaunt and a moan,

some ditty right sav'ry and mellow.

Thus my father they call— *Sos.* And suppose we let fall

a stone-shower—what dost think, sir?—they'll breast it ?

*Bdel.* Have a care what you do ; they're a sharp angry crew,

quick as wasps' nest, when urchins molest it.

que la nature humaine ne sauroit assez reconnoître.—*De l'Esprit des Lois*, liv. xxiv. c. 3.

\* The poet throws much of this description into one of those enormous compound words which occasionally meet us in his farces, and which, as a witty writer inti-

mates, ought not to be spoken but on long summer days. That the Italian writers have rather abused than imitated this extravagance of composition in the Greek comic writers, see Teobaldo Ceva's Dissertation on the "Bacco in Toscana" of Redi.

And like wasps they've their stings—from their haunches there springs  
 a goad, sharpen'd to all admiration—  
 And their weapon once out, they come on with a shout,  
 with clamour and vociferation;  
 And they bounce and they bark, at once smoke, steam and spark—  
*Sos.* Away with hard thoughts and soft mind, sir,  
 Give me stone, flint and pebble, and their numbers, though treble,  
 shall fly like the chaff from the wind, sir.

## SCENE III.\*

CHORUS, *Boy with a link.*

(*The Choregus addresses his troop.*)

CHOR. Cheerily, cheerily, Comias friend; say whence this hesitation?  
 Thou wert not wont to show delay and dull procrastination:  
 But stiff and strong as leathern thong, at march and step thoud'st tug  
 hard,  
 While now with ease Charinades might pass thee as a sluggard.  
 Say, Strymodorus, best of men, a jury's pride and glory,  
 Are all our crew in sight and view—Euergides the hoary,  
 And Chabes, hard, of Phlya's ward the ornament and story?

\* The CHORUS of this play consists of the fellow-dicasts of Philocleon, fantastically dressed as Wasps, a figurative mode of describing their sharp, irritable tempers. What Mr. W. Rose observes

of the humour of the Venetians may in some degree be applied to Aristophanes. He delights in bringing practical jokes to bear intellectually.

They're near—they're here—remains most dear—(so few the more's the pity)—

Of all that corps in days of yore who press'd Byzantium's\* city.  
 There you and I kept watch and ward—tried comrades—ne'er asunder—  
 Our prime delight to prow! at night† for petty prize and plunder—  
 Did we lay hand on vase or pan, on baker's dish or platter,  
 We chopp'd and drest a frugal feast—wild herbs or some such matter.  
 Then haste—dispatch, sweet comrades mine—this day sees Laches'‡ trial;  
 The man hath thriv'd and cash hath hiv'd past counting or denial.  
 Cleon our prop and stay did lay upon us strict injunction,  
 That morn should see our troop equipt for high judicial function.  
 And charges grave he further gave, that we bore front ferocious—  
 A three days stock of wrath§ lay'd in—to meet these crimes atrocious.  
 Onward then, friends, whose age with mine an equal course is making,  
 'Tis fit we wend to our journey's end, ere yet the day be breaking.  
 Nor as we go forget to throw the lamp's|| bright blaze around us;  
 A covert foe may work us woe, or ambush'd troop surround us.

\* The admirable position of Byzantium, commanding as it did the entrance into the Euxine, on the waters of which the Athenians depended for their fish, and on the shores of which they relied for their corn, made the possession of this town an object of extreme importance to them.

† These nocturnal rambles and depredations seem to have been very common with the young Athenians,

as they are more than once alluded to in the plays of Aristophanes.

‡ Laches appears to have been an active and judicious officer. For an account of his expedition to Sicily, see *Thucydides*, l. iii. and iv.

§ An allusion to the three days stock of provision, which all Athenian soldiers were obliged to lay in before they went upon an expedition.

|| The habits of Athenian life

*Boy (holding up the lantern.)* Father, father, have a care,  
for I spy mud.

CHOR. Then take a straw (there's store upon the ground)  
And trim the lamp.

*Boy.* Nay, for that matter, father,  
My finger here can serve the purpose.

CHOR. Dolt! (*striking him*)  
Your finger to the wick? and oil, alas!  
So little plenteous! but you care not, you,  
Whate'er the price.

*Boy.* Nay, if your fist enforce  
The precept, I drop light and lantern both,  
And hie me home; that's flat. 'Twill ill content ye  
To wander here without a torch, all darkling,  
And floundering in the dirt like hazle-hens.\*

CHOR. Tush! I trim greater men than you, believe me.  
The lad says true; this must be mud I tread in.  
Four days at most and we shall have some rain;  
The link's thick snuff betokens it; rain ever

seem to have furnished considerable employment to the link-bearer. Athenæus, in the 15th book of his amusing Miscellany, enters with his usual minuteness into the subject, and explains at length the different kinds of torches and lamps in use among the an-

cients. To the Athenian dicasts, whose professional duties made them very early risers, "avaleurs de frimas"—fog-gulpers as Rabelais would call them—a lamp and a link were necessary appendages.

\* For a curious account of these birds, see *Athenæus*, l. ix, p. 387.



Comes down in showers when the wick thus thickens.

Well, well, be't so: the later fruits have need

Of water and a \*northern blast to forward them.

But what, in wonder's name, I ask, hath fortun'd

Our fellow-dicast, tenant of this house,

That he joins not our troop and company?

He was not wont to need being ta'en in tow,

But led the way, chaunting a strain (to th' heart

He loves a song) from tuneful Phrynichus.†

What if we troll'd a stave t' entice him out?

Let him once hear my voice, and trust me, fellows,

He'll not be long a prisoner to his house.

*(A song is here introduced.)*

What may this mean? he answers not, nor shows

His face before the door. Sure the old gentleman

Hath miss'd his shoes; (*pauses*) or haply in the dark

Hath struck his foot and rais'd a tumour on it. (*pauses*)

Heav'n send all's safe about the kidnies!—Well-a-day!

\* The ancients are said to have considered the northern wind as favourable to the growth of some species of trees.

† There were three dramatic authors of this name; but the one here alluded to is the tragic writer, who flourished not long after Thespis. He was the Dibdin of his day; and his songs, particularly

those in his "Sidonian or Phœnician Women," were exceedingly admired. The old bard appears to have possessed great facility of composition, since Aristotle has admitted it as a question among his Problems, "Why did Phrynichus compose more songs than the writers of the present day?"

He was a man sharp, sour, severe—none more so:  
 No moving him with idle talk. Deaf ears  
 He turn'd to all. Did any beg and form  
 Their supplicating tones? he bent his head,  
 And "Friends," says he, "stone walls were never melted."  
 Plague on it! now I know his malady.  
 Yon fellow that escap'd us yesterday,  
 Cheating our cozen'd ears—(*mimics*) "forsooth he lov'd  
 Th' Athenians;—forsooth 'twas he who first  
 Gave notice of those deeds at Samos"\*—doubtless  
 'Tis this hath anger'd him; nay, chance hath brought  
 A dangerous fever on him: well I know  
 His temper's edge and humour.

(*Sings.*).

But arouse thee, nor pine,  
 Fellow-comrade of mine—

\* The Athenians, assisting the Milesians in their war with Samos, made themselves masters of that island. The Samians afterwards revolted to the Persians. Under Timocles, as Palmer contends, and not under Pericles, the Athenians again brought the island under subjection. One Carystion, who had given information to the Athenians of the revolutionary proceed-

ings which were in agitation at Samos, was held in high respect for conveying the intelligence. Nothing therefore was more likely to be urged with success by any criminal than some such plea as that mentioned in the text. Philocleon, however, is represented as too keen a follower of his trade to feel at ease when any kind of plea diverted the course of the law.

Ever yet has the spleen  
 A rank suicide been ;  
 Better days will come o'er us,  
 For a fellow's before us,  
 To whom we can trace  
 All those doings in Thrace.\*  
 And his purse it is full,  
 And 'twill bear a stout pull :  
 Then boldly let's face him,  
 Displace him, disgrace him ;  
 Or clap him, why not?  
 Art and part in the pot.†

On, boy—forward.

Boy.

Father, I have a prayer

To make: wilt grant it, father?

CHOR.

Doubtless, chick :

But what wouldst have? some counters, boy?

Boy.

No, father:

Some figs: O they be dainty sweet, your figs.‡

\* Gray thinks that this passage refers to the great historian Thucydides, then *strategus* in Thrace, and condemned to banishment for treachery or neglect in the loss of Amphipolis.

† See Suidas in voce *ερχομαι*.

‡ Greece was truly the land of those productions which so much

captivate a northern imagination, the grape, the olive and the fig. The Deipnosophist in Athenæus, to whose office it falls to describe the various species of figs, absolutely riots in his subject, and Athenæus invents a word for the narrator, which shows how much he entered into the Deipnosophist's

CHOR. A rope, a rope, boy, for your collar; figs  
Indeed! I buy them not, believe me.

Boy (*sulkily.*) Look ye  
Another guide then, I decline the task.

CHOR. Go to, go to: a scurvy pay must furnish  
Myself (and two beside) bread, wood and fish;  
And you, forsooth, ask figs!

Boy. Father, put case  
No court is held to-day: have you wherewith  
To purchase us a supper, say, or sing we  
The old ditty

Over the water and over the sea,\*

The figs they grow sweet, but they grow not for me?

CHOR. A murrain on thee, boy, thou'st hit the mark.

feelings. The little boy in the text may well be excused for his taste, as an important sect afterwards sprang up, one of whose maxims was, that the happiness of life consisted in figs, honey and philosophy.—Vid. *Lucian*, v. vii. p. 75.

\* A substitute is here given for a quotation from Pindar, paraphrastically describing the Hellespont. The romantic story of the golden ram, and the fall of Helle into the sea, is in every body's mouth, and forbids the temptation to relate this interesting tale again. A very

spirited picture, found at Civita in the year 1760, on this subject, deserves some notice. Helle, rising from the water with her hair in disorder and death on her countenance, stretches out her left hand to Phrixus, who is passing at full speed on his bounding conveyance. He grasps the ram with one hand, and with an agitated countenance extends the other to his sister; the two hands nearly meet; but the little space between leaves the imagination to conceive what words would ill explain.

*Boy.* \*Why now, mother mine,  
What a deed was that of thine,  
To breed a son to pine and whine?  
What could win thee?

*CHOR.* Why now, purse of mine,  
What a scurvy trick is thine,  
Thus to glitter and to shine,  
Yet have nothing in thee!

*Boy.* Heigh ho! nonny ho!  
Nought remains for us, I trow,  
But to sing for ever mo:

*Both.* Heigh ho! nonny ho!

\* Parodied from Euripides.

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## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

PHILOCLEON, CHORUS.

(*Phil. sings* } I'm all thaw and dissolution,  
 (*from within*) } Ah well-a-day !

For I hear that sweet conclusion,

As well I may !

Through these bars it comes full strong ;

(*he appears at* } Friends, I'd answer you in song,  
 (*the window*) } But no note's upon my tongue ;

Ah well-a-day !

Fain the ballots I'd be trying,

Ah well-a-day !

For a little mischief sighing,

As well I may !

But these gaolers they have done me,

Gyves and manacles have won me,

And the hand of power is on me,

Ah well-a-day ! (*a pause, then*  
*vehemently*)

O for a thunder-ball,

Jove, thou great lord of all !

Hissing and fizzing,  
And whizzing now, let it fall;  
Blasting and burning me,  
Into smoke turning me,  
Thus away done with  
I shall be one with—  
—Big bouncing Æschines,—  
—Or Proxeniades—  
Those sons of vanity  
Smoke and inanity,  
Who go off in a crack,  
Like wild grapes, when they smack.  
Oh! of these wishes two  
Jove, one or other do.  
With potent action  
(This first I stickle for)  
Bake me and make me  
A cinefaction :  
Then with a blast and blow  
Heigh presto ! let me go,  
(Its sharpest part I trow)  
Into a pickle jar.

(*sinks his voice*) Or, what were better far,  
Turn me that stone into,  
On which the robe and bar  
Suffrage and sea-shell throw.

CH. (*after a long pause*) Expound, discuss, who holds thee thus, a  
thrall to hall and chamber,

Speak without fear, for none haunt here but near and dear well-wishers.

Phil. 'Tis my own son the deed has done—but friends observe more  
keeping

In tone and speech, for oh! the wretch above our heads is sleeping.

CH. His cause, his plea, deliver me : what wills he, what inhibits?

Phil. His sire's high charge to judge at large the worthless knave  
prohibits,

To make resort to bar and court, to do a little mischief:

In place and stead he'd have me fed with sumptuous feast and blame-  
less;—

But far from me, sweet comrades, be atrocity so shameless.

CH. The worthless knave! and dare he brave the town, such speeches  
slipping?

And all forsooth because the truth you spoke about the shipping!

Phil. Nay, nay, believe we're on the eve of some great \*revolution;  
There's a pack'd crew or he'd not shew such face of resolution.

CH. Time it is then you splice crafty trick and device,  
plot and scheme of some novel complexion,  
Which may help and befriend to escape and descend  
without hazard or chance of detection.

\* The poet is here beginning to play with a well-known feature in the character of his countrymen, of which more notice will be taken hereafter.



*Phil.* What's to do or pursue rest the counsel with you,  
 the advice shall not meet a denial ;—  
 For like woman that's breeding, my fancy is feeding  
 on a suit and a cause and a trial.

*Ch.* Pause, ponder and think, is there hole, creek or chink  
 where a pick-axe may hope perforation ?  
 Then in beggar's disguise, like Ulysses the wise,  
 you might work out your own liberation.

*Phil.* All is clos'd and compact—a mere ant in such act  
 might find himself straiten'd believe me ;  
 Other plan thou must seek ;—as for cranny or creek,  
 if there's any such here I deceive me.

*Ch.* Has it 'scap'd you quite whole, how the spits you once stole,  
 then escap'd down the ramparts descending ;  
 The time, if you tax us, was when stubborn\* Naxos  
 to the fate of our armies was bending.

*Phil.* Former feats why thus tell ? I remember them well,  
 but the points do not tally, you noddy ;  
 Neither sick then nor ailing, I had talents for stealing,  
 and was lord of my own limbs and body.  
 The feat fairly done, I could race it and run ;  
 watch or guard there was none to prevent me ;  
 Now arm'd cap-a-pee in complete panoply,  
 whole regiments you see circumvent me.

\* Naxos is famous in classical history as the place where Theseus, on his return from Crete, forsook the beautiful Ariadne. A

very minute account of the ancient and modern condition of this island is to be found in Tournefort.

As from beacon or tower the whole country they scour,  
 pass and path they devour with their eyes, see ;  
 At the post and the gate, spit in hand, two await  
 as a flesh-stealing cat to surprize me.

CH. Yet plot and try some measure sly, some scheme to work thy  
 freedom,

And be not slow, sweet friend, for lo the morning light is breaking.

*Phil.* What trick or scheme may more beseem than this same net to  
 gnaw through;

Dictynna's\* rough, yet not enough but she the deed may pardon.

CH. No scheme so fit to show thy wit and open path to safety.  
 About it straight—devour in state and ply thy teeth with vigour.

*Phil.* The feat is done—the race is won—but, friends, forbear all  
 clamour;

A burst of joy may wake my boy and bring him straight upon us.

#### CHORUS.

Throw fear to the wind—  
 Let him utter his mind,  
 (Be it at his last pinch)  
 But the fifth of an inch,  
 And for pain and for smart  
 He shall eat his own heart.

\* *Dictys*, in Greek, signifies a net, and *Dictynna* is a name of Diana; the punning propensities of the poet are too well known to need any further explanation.

I'll hold him such strife,  
 He shall race for his life,  
 And repentant shall feel,  
 What it is with proud heel.  
 To spurn high relations,  
 Laws and deep promulgations,  
 Enactments, decrees,  
 Limitations and pleas—  
 Heard, pass'd, and decided—  
*As in that case\* provided.*

From the window now drop little cable or rope,  
 then descend with all fit expedition ;  
 In spirit and soul buckling first to you whole  
 Diopeithes† the mad rhetorician.

*Phil.* But suppose my design these curst gaolers divine,  
 and drop angle and line for prevention—

If a captive I'm made to the house, say what aid  
 I may hope against future detention ?

*Ch.* The souls of holm-oak, fir and pine we'll invoke ;  
 utmost aid, never fear, shall be lent you ;

Their intendment we'll stay, happen after what may :  
 do I speak to the point and content you ?

\* A modern turn of expression has been given in this passage. In the original, the humour consists in putting Bdelycleon's wish to restrain his father from the law-courts on a level with an offence against

the promulgations of "the goddesses," as Ceres and Proserpine were emphatically called.

† Diopeithes has been mentioned in the Comedy of the Knights. He will occur again in the Birds.

*Phil.* I confide—I obey—(*pauses*) but if aught in the way  
my glorious endeavour should mar, sirs ;

My corpse (*sighs*) mind to bear with a sigh and a tear, (*weeps*)  
and bury it (*sobs*) near to the bar, sirs.

CH. Throw all fear, friend, behind, boldly brace up your mind,  
then descend by the rope, smoothly sliding ;

But before you essay, 'twere as well first to pray  
to the gods o'er your country presiding.

*Phil.* (*prays*) Lycus,\* hero, and lord, who art won and ador'd  
with the joys on a dicast attendant,

With the sighs and the tears, apprehensions and fears  
of traverser and of defendant,

\* This is highly characteristic. Instead of the *DII PATRII*, Philocleon addresses himself to Lycus, one of those persons whom the Athenians worshipped under the title of heroes. Of this Lycus there was a statue in all the courts of justice, with a wolf's face, round which the dicasts used to range themselves, and receive the applications of such persons as wished to purchase their favour. This practice became so notorious under the title of *Λύκος ἀδικίας*, that a special law was enacted against it: but, as Aristotle observed, (in *Dio-gene Laert.* v. i. p. 278.) the Athe-

nians laid claim to the discovery of two very dissimilar articles, wheat and laws; but while they made use of the former, of the latter they made none. Hence the reproach of Isocrates to them on the subject of this very enactment. "Very numerous laws you make, but so little do you regard them when made, that those who the most openly break through them, and who are most conspicuous for their acts of bribery, those very persons you vote into the highest offices of state, and commit to their guidance the most important of your affairs."

\* Lysias mentions a trial where more than two thousand persons were said to have been thus bribed. (*διδίκασμενοι*). *Reiske*, vol. v. p. 834.

(For this thy lov'd trade, sworn abode thou hast made,  
 where a laugh or a smile never rises,  
 Of our guardians heroic, the firm steady stoic,  
 whom no feeling of pity surprises.)  
 Protection, salvation and commiseration  
 let thy servant and neighbour be winning;  
 So whate'er my distress, or how nature may press,  
 'gainst thy \*precincts I'll never be sinning. (*descends.*)

## SCENE II.

BDELYCLEON, CHORUS, XANTHIAS, SOSIAS.

*Bdel.* Hoa there! slaves to my call—

*Sos.* We awake one and all—

*Bdel.* Sounds and voices are round me—sounds human—

*Sos.* No egress, I hope, finds your sire—

*Bdel.* (*looking out*) But a rope

he has found him, as I am a true man!

And appendage thereto, limb and body I view,

'twixt the earth and the heavens depending—

*Sos.* (*looking out*) O thou devil's own sent! but I'm here to prevent  
 with a cudgel all further descending.

*Bdel.* With branch and with bough up aloft instant go,

at yon window take post, dost discern, lad?

With whip and with scourge his course retrograde urge,  
 and drive the ship back to her stern, lad.

\* From the text it appears, that observed by the dicasts towards the  
 this consideration was not always precincts of their great patron.

*Phil. (as he drops upon the stage, Sosias violently drives him in)*

O all that make suit, this and next year to boot,  
 exert now your utmost endeavour—  
 Smycythion, befriend—helping hand, Chremon, lend—  
 Pheredeipnus, bring aid now or never.

CHOREGUS.

Why delay we, why stay we? Where slumbers thus slack  
 The wrath and the rage, atrabilious and black,  
 When our hive rises up in it's pride?  
 Compassion, avaunt—let the death-dealing blade,  
 The sting at which guilt stands appall'd and dismay'd,  
 In its terrors and majesty whole be display'd; (*here the CHORUS*  
*show their stings.*)

To thy teeth, scurvy knave, be defied.  
 And lads, (*speaks to the attending boys*) doff your robes, and incontinent speed.

With your tongues thunder-tipt and tell Cleon our need;—

Brief and speedy mind be your narration;—  
 We've a traitor, town-hater, a mischief-creator,  
 A cut-purse of causes, of suits an abator,  
 Who'd shut up the courts and leave Athens to sate her  
 The year through with a twelvemonth's vacation.

*Bdel. (to the CH.)* With bow'd humbleness I beg you—ope your ears  
 and spare your speech.

*CH.* Hold and stay let go, or know, sir—heav'n itself our tongue shall reach.

*Bdel.* Base companions—scurvy dicasts—traitors to our town so free,  
I'm not he, sirs, but can see, sirs, where there's open tyranny.

*CH.* (*affecting horror*) To town, city and weal,  
From his speech I appeal;  
To Theorus's pride,  
And whoever beside  
By the arts of soft speech  
Hath the power to reach  
And hold in our nation  
High and exalted station.

*Xant.* Master, master, see their tails, sir, are of pointed sting possess.

*Bdel.* Gorgias' son, when on his trial, felt them at his back and breast.

*CH.* Stings which thy proud self shall feel too;—but companions  
mine, this way—

Cover flanks and close your ranks—point your arms and make assay.

Onward to the glorious combat—arm'd in fury, dipt in rage,

Soon shall know this haughty foe, what it is with Wasps t'engage.

*Xant.* Ill with me suits such a combat—Jove, thou seest my knee-pans  
fail;

And a creeping fear comes o'er me—as I view their pointed tail.

*CH.* Thy hold then let go,  
Or anon thou shalt know,  
Prickt and wounded to high admiration;  
That of all things below  
To the tortoise men owe  
Respect most and congratulation.

*Phil.* To it, lusty fellow-benchers—testy wasps, your weapons ply :  
Assault, assail both head and tail, cheek and forehead, nose and eye.

*Bdel. (calling to his slaves)* Phryx—Masyntias—to the rescue—Midas,  
keep firm grasp and bold ;  
If he 'scape you, bond and fetter shall your feet and ancles hold.  
Lymph nor wine your lips shall moisten, meal nor flesh your fast shall  
break ;—

For their clamours—tush—despise them ;—have we not heard fig-leaves  
crack ?

*Phil. (prays)* \*Cecrops, hero, lord and master, (what if thy dimensions  
end

Footward in a wily serpent?) now stand forth a dicast's friend.  
Must a barbarous band beset me—rascals from whose eyes before  
I have forc'd salt †tears to trickle—measuring twenty to the score !

CH. Harsh and grievous are the evils, which for hoary age are stor'd !  
See yon graceless pair and mark them—how they force their ancient lord !  
Mindless how his former bounty bought them ‡ frock and coat complete,  
Cased their heads in hats and shelter'd from the winter's cold their feet ;—

\* The ancient king of Athens.

† It is only necessary to cast the  
eyes over the following instruments,  
used by the ancients for the casti-

gation of their slaves, to feel as-  
sured that the tears of these un-  
happy beings must have flowed  
pretty often.

stimuli, laminæ, crucesque, compedesque,

Nervi, catenæ, carceres, numellæ, pedicæ, bojæ,

Tortoresque acerrimi, *gnarique nostri tergi.*

‡ The reader, who is pleased to  
observe how the smallest minutiae  
of domestic æconomy could find  
their proper place in a mind fitted

to grapple with the highest and  
most lofty speculations, will be  
amused with the perusal of Xeno-  
phon's 13th chapter of *Œconomics.*



When the wind was loud and churlish, when thick clouds obscur'd the skies—

Yet no sense of former shoeings I discern now in their eyes.

*Phil. (to a slave who holds him)* Wilt thou not thy grasp forgo then?

—rude companion,—scurvy brute,—

O bethink thee, how I caught thee from the vineyard stealing \*fruit!

To the olive-tree I brought thee—there with scourge of leather tough

Thou wert beaten until †envy might have said, he has enough.

Is all gratitude extinguish'd?—but I make a last appeal

To one—to both—my son I'm loath from the house upon me steal.

CH. Vengeance yet this deed may visit, vengeance arm'd with scourge and thong,

And this pair be school'd what natures unto men like us belong;

\* Plato in his *Laws* (lib. viii.) visits this offence very severely. He orders the slave a lash for every fig or grape which he purloins.

† The various punishments to which slaves were subjected, in-

troduced many ironical modes of compliment among themselves, which Plautus has adopted from the Greek dramatists with great success. Two of these men thus accost each other in his *Asinaria*.

*Le.* Gymnasium flagri, salveto. *Li.* Quid agis, custos carceris?

*Le.* O catenarum colone. *Li.* O virgarum lascivia.—*Act.* ii. sc. 2.

Again,

*Le.* Ædepol virtutes qui tuas nunc possit collaudare,  
Sicut ego possim, quæ domi duelliquè male fecisti!  
Næ illa ædepol pro merito nunc tuo memorari multa possint.  
Ubi fidentem fraudaveris, ubi hero infidelis fueris,  
Ubi verbis conceptis sciens libenter perjuraveris,  
Ubi parietes confoderis, in furto ubi sis prehensus,  
Ubi sæpe causam dixeris pendens adversus octo  
Astutos, audaces viros, valentes virgatores.—*Act.* iii. sc. 2.

Men of fiery mood and temper—burning in their pride of place,  
Bent on justice and still bearing sharp nasturtium in the face.

*Bdel.* Ply your cudgel, lusty Xanthias—brush and beat this swarm away.

*Xant.* I'll content you; but meantime, sir, bear your portion in the fray.  
Raise combustion, smoke and smother—fire and smoke the crew may  
scare—

*Sos.* Will ye not be gone, accurst ones— (to *Xant.*) fellow mine, the  
staff you spare.

*Xant.* On the pile set Æschines, lad; smoke them with Selartius' son.  
(*The Chorus are beaten off.*)

See the crew retire confounded—Victory! the battle's won.

*Bdel.* Thank their nurture—'twas a task, lads, had not thus been won  
with ease,—

Had the rogues been fed and fostered on the songs of \*Philocles.

*CH.* (*after a long pause of indignation*) } A mere pauper's eye  
} Now may see and descry,

That against my consent  
Knowledge, wish, or intent,  
A tyranny great  
Hath crept into the state.  
Who may gainsay this speech,  
That beholds a mere wretch  
Like this, with his hair  
Curling† tier above tier,

\* We may conclude that these the Athenians bestowed upon the  
songs were tough morsels. arrangement of their own hair, led

† The extreme attention which them also to be very particular

With his gauds and his gaws  
 Do despite to the laws,  
 Which our city and town  
 For their rule have laid down? —  
 And this too not tipping  
 His tongue, while thus tripping,  
 With points of sage reason  
 To cover his treason,  
 His hearers nor turning  
 With wit or deep learning,  
 To prove it were best  
 In a state thus deprest  
 Himself to invest  
 With unlimited power.

*Bdel. (to Chor.)*

What, my friends, if we quit  
 This tongue-skirmish of wit?  
 And talk matters over  
 Like persons in clover,  
 In peace and in quiet  
 Without any riot:  
 Then end with a buss;  
 At a word, is it thus?

CHORUS (*with marks of extreme abhorrence.*) 'Tis a thing out of season :  
 I forsooth talk and reason

with the manes, tails, &c. of their horses. See some curious directions of Xenophon to grooms.—*De Re Equestri*, cap. 5.

With a man who wants zeal  
 For the popular weal!  
 Who beside other things  
 Has a hank'ring for kings,—  
 Has with \* Brasidas flirted,—  
 Wears his robe† woollen-skirted,—  
 And, to crown all his sin,  
 Who advances a chin,

\* Brasidas is justly reckoned among the most eminent men, whom Greece ever produced. When Isocrates, in his noble speech of Archidamus, records that honourable testimony to the Spartans, that the presence of a single Spartan in a besieged city was certain preservation to it, Brasidas, Pædaretus, and Gylippus are the three examples, which he selects in proof of his declaration. Plato, when speaking of great men, and of Socrates, as the only one without a parallel, says, Brasidas was not so, for he might be compared to Achilles. At the time the Wasps was performed, the name of Brasidas excited no very pleasant feelings among the Athenians; for their interests in Thrace had suffered equally from his promptitude, his valour, and his eloquence.

† The traits in costume and person here mentioned were offensive as exhibiting an imitation of Spartan fashions and manners. It appears, both from Isocrates and Aristophanes, that there was generally a party in Athens, who had the Laco-mania, as it was termed, upon them. The republican jealousy, which had an eye to the dress of its citizens, operated with a still worse effect upon the architecture of the country. All the private houses in Athens were mean. A roof either very elevated, or with any superior decorations would immediately have subjected the owner to a suspicion of wishing to deviate from republican equality, and have brought him under the notice of the Areiopagus.—Vid. *Eurip. in Hipp.* v. 468.

Where, as plain may be seen,

Never razor hath been!

*Bdel. (partly to himself)* } 'Twere better by far  
 } To give up the war,  
 And this father of mine  
 Out of hand to resign,  
 Than to risk a day's ease  
 With such scoundrels as these.

CHOR. Things are not come to that; we've not yet  
 reach'd

The parsley bed—to quote a sorry proverb—  
 Wait till the orator detail your crimes,  
 And summon up the partners in your guilt;  
 Then, look ye, will the hour of howling come.

*Bdel.* Ha' you done? ha' you now had your pleasure  
 of me?

Will ye be gone?—will ye depart?—if not,  
 Advance the word, and we will give the day  
 Entire—suffering or doing—to the cudgel

CHOR. Never, while aught of me is left, believe,  
 Will I give o'er. What! you affect a tyranny,  
 And I stand idle! no, no, no.

*Bdel.* A tyranny!

But so it is: no matter what th' offence,—  
 Be't great or small,—the cry is "tyranny!"—

"Conspiracy!"—the word had near grown obsolete :  
 Full fifty years and we have miss'd the sound of 't,  
 And now it stinks within the very nostrils :  
 Salt-fish is scant to't—'tis bandied every where.  
 The very markets fling it in your face :  
 Does one prefer a \*sea-bream there to loaches ?  
 Straight cries the vender, whose adjoining stall  
 Holds loaches only : "Slight ! my mind misgives me :  
 Surely this man is catering"—for what ?  
 A *tyranny* forsooth !—Has any bought him  
 Anchovies, and needs leek to dress them with,  
 (And your green leek is pickle for a King,  
 A very royal food, I grant ye, sirs,)  
 The herb-woman with eyes askew regards him ;  
 "And what !" says she, "you want a leek ! friend, do ye ?  
 Marry come up ! you are not for a *tyranny*,  
 I hope !—What ! Athens brings her condiments  
 Tribute, belike, for you !"

*Xant.* The other day . . . . .

*Bdel, (interrupting)* True, true, good knave : they love  
 to tickle them

With words like these : 'tis music to their ears.  
 Instance myself—I wish'd not that my sire

\* The sea-bream was a fish not. the loach was supplied very plentifully.  
 commonly met with in Athens ;

Should be a \*home-forsaker, morning-trudger—  
 A suit and cause-distracted man—but live  
 A gay and splendid life, like Morychus,—  
 What follows?—tut! “This man’s in a conspiracy,  
 Affects a †tyranny!” all cry.

\* This description of the old in one of those polysyllabic words,  
 dicast the original text comprises which

“the long livers

In the world’s young and undegenerate days  
 Alone had leisure for.”

† For atrocities committed in Greece under the vague pretext that schemes were on foot for overturning the popular government, see, among other instances, *Mitford’s History of Greece*, v. iv. 62. v. 111. vi. 383. The following reflections by the same excellent historian form a valuable accompaniment to the light sallies of the poet. “Where the constitution is such that all ranks have a clear interest in its preservation, where every man’s house is his castle, where the property of the rich, and the persons and honest earnings of the poor, are equally protected by the law, and the hope of rising to a higher station is denied to none, there the law of TREASON may be mild. But no mild law, no common precaution could give security to a constitution like the Athenian. The law of treason, ac-

cordingly, at Athens, was conceived in the highest spirit of despotism; it was atrocious. Before the council-hall stood a column, on which was thus engraved: “Whoever shall overthrow the democracy, or hold any magistracy in Athens, when the democracy shall be overthrown, may be lawfully killed by any one; the person killing him shall be held holy before the gods and meritorious among men, and shall be rewarded with the whole property of the person killed.” The same principle of committing public justice to the discretion of individuals, was pushed yet farther in the following oath which was required of every Athenian: “I will kill with my own hand, if I am able, whoever shall overthrow the democracy; and if any hold office under any other government, I will esteem holy before

*Phil.*

And justly :

The milk of birds, I tell you, tastes less sweet  
 Than that same life your cares would rob me of :—  
 Talk not to me of thornbacks—tell me not  
 Of eels,—there's nought so grateful to my palate  
 As a small suit—dish'd and serv'd up—d'ye see—  
 With proper sauce and garnish to't.

*Bdel.*

A false taste,

And nurtur'd on mere habit—lend your ear,  
 And a small waste of breath will show—(first setting  
 Some share of sense and wisdom to my auditor)—  
 That you're deceiv'd in this, and that the taste  
 Has thrown a cloud of error on your reason.

*Phil.* How? What? deceiv'd! and when I'm on the bench!

*Bdel.* Nay more, that you're a jest—a laughing-stock—  
 To those whom you think pow'rs divine—a slave  
 Who wants the sense to know that he is one.

the gods whoever shall kill him. Whoever may lose his life in killing or attempting to kill such person, I will befriend his children and their offspring, as I would Harmodius and Aristogeiton. Whatever oath may be taken adverse to the democratical authority, I abjure and hold as nothing.' Prayers and imprecations were added, for blessings on all who maintained this oath, and utter destruction to

those and the race of those who should break it."—vol. v. p. 36. See further on this subject, *L'Esprit des Lois*, lib. xii. c. 18. also the chapter on the English character in the 19th book; and where the advantage, which the English constitution has over the ancient republics, is well pointed out. With the poet's light sallies compare Demosthenes *Dé Contributione*, vol. i. p. 170.



*Phil.* What I! I, boy! to whom the world pays deference!

A slave! peace; you talk idly.

*Bdel.* I repeat it:

A slave, and one that in the veriest servitude  
Still thinks he plays the lord and despot. You have  
(And with all filial deference I state it)

The revenue of Greece: a noble harvest!

We'll be your scholars, sir, and learn: comes thence

To you observance?

*Phil.* Much and deep: be these the arbiters.

(*pointing to Chorus.*)

*Bdel.* Nay, I subscribe thereto—(*to his servants*) give  
him his liberty,

And bring me out a sword: (*sword is brought*) if I outargue  
not

His speech, this trusty blade and I will be

Much nearer neighbours soon:—but what, good father,

If you abide not their award? what follows?

*Phil.* Be this my punishment:—whene'er I brim

A bumper to Good Fortune, may my eyes

Ne'er find—three obols at the goblet's bottom!

*CH. (to Phil.)* Fellow pupil on whom the same schools

Bestowed education:

For once pray step over the rules

Of a common oration;

Urge something that's not in the strain  
 Of vulgar opinion;  
 And stretch thee beyond the weak vein  
 Of this youthful minion.  
 High matters and topics of state  
 Before thee are pending;  
 Remember our substance and weight  
 Thy tongue is defending.  
 If this youth prosper in his intent,  
 To the ground all is falling;—  
 But the gods in their mercy prevent  
 An issue so new and so galling!

*Bdel. (to his servants)* Quick one of you, a desk;—my  
 style and tablets,

I'll note for memory's sake—item by item—  
 Whatever he advances—

*CH. (to Phil.)* Look ye now: this shows  
 More prudence than we placed unto his mark.  
 There's wisdom in't.

*Phil. (to the CHORUS)* What if he master me?

*CH.* Grey hairs will then become a stale—a jest.  
 We shall e'en prove the mock of all the streets.  
 Who bear the \*sprigs, will be as men of dignity

\* The poet alludes to the sprigs of olive carried in the festival of Panathenæa. An Athenian law provided that this should be the task of the old men most distinguished for personal appearance.

Compar'd with us ;—we shall be term'd the shell,

The rind, the husk of a defendant's oath—

Thou then, on whose tongue,

All our cause we have hung,

Our throne, domination,

Pride and high acceptance,

Give thy speech fullest play,

Sift, examine, and weigh :

So without more delay,

One—two—three ; and away !

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## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

PHILOCLEON, BDELYCLEON, CHORUS.

*Phil.* At your word off I go, and at starting I'll show,  
convincing the stiffest opinion;  
That regalia and throne, sceptre, kingdom and crown,  
are but dirt to judicial dominion.  
First in pleasure and glee, who abound more than we;  
who with luxury nearer are wedded?  
Then for panic and frights, the world through none excites,  
what your dicast does, e'en tho' gray-headed.  
Soon as ever I creep from my bed and break sleep,  
through the courts runs a warning sensation;  
There the mighty—the sly—men of four cubits high,  
wait my coming in hot trepidation.  
First a hand, soft as wool—t'other day, it was full  
from the public exchequer and treasure,  
Fast upon me is laid; and my knees captive made,  
supplications pour in without measure.—  
“Father,—neighbour and friend—help and mercy extend,—  
mayhap when in office and station,  
Or when serving the mess, you took care to express  
in private a small compensation.”

Knave and hangdog! my care from a swing in the air  
sav'd his heels on a former occasion,

Or the rogue, and be curst! had not known—

*Bdel. (writing on his tablets)*                      *Item first:*  
*suit . . . petition . . . and warm supplication.*

*Phil.* Loaded large thus with prayer, in the court I take  
chair,

from my brow wrath and choler clean clearing;

As for promises made out of doors of my aid,—

with the four winds of heav'n they're veering.

There a thousand tones drop, all attun'd to one stop,—  
*mercy—pardon—release—liberation;*

Of the whole race of men, like a dicast who then  
receives compliment, court, adoration?

His pawns and his pledges one defendant alleges;  
and his griefs and his ills while detailing,

The items are thrown with such skill, that my own  
in the balance to nothing are failing.

With mythical tales this my fancy regales,  
t'other dips into *Æsop* and fable;

While a third slily throws out his \* quips and bons-mots  
my passion and † wrath to disable.

\* Hence the advice of Cicero, when treating of popular assemblies. *Nullo autem loco plus facetiæ prosunt, et celeritas, et breve aliquod dictum, nec sine dignitate et cum lepore: nihil enim tam fa-*

*cile quam multitudo, a tristitiâ et sæpe ab acerbitate commodè ac breviter et acutè et hilarè dicto ducitur. De Oratore, lib. ii. § 83.*

† So much were the Athenian dicasts guided by the influence of

Turn I still a deaf ear? better suitors are near:—

led by hand and in court quick appearing,

The accus'd to his aid calls his imps,—boy and maid;—

I bend gracious and deign them a hearing.

With bent heads . . . in tones sweet . . . pretty lambkins!

they bleat:

the father, submissively falling,

*Does me suit as a \*God*, for he knows, at my nod,

his accounts pass without over-hauling.

(*mimics*) “ If the tones of a lamb sooth your ear, sure I am,

that this boy's, my lord, will not prove hateful;

If beauty more warms,—sir, this girl hath her charms,

and sure she would not be ungrateful.”

Downward straight goes my ire, like the tones of a lyre,

when the pins and the pegs are unscrewing:—

(*turning to his son*) Speak, explain, what dost say; call you

this rule and sway,

when the rich to your scoffs are thus suing?

these feelings, that Lysias gives us to understand, when several persons were put upon their trial for the same offence, only the last tried had the chance of a fair hearing. By that time, says the orator, the judicial choler is abated, and the culprit allowed to produce proofs of his innocence. *Actio cum fisco*

*pro Bonis Aristophanis. Edit. Reiskii*, vol. v. p. 616.

\* This will perhaps pass with the reader for an extravagance; but expressions nearly as strong might be produced from the works of Xenophon, Isocrates, and other grave writers, all tending to show the extreme deference and submission paid to the dicasteria.

*Bdel.* For our tablets more food—(*writes*) *is uncivil and rude,*

*at the wealthy makes scoff and derision ;*

But all Greece to your sway bows submissive you say ;  
what profits gains this supervision ?

*Phil.* Great and many are won : and imprimis, for one  
ask your learned and critical juries,

What is felt when a boy, timid, shrinking, and coy  
stands, display'd, *\*naturalibus puris !—*

Comes some †actor divine, the first man in his line,  
'fore our presence ?—acquittal's denied him :—  
Till we've made him rehearse, and in smooth flowing verse,  
such parts as have most prov'd and tried him.

Say the play-house first flute gains a cause and a suit ;—  
a melody sweet and befitting

We exact for his fee, in his ‡muzzle which he  
blows deftly as court we are quitting.

\* Non poterant ingenuorum filii se gerere pro civibus, nisi adhuc pueruli professi essent nomina, primum apud Curiales ; deinde apud populares. Ea professio dicebatur *δουλοαγία*. Prioris professionis annus legitimus erat quindecimus. Quum autem qui præfecti erant isti probationi, non satis certum ætatis argumentum sumere poterant, solebant puerorum pudenda studiosè explorare. Addit Scho-

liastes, ut ad publica munia utiles essent. Sane enim hodie neque Presbyteri neque Papæ creantur, nisi se mares esse ostenderint. *Florens Christianus.*

† The person complimented in the text is Oægrus, a famous tragic actor, and the play selected for the trial of his powers is the Niobe of Sophocles or Æschylus.

‡ The poet, from that feeling of contempt which the comic wri-

Some father is gone,—dead,—defunct—well anon!

leaves a girl, good;—an heiress, much better;—

The *old put* would confer a bed-fellow on her,

and his will leaves him drawn to the letter.

Lords of locks, seals and keys, straight the parchments we  
seize,

while a codicil neatly appended

Cheats the \*wary and wise; and the girl's made a prize  
to some youngster, who's better befriended.

And the deed boldly done, further mark me, there's none  
dare report or †inquiry request on't;

While another thus doing, there'd be forthwith ensuing  
Board, Commission, Report, and the rest on't.

ters affected towards the flute-players, employs the most degrading word he can select for that mouth-piece which the ancient musicians used with their wind-instruments. See a learned article on the subject in the German Attic Museum. *Des 1. Bandes. 2 Heft. Ausführung XIV.* A performer using the mouth-piece, (which was generally made of costly materials,) may be seen in Baxter's Costumes of the Greeks.

\* Isæus, the great property-lawyer of the Athenians, assures

us that this was a trick in very common practice at Athens. *τε δὲ συμβαινόντος ἐστὶ καὶ γραμματεῖον ἀλλάγναι, καὶ τ' ἀνὰ τὰς τὴν τιδνω-  
τος διαδικαίαις μεταγραφῆναι.* *De Nicostroti Hereditate. Edit. Reisk.* v. vii. p. 75. More prudent people seem to have guarded against this nefarious practice, by leaving several copies of their will. *Diog. Laert. in vitâ Theophrasti, v. i. p. 298.*

† The dicasts were the only persons not subjected to the Euthynæ; hence their sovereign power.



*Bdel.* All the rest is quite right—done as gentlemen might—

and I offer my best gratulation :

But to cancel a deed—where an heiress . . . . take heed,  
'tis a dangerous and base speculation.

*Phil.* Crowded house, warm debate, mark some pris'ner  
of state :—

doubts ensue,—hesitation,—adjournment :

To prevent further stir \* Lords and Commons refer  
the case to judicial discernment.

Then some †pleader stands forth, and that ‡scoundrel,  
whose worth

show his synonyms, “fawner”—“shield-dropper”—

And their note is the same, “While *I* live,” both exclaim,  
“the Commons have no interloper.”

But the votes most he wins there, his speech who begins,

“Sirs, I move with profoundest submission,  
After one single turn, that the courts all adjourn,  
nor labour a second decision.”

\* Besides other duties of government, the Senate and the Ecclesia, (i. e. the General Assembly of the people,) sometimes acted as Courts of Justice. They seldom, however, assessed the punishment; the matter, after having been discussed before them, was sent to

another tribunal for a definitive sentence. *Anach.* t. ii. p. 322. *Demosthenes contra Eubulidem* v. ii. p. 1316.

† The person specified in the text is Evathlus.

‡ Cleonymus.

Even he whose voice stills thunder, hammers and mills,  
     Cleon, dares not devour, jeer nor scoff us,  
 But with \*fly-flap in hand, taking humbly his stand,  
     beats and brushes the vermin clean off us.  
 I your father might sue, graceless youngster, to you—  
     in the warmth of paternal emotion;  
 Yet your duty I stake ne'er the impress would take  
     of so earnest and warm a devotion.  
 Nay Theorus beside, (and his pride's lowest tide  
     would dispute with Euphemius precedence,)  
 Sponge in hand blacks my shoes—you may doubt an you  
     choose,  
     'tis a fact indeed almost past credence.  
*Bdel.* Talk and spare not for speech—end at last you  
     will reach:  
     and the proverb hold good, I opine, sir,  
*In spite of ablution, scent and perfume, pollution*  
     *show'd still that the sow was a swine, sir.*

\* Those who have travelled in southern climates, and particularly in Greece, will feel the value of this office. "The annoyance that we endured from innumerable myriads of flies," says Mr. Hughes when describing the Isthmus of Corinth, "was some drawback from the pleasure of contemplating

these beauties. The bellies of our horses were actually covered with a dense black mass of those insects, so that I no longer wondered at the ancient Pagans, for invoking their supreme Jupiter under the title of 'the fly-killer;' a 'giant killer' would not have been half so useful." V. i. p. 243.

*Phil.* But the best of my lot I had nearly forgot—  
 the court left and well loaded with honey,  
 Scarce in sight of my home, all the house, trooping, come,  
 and embrace me, such coz'nage hath money!  
 Next my girl, sprightly nymph! brings her napkin and  
 lymph—  
 feet and ancles are quick in ablution;  
 Soft'ning oils o'er them spread, she stoops down her head,  
 and drops kisses in utmost profusion.  
 "I'm her sweetest papa!—I'm the pride of the bar!"—  
 her lips in meantime neatly playing,  
 As with rod and with line, the wench angles so fine,  
 my day's pay is unconsciously \*straying.  
 Seats her then by my side, Mrs. Dicast my pride,—  
 feeling soul, she knows well what my calling,  
 And my labours to greet, brings refreshments most sweet,  
 while speeches still sweeter are falling.  
 "Deign this pottage to sip,—pass this cake o'er your lip,—  
 here's a soft and a soothing emulsion,  
 You cannot but chuse eat this pulse, nay, I'll use  
 to my heart's dearest treasure compulsion."

\* The young wheedler's mode of arising out of a practice, common among the lower Athenians, of carrying their money in their mouths, filching her father's obols, (not very delicate, it must be confessed,)

Then I sip and I swill and I riot at will,  
     nor cast eye of discreet observation,  
 How your eye or your man's watches, gauges and spans  
     what my appetite's warmth and duration.  
 Never yet, by my fay, did I bid that knave lay  
     for supper, or otherwise task him,  
 But a cloud ever hung on his brow, lest my tongue  
     a cake or dish extra should ask him.  
 Thus from head, sir, to feet, I'm in armour complete,—  
     fenc'd and shelter'd from ev'ry disaster,  
 And your wine you may spare, while this (*draws a case*  
     *from under his vest*) falls to my share  
     and calls me its lord and its master.  
 Outward-form'd, tis an \**asa*—spare your mirth—let that  
     pass :—  
     inward holds he what asks best appliance :  
 (*Drinks and looks at it*) Rogue! as keen he surveys your  
     pinch'd bickers, he brays  
     and trooper-ton'd bids you defiance.†

\* The English reader will remember Tom Otter's Bull, Horse and Dog.

† The original, to express this defiance, uses one of those coarse

terms, not unfrequently found in the comedies of Aristophanes, and which point out pretty significantly for what kind of audience they were chiefly intended.

Speak, graceless child, and say

Is this or not high sway,

Thus in respect and pay

Foremost to shine!—

Nay and that lofty word,

Which of Jove's self is heard,

Is it not oft referr'd

To me and mine?

When the Court storm and ply

Loud voice and angry cry,

What says the passer-by,

Who hears the clatter?

*Save us!* he's heard to say,

*For the Court make to-day*

*Loud thund'ring noise;—I pray,*

*What is the matter?*

And when my lightnings flash

With a flake and a crash,

Do their wild terrors dash

Merely the poorest?

No, they the proudest scare,

Forcing them to a \*prayer,

While their uplifted hair

Stands in a forest.

\* The common Athenians used to whistle at lightning: an action equivalent with them for our—

*Lord be merciful.* Its effects in causing terror are described in the original in the very coarsest terms.

(*Turning to his son*) } Nay my own offspring too  
 } Pays me a terror due,

Not one among the crew

My wrath more fearing :

But may I choke and die

On bread of wheat or rye,

If for yourself I

One jot am caring !

CHOR. Never was so much tact !

Diction neat and compact,

Argument quite exact,

Terse and unsparing !

*Phil. (ironically)* He thought to gather in nice easy  
 grapes,

And none disturb him at his vintage—yet

The varlet knew, where my forte lay, and where

I'm strongest.

CHOR. O how he wields his tongue,

—Neither too short nor long !—

I grow both tall and strong,

Marking his fury :

I seem in Fancy's eye

To the Blest Isles to fly,

There the great task to ply,

Of judge and jury.

*Phil.* Look at him! look! mark how he gapes and yawns  
 And loses all his faculties!—trust me, boy,  
 Those eyes of thine shall see, aye and this day too,  
 Whips, thongs and scourges for their comfort!

CHOR. (*to*) If thou would set thee free,  
*Bdel.*) } To it most instantly,  
 Sly trick or policy

Deftly pursuing!  
 Who dares my taste oppose,  
 Be it in verse or prose,  
 With him I straightway close,  
 To his undoing.

If your tongue cannot reach  
 Healing and smoothing speech  
 To close this open breach

And sooth my choler:  
 Thou'd'st better seek to still  
 This my obdurate will,  
 Grinding it in a mill,  
 Or with a roller.

*Bdel.* (*after a long pause*) Hard is the task, and needs  
 appliances  
 Much greater than a comic bard may boast,  
 To cure th' embossed sores and headed evils  
 Of this our public weal—yet—(*looking up to heaven*)  
 father Jupiter—

*Phil.* Father no Jupiters on me—prove me  
 A slave, thou varlet, prove me, or thy life  
 Shall pay the forfeit: yes thou diest, e'en tho'  
 Thy sire be \* excommunicated for't—  
 Prove me, I say.

*Bdel.* Then, my dearest papa, (sour faces I bar)  
 show us first on a rough calculation; (*the old dicast*  
*hastily pulls out his judicial shells*)  
 (Hands and fingers will do for the task) what is due  
 to our city from foreign taxation.

This set down in a lump, to the home †duties jump,  
 fees, per centage, and dues *ad valorem*,

\* Literally, *though I be obliged to abstain from the slaughtered victims*. Those convicted of murder were not allowed to partake of the public sacrifices at Athens.

† The general sources of Athenian revenue are collected with sufficient accuracy in the following passage of De Pauw. Quand il plaisoit aux Lacédémoniens de ne pas troubler la Grèce, et quand enfin on y jouissoit d'une paix profonde, alors les citoyens d'Athènes payoient peu d'impôts directs: car la République faisoit face au courant des dépenses avec son revenu

ordinaire, qui provenoit des îles, et des pays conquis, des villes tributaires, des droits d'entrée et de sortie sur les marchandises, des salines du Pirée, et de Phalère, des mines d'argent à Sunium, des oliviers consacrés à Minerve, des pêches à la côte Occidentale et Orientale de l'Attique, des confiscations et des amendes, de la taxe mise sur les courtisanes, et de la capitation des étrangers, qui étoit, comme on sait, de douze drachmes pour les hommes et de six drachmes pour les femmes, et les enfans. *De Pauw*, t. i. p. 385.



The markets, the mines, \*confiscations, and fines,

take them all in due order and score 'em.

Tribute, taxes and toll, thrown in talents, the whole

covers nearly, I think, twice ten hundred :

Now, per contra, set near what the sum every year,

that for court-fees and dicasts is sunder'd.

These, if rightly I count, to six thousand amount,

(and my number, I'm sure's somewhat thrifty)

Six thousand we'll say—at three obols a day,

the cost reaches but talents thrice †fifty.

*Phil.* Thrice fifty dost give?—not the tythe, as I live,

of the income our city's deriving!

*Bdel.* Father mine, even so : remains further to know

on the residue who then are thriving.

\* Montesquieu, not very quick in discovering the deficiencies of Athenian government, is, however, alive to their immoderate love of confiscation. Il me semble qu'on aimoit trop les confiscations dans la république d'Athènes. T. i. p. 168. The learned reader is referred to the 17th, 18th, and 19th speeches of Lysias generally, to that against Nicomachus, p. 861. to his 25th speech, p. 778. and to his 27th, p. 807. for further particulars on this subject. They are among many other odious pictures of

Athenian policy, which have been spared the reader in this play, that his relish of the poet's good-humour might be less disturbed.

† The Scholiast explains this passage thus. Two months in the year were dedicated at Athens to festivals : the tribunals were open therefore during ten months only, or 300 days ; each day cost 18,000 obols, that is, 3000 drachmæ, or a half-talent ; consequently, to every month may be set down fifteen talents and to every year 150 talents.

*Phil.* Marry who, but that crew, who keep ever in view,  
with a speech and a pocket oration?—

*(Mimics)* “*Be that moment my last, which beholds a doubt  
cast*

*on my love\* for the good Attic nation!*”

*Bdel.* Father mine, right enough—and for such tricksey  
stuff,

such pillgilded superfine speeches,

You give up side and back, nape and heel, to a pack  
of hungry and deep-sucking leeches.

For our poor subject states, other fortune awaits;  
need our statesmen a little smooth plunder?

“A boon there, a boon!” ’tis exclaim’d, “and eft-soon,  
or your town falls about you in thunder.”

While for you—let there fall, to your mouthing the stale  
and offal of this your dominion:

You quietly wink, nor regard how you sink,  
and degrade you in foreign opinion.

For, believe me, strict note take th’ allies, how your throat  
in the ballot-box ever is dipping;

And seeing the meal you’re content thence to steal,  
hold you cheap as—poor Connus’s tripping.

\* Demosthenes gives us much soul, what is his conduct in the the same picture of his precious General Assembly? There he is patriot Aristogeiton.—“With all heard for ever at the top of his this villainy and guilt upon his voice—‘You are deceived, Athe-

But your guides it ensures dainty gifts\* and douceurs,—  
 pot and pan for preserving and pickling,

Tap'stry rich for the room, and a wine whose perfume  
 the most critical palate is tickling.

Add goblet and vase, jewel bracelet and glass;  
 add pillow-case, sheeting and ducking;

Add spices and cheese—the mere milk of soft ease  
*their* delicate fortune is sucking.

While to you, as of yore, working hard scull and oar,  
 contented to drudge and to pull it: \*

From this wide vassal land not one brings to your hand  
 head of garlic, as sauce to your mullet.

*Phil.* 'Tis a point I can't moot—(*sighs*)—I myself made  
 vain suit

for three heads to Eucharides lately;

But a weightier charge you must prove more at large;—  
 you call'd—and in terms somewhat stately—

Me, your father, a slave—

nians—you have nothing but traitors and conspirators about you—no one has the least love for the democracy but myself—perish Aristogeiton, and all patriotism is extinct.'"—*Reiske*, vol. i. p. 789.

\* Dans une république *les présents* sont une chose odieuse, says

Montesquieu, parce que la vertu n'en a pas besoin.—De l'Esprit des Lois, liv. v. c. 17. The learned Baron's theory of republics seems to have been much at variance with their practice, as far at least as Athens affords an example.

**Bdel.** And what proof need you crave,  
beside those we're in office enstalling?

They, a fat, puffy crew, feeding flatterers too,  
with the crumbs from their perquisites falling.  
While you, that have brush'd seas and oceans, and push'd  
where'er wounds and bruises were dealing;  
With scull and oar spent, siege and scale, are content,  
if three obols come under your feeling.

Even this moves less spleen, than our town's frequent  
scene,

the People's high majesty bending,  
And to form Court or Board, at some popinjay's word,  
with ready obedience wending.

Chæreas' son soft and bland, is a sample to hand;  
(*mimics*) he with legs planted wide in this fashion,

Fribble-like, swings his frame, then dares to exclaim,  
in a tone betwixt grandeur and passion,

“ Let the first blush of dawn, on the next coming morn,  
see the courts throng'd with ready attendance;

On whom the doors close, the defaulter now knows  
on his fee he may place no dependance."

And the fopling's self—s' death!—let him once utter breath,  
and be he there sooner or later.

**A counsellor's fee is his portion, which he  
by trick and contrivance makes greater.**

'Twixt the Archon and him (and each knows t'other's trim)

there needs but a good understanding;

And a gift well applied, on the criminal's side,

the good office of both is commanding.

Things are then in a train: and the suit 'twixt the twain

passes off for a little joint plunder:

In the act thus of sawing, if one pulls, t'other drawing,

the log is soon cloven asunder.—(*Philocleon discovers marks of astonishment.*)

But all this is new, strange and foreign to you,

for your eyes, other sight all unheeding,

Never turn once or wag from the Treasurer's\* bag,

and the obols which thence are proceeding.

*Phil.* Knaves and rogues! do they use thus their lord  
to abuse?

with choler and wrath I am quaking;

I swear and I vow; that I feel—Jove knows how,—

but my very foundations you're raking.

*Bdel.* And take one further view—while your peers, sir,

and you,

might with riches fill pocket and coffer,

Into corners you're driving, by the men who are thriving

on the love which to Demus they proffer.

\* This was the purse-bearer, who gave the dicasts their fee of court. He was called in the Greek language *Colacretes*, as being entitled to the skins and extremities (*cola*) of animals slaughtered in the public sacrifices.

From Sardinia your sway reaches Marmora's sea,  
     cities many and rich intervening;  
 Your revenue, despite, is like beard of a wight,  
     when the steel its first harvest is gleaning.  
 And small as your fee, even that comes not free;—  
     drop by drop it is dealt, slow and sullen;—  
 Weakly creatures so lap, to keep life in them, pap  
     through a strainer of linen or woollen.  
 Marry why? 'tis their aim, who your government claim,  
     on short commons to keep you and sparing,  
 That your lord\* you may know, and when slipp'd at a foe,  
     that your leap may be instant and daring.  
 Other tale it would be, did their *will*, sir, agree  
     with their power to aid and befriend you;  
 And I'll tell you which way—

*Phil.*

Prithee do, boy—

*Bdel.*

You sway

towns one thousand, which toll and tax send you.  
 On each, sir, of these (nay the thing's done with ease)  
     of our burgesses billet just twenty;†  
 Of Athenian men thus might thousands twice ten  
     banquet bravely on good cheer and plenty.

\* We find Isocrates in his Speech de Pace (vol. i. p. 385.) using almost precisely the same language as the poet; and Demosthenes not

far removed from it—*Contra Aristocratem*, vol. i. p. 690.

† However fanciful and extravagant this idea of the poet may seem,

On rich milk and whipp'd cream, life away they might  
dream,

neither chaplets nor flesh of hare\* sparing:

Feasting high with delight, as becomes men whose might  
noble Marathon's trophy was rearing.

Thus should limbs that were bred here in Athens be fed;  
now, like scrubs in our olive-yards toiling,  
You follow the heels of the Treasurer who deals  
the stipend which pays your turmoiling.

*Phil.* Out upon it, what charm numbs my elbow and arm!  
nerve and muscle and thewes strangely erring  
Of my hands the sword bilk—I grow soft—and (*sobs*) the  
milk  
of my mother within me is stirring.

it was probably suggested by the language and wishes of the times. Mr. Mitford, remarking on this very passage of Aristophanes, observes, "Athens, in acquiring extensive dominion, acquired means to make others pay the principal expense of that force which was to maintain her dominion; and a democracy, least of all governments, would scruple any means of profit. The comic poet, one of the most informed and clear-sighted politicians, and however reprehensible on some points, very far from having been altogether the worst citizen of

his age, has painted the popular temper of the day in a speech which breathes the purest spirit of democracy. The mixture of aristocracy yet remaining in the Athenian constitution, prevented any actual attempt to carry a measure so congenial to what may perhaps not improperly be called the natural politics of the multitude."—vol. v. p. 20.

\* Hares were rarely found in Attica; hence they are continually alluded to in these plays as a great luxury.—*Athenæus*, l. ix. 399.

*Bdel.* Comes a panic and fright on these rulers? outright  
 Eubœa's\* the toy thrown to please ye:  
 With a promise to mete fifty bushels of wheat,  
 in hopes that the bribe may appease ye.  
 Fifty bushels, forsooth! five come nearer the truth,  
 and those barley, dol'd out in small measure;  
 And at proof should you trip in strict citizenship,  
 your claim fails e'en to this scanty treasure.  
 'Tis for this I keep guard, and close hold thee in ward,  
 by table and feast a hope growing,  
 That that mouth I may close, which still gapes wide on  
 those,  
 who their words of six foot are forth throwing.

\* Athens depended almost entirely upon foreign countries for her corn. Hence we find her favour frequently courted by presents of that valuable commodity, or by permission to load with it free of expense.—(*Demosthenes contra Lepinem*.) Though the most rigorous laws were enacted by way of ensuring an adequate supply of it, (*Lycurgus contra Leocratem*, vol. iv. p. 157. *Demosthenes contra Phormionem*, 918. *Idem contra Lacritum*, 941.) Athenian roguery exerted itself in defeating the enactments of the law, (*Demost. contra Dionysodorum*,) and the corn-

jobbers played upon the hopes and fears of Athens, precisely as the stock-jobbers do upon those of London or Paris.—See the very interesting speech of *Lysias contra Frumentarios*. The fruitfulness and proximity of Eubœa made it, from these circumstances, a most invaluable appendage to Athens. Why this island, the largest in the *Ægean* sea, and which in early ages established numerous colonies in Italy, Sicily and Thrace, remained through all the more splendid times of Greece mostly in a state of subjugation, and always of insignificance, seems, as Mr. Mitford ob-



And my will still holds good: in your table and food,  
 nothing solid or nice shall be wanted;  
 But for leave that you lap the Colacretes' pap,—  
 father mine, it shall never be granted.

(*A long pause.*)

CHOR. 'Twas a man of invention,  
 Wise and upright intention,  
 Who first thought to mention,  
 " *In a case of dissension,*  
*Never dare to decide,*  
*Till you've heard either side!*"\*

(*To Bdel.*) Thou hast conquer'd past doubt—  
 Foil'd thy man out and out—  
 I bow to thy wit,  
 And submissive, as fit,  
 Staff and choler I quit;—  
 Staff and rage—nothing loth—  
 To the ground I drop both.

(*To Phil.*) Sir, I am  
 Your mate in years, and we have held a long  
 Companionship together—take my counsel:  
 Give ready ear to all he says, and show him  
 Instant compliance—(*sighs*)—would that I had kin

serves, not to be completely ac-  
 counted for.—*Hist. of Greece*, vol.  
 vii. p. 379.

\* Quoted from the *Heracleidæ*  
 of Euripides.

Or kind to grace me with such bounteous favours!  
 Sure there's the finger of some god in this:  
 Heav'n is the steward of this noble bounty;—  
 If you accept it not—

*Bdel.* All that may his age sustain,  
 Comfort yielding—chasing pain—  
 Here before this presence I  
 Promise ever to supply.  
 Solid boot and mantle brave,—  
 Broth to sup—and bath to lave;—  
 These and more his age shall have:—  
 With a blanket for his bed,  
 And a pillow for his head,  
 And a tidy wench to coax him,  
 When the megrims plague and hoax him.

*(Philocleon makes no answer.)*

*(To Chor).* My arguments strike not;—  
 They fall to the ground:  
 Believe me I like not  
 This silence profound.

*CHOR.* Nay, nay, you construe him too closely—  
 His mind is physicking itself—he meditates  
 Upon his former phrenzy, and laments  
 His non-compliance with your prudent warnings:  
 Anon you'll see him all obedience—wise  
 And tractable—reform'd and revolutioniz'd.

*Phil.* Oh! oh!

*Bdel. (to Chor.)* What may this exclamation mean?

*Phil.* Pleasure—treasure—blessed lot!

Hence avaunt! I know you not.

Thought, volition, wish and care,

Mind and body, all are there,

Where the loud-voic'd herald cries,

“Who's uncanvass'd?—let him rise!”\*

I must be the beans among,

Giving suffrage, voice and tongue.

Haste, my soul—why thus delay'd?

*Avaunt, grim ghost! disperse, black shade!†*

O that I may never meet

On my high judicial seat

Cleon as a culprit there!

For before the heav'ns I swear,

I'd his very self assess,

And for fine and damage press.

*(A long pause.)*

*Bdel.* Father, I do beseech you, yield assent.

*Phil.* To what, son? speak, explain; one point omitted,  
I have a ready ear for all.

\* In Athenian trials, when all had apparently given over voting, lest any out of favour should sus-

pend his suffrage, the herald made the proclamation in the text.

† Quoted from the *Bellerophon* of Euripides.

*Bdel.* And what's  
Reserv'd?

*Phil.* That I abstain not from the courts :  
For harkye—death only separates them and me.

*Bdel.* Well, if it must be so, (and an old charm  
I see is on you,) be your will obey'd :  
Only quit not the house for this your occupation ;  
Rest here with us, sir ; make your home a \*Court,  
And deal out law among its inmates..

\* The son in Racine's " Les Plaideurs" makes use of the same stratagem, with great humour.

*Léandre.*

Hé doucement,

Mon père, il faut trouver quelque accommodement.  
Si pour vous sans juger la vie est un supplice,  
Si vous êtes pressé de rendre la justice,  
Il ne faut pas sortir pour cela de chez vous ;  
Exercez le talent et jugez parmi nous.

*Dandin.*

Ne raillons point ici de la Magistrature,  
Vois-tu, je ne veux point être juge en peinture.

*Léandre.*

Vous serez, au contraire, un juge sans appel,  
Et juge du Civil comme du Criminel.  
Vous pourrez tous les jours tenir deux audiences :  
Tout vous sera chez vous matière de sentences.  
Un valet manque-t-il à rendre un verre net ;  
Condamnez-le à l'amende ; et s'il le casse, au fouet.

*Dandin.*

C'est quelque chose ; encor passe quand on raisonne.  
Et mes vacations, qui les payera : Personne.

*Phil.*

How?

Discuss, unbuckle, son : explain which way—

But you are trifling—

*Bdel.* There your pardon, sir :

The maid, we'll say, hath op'd the door—hath hous'd

A suitor : good, 'tis a case ; you straight assess

The damages : a single drachm here covers them.

The house you see will furnish you like practice

As does the Bar :—with these advantages :—

Is there a morning sun ? you take your seat

Abroad, and judge and \*sun you both at once :

Falls rain ? you house within : comes snow ? you're chair'd

Beside the fire and there take cognizance :

Art loth to quarrel with your sheets at morn ?

Sleep till mid-day and laugh at †interference.

*Phil.* Why this sounds well.

*Léandre.*

Leurs gages vous tiendront lieu de nantissement.

*Dandin.*

Il parle, ce me semble, assez pertinemment.

Molière, who often had the Greek bard in his eye, cures his imaginary invalid, by making him turn apothecary.

\* The poet, in the original, plays upon the word *Heliazein* and *Helios*, one of which signifies the sun and the other the execution of the judicial office in the court of Heliaea.

† Of the nine principal magistrates in Athens, six bore the common name of Thesmothetæ. Besides other duties it was their province to appoint on what days the dicasts should sit, and to exclude from the office such as did not come at the proper time.

*Bdel.* If one extend his pleadings,  
You need not then give hungry attendance,  
Biting yourself and eke the pleader too.

*Phil.* But then to eat between the pleadings!—will not  
That be to pawn experience to the appetite,  
And make the judgment rebel to the palate?

*Bdel.* Just the reverse :—and hence a common saying  
In this our town : “ the witnesses so lied  
Through thick and thin, the Bench could scarce divine  
The truth, howe’er they *chew’d* upon the matter.”

*Phil.* Right, right : I yield assent : one other word :  
The fee, the salary : from whence comes that, son ?

*Bdel.* My purse supplies it—

*Phil.* Why this is well—this pleases—  
This is a luxury indeed : to earn  
A fee and have no partner in the gain !  
By the same sign I do remember now  
A scurvy trick Lysistratus put on me  
Some two days since—it is a jeering rogue !  
We had received (dost mark ?) a drachm in partnership.  
My knave incontinent makes for the fishmarket,  
And changes it to smaller coin : then puts  
Into my hand three \*scales from off a mullet.

\* The Athenians had a great objection to copper money ; and it was with reluctance that they used it in making the smallest payments. Their taste therefore, or their vanity, was only to be satisfied by

I, thinking they were obols, lodge them straight  
 Within my \*mouth, till, warn'd by the ill-savour,  
 I spit the intruders from me.—Boy, I'd fain  
 Have drawn him to the courts for this.

*Bdel.*

Made he

Excuse ?

*Phil.* Health to your ostrich-coats, quoth he !  
 Hard cash, I see, disturbs not your digestion.

*Bdel.* The jeering knave ! Here then thou art a gainer.

*Phil.* I do allow it : give no breathing then  
 Unto your purpose, but about it straight.

*Bdel.* Tarry awhile : I will be here anon,  
 And bring with me all proper articles. (*enters the house*)

*Phil.* The prophecy is now complete—'twas nois'd  
 A time should come, when Athens should behold  
 Each citizen in his own house administer  
 The rites of justice, and each vestibule  
 Become a Law Court, in most tiny miniature  
 Imaging Hecate's Chapel 'fore the door.

*Bdel. (returning)* What say'st ? see all that I deliver'd thee  
 And more to boot—this implement will hang  
 Beside you on a peg and serve occasion.

silver coins of so diminutive a size,  
 that they were often mistaken for  
 the scales of fish.—*De Pauw*, t. i.  
 p. 364.

\* This practice among the com-  
 mon Athenians has been explained  
 before.

*Phil.* Now this is clever: tut—your man in years  
That's troubled with the strangury, owes not  
The fee of thankfulness for aught so much  
As this.

*Bdel.* Here too is fire, and lentils on't;  
Waiting the call of appetite.

*Phil.* And this too  
Speaks cleverness: let a fever be upon me,  
What then? at least I shall not lack a fee,  
For I can tarry here and sup my pottage—  
But, boy, what means this cock? why chanticleer  
Among us?

*Bdel.* If soft sleep come over you,  
(And during pleadings sleep is apt to come,)  
This bird's loud notes will break your heavy slumbers.

*Phil.* One thing is wanting, son; the rest commands  
My good opinion.

*Bdel.* What may that be, sir?

*Phil.* (*whispering complacently*) Couldst not procure a  
figure now of \*Lycus?

*Bdel.* Here's †one at hand: the king in very person!

*Phil.* I bow before my mighty lord and master. (*prostrates himself*)

\* Who Lycus was has been explained in a former note.

† It appears from the Scholiast,

that Bdelycleon brings in a picture of Lycus.



How fierce and truculent he looks ! (*gazes*) Methinks  
He wears now a strange semblance to—Cleonymus !

*Sos.* Aye, and, like him, he's not in his \*full armour !—

*Bdel. (to Phil.)* Please, sir, to take your seat : that done,  
we'll have

A suit before you presently.

*Phil.*

A suit,

A suit : it is an age, since I have ta'en

My seat.

*Bdel. (soliloquising)* What suit to bring before him now !  
Let's see—hath any of our family offended ?—

There's Thratta—she who lately burnt the pottage—

*Phil.* Hold, or I sink ! you have near ruin'd me—

You cite a cause, and yet no barrier, boy,

Protects the court !—A court without a barrier !

Might as well have a church without an altar.

*Bdel.* 'Tis a defect soon heal'd—I'll in and bring one.

To see the power, which use and custom have ! (*entering  
the house.*)

*Xant. (within)* A pestilence upon thee, knavish cur !

To think that we should harbour such a cur !—

A graceless cur !—a most atrocious cur !

*Bdel.* How now ! what ail'st ?

\* The twelve heroes (of whom Lycus was one) were always represented in full armour. The allusion to Cleonymus will be evident from a preceding note,

*Xant.* Here's Labes here, our mastiff,  
Hath broke into the kitchen, sir, and, curse  
His maw, swallow'd a whole Sicilian cheese.

*Bdel.* A case, a \*case! issue a warrant, cite him  
Before my sire—you, Xanthias, play the accuser.

*Xant.* Not I, by the mark: here's one of his own gender:  
Open the case, and he, he says, will play  
Th' accuser.

*Bdel.* Let them both be introduc'd. (*enters the house*)

*Xant.* Your bidding shall be done.

*Phil.* (*to his son, returning with a †swine-cote for a barrier*) Dispatch, dispatch!  
My mind's eye sees a fine.

\* So Racine:

Petit Jean.

Tout est perdu . . . Citron . . .

Votre chien . . . vient là bas de manger un chapon.

Rien n'est sûr devant lui, ce qu'il trouve il l'emporte.

*Léandre.*

Bon, voilà pour mon père une cause. Main forte:

Qu'on se mette après lui: courez tous.

*Dandin.*

Point de bruit,

Tout doux: un amené sans scandale suffit.

*Léandre.*

Ça, mon père, il faut faire un exemple authentique:

Jugez sévèrement ce voleur domestique.

† The swine-cote is selected as omitted without any great loss to  
a barrier for the purpose of intro- the reader.  
ducing a joke, which may be

- Bdel.* One moment, while  
I bring the styles and \*tables.
- Phil.* Thou dost waste  
The time—would'st be my death, boy? Psha! let be—  
Let be—these nails of mine will serve the purpose:  
They'll draw a line as well as any style.
- Bdel.* Sir, they are here.
- Phil.* Now then let's have your witnesses.
- Bdel.* It is my purpose.
- Phil.* Who's the first?
- Bdel.* A pestilence!  
As I do live, I have forgot to bring  
The †urns. (*offers to go out*).
- Phil.* Harkye! What run you for?
- Bdel.* We have  
No urns.
- Phil.* I need them not. 'Twas my intent  
To use these ‡jugs instead: what sayst to that?
- Bdel.* Why that thou hast a pleasant fancy, sir,

\* By the tables are meant those of wax, on which were drawn the lines of condemnation or acquittal. The styles are the instruments with which these lines were drawn.

† The urns in which the votes were collected.

‡ The jugs, which the dicast, in

his impatience for a trial, proposes to use instead of urns, were most probably those containing his soups. In substituting for the water-glass, which regulated the *time* of the pleadings in an Athenian court of justice, he loses sight of all decency.

And ap'st the humour of our country bravely.

(*To the servants*) In, one of you, and bring us fire, and  
myrtle-boughs,

And frankincense. Behoves it first we pay

Our duty to the Gods.

CHOR. Aye, to holy prayers betake ye, to incense and libation:  
Good report thou shalt not want from us, nor honest approbation:  
For opinions stiff and stubborn better thoughts, I see, are quelling:  
And love appears where eyes were fierce, and grace where cheeks were  
swelling.

## SCENE II.

BDELYCLEON, PHILOCLEON, CHORUS, *Servants bringing  
in fire, myrtle-boughs, &c.*

Bdel. (*as the sacred Ceryx*) } Pious anthems, pious airs,  
} Holy thoughts and holy prayers,  
Breathe your sacred influence round:  
Hist! good words! 'tis holy ground.

(*Soft and solemn music is heard—frankincense is floated  
round the stage—the Choregus approaches the altar and  
throws incense upon it—then as follows.*)

CHOREGUS. From thy empyrean height,  
Lord of ever living light,

Thou, whose dwelling is allotted,  
 Where\* the serpent died and rotted,  
 Great Apollo, hear and bless  
 This our purpose with success!  
 Sacred incense and oblation  
 Rise before our habitation:  
 Former errors let them cover:  
 All our wand'rings lo! are over.

(*To the Chorus*) Duly now our pray'rs to end,  
 Let the sacred shout ascend.

(*The Io Paan is shouted by the Chorus.*)

*Bdel. (offering incense.)* } King, prophet, and bard, keeping guard  
                                   } o'er my † yard, in stern elevation:

In my sire's blessed name, lo! I frame  
 these new rites—may they claim approbation!

Be it thine to repair his harsh air,  
 sordid care and devotion to money:

With ambition to please, grant him ease,  
 and for lees, drop a portion of honey.

\* Delphi, anciently called Pytho, *απο το πυθοῖσαι*, because the serpent which Apollo killed, rotted there.

† In front of the Athenian houses, there was generally a small court. Here might be seen a figure of Mercury to drive away

thieves, a dog for the same purpose, and an altar in honour of Apollo, where the master of the house occasionally offered sacrifice. From this situation, Apollo took the name of Agueus, which is given him in the text.

Bland, courteous, and kind, may he find  
 for his mind a smooth equable channel;  
 In his ears less availing the quailing  
 of appellant than that of the panel.  
 Let it move no surprize, in his eyes  
 should tears rise, at a tale of woe springing;  
 While Peace, like a bride, at his side,  
 from his pride sting and nettle is wringing.

CHOR. In humble accordance we bend—to thy pious oration,  
 And thy newly formed sway recommend—to wide approbation.  
 Love and good-will toward thee shall grow—in ev'ry direction;  
 For words lately urg'd by thee show—enlighten'd affection.  
 Patriotic devotion appears—in thy speech with good actions efficient;  
 While those who are greener in years—in virtue are still more deficient.

## SCENE III.

BDELYCLEON, PHILOCLEON, CHORUS, XANTHIAS, (*as  
 Dog-Plaintiff,*) LABES, (*Dog-Defendant,*) SOSIAS, PUP-  
 PIES, AND WITNESSES.

*Bdel. (as public cryer) Oyes, Oyes, in virtue of my office—  
 Waits any member of the Court \*without?*

\* The attendance of the several Courts of Justice, was enforced by  
 members of the *Heliaea* and other issuing an injunction similar to that

*Let him advance forthwith : we bar admission  
Soon as the pleadings have commenced.*

*Phil.*

Produce me

The Defendant—(*rubbing his hands*) gods! how I'll  
trounce the rascal!

*Xant. (as accuser.) Oyes, Oyes, in virtue of my office:  
The cur of Cydathenus\* these declares  
'Gainst Labes† of Æxone:† 'foresaid Labes  
Against the peace and quiet of our state  
Did then and there conspire, singly and sole,  
To swallow a Sicilian cheese. Penalty†—  
A collar of stout fig-wood.*

in the text. Lucian, a great copyist and admirer of Aristophanes, seems to have had his eye upon the following mock trial in his very facetious little drama, the *Bis Accusatus*.

\* Cydathenus was one of the Athenian boroughs. The Scholiast says, that there was a man of this borough who went by the name of 'the dog;' and hence the allusion. It is more probable that the cur of Cydathenus stands for Cleon. Most of the Attic boroughs had a nickname for some defect; the ridicule upon the inhabitants of Cydathenus was their pretension to nobility of birth.

† Neither of these words is with-

out its signification with a punster like Aristophanes. Labes is substituted for Laches, because derived from a Greek word, which signifies *to seize*. Æxone is selected as his borough, on account of the scurrilous language to which its inhabitants were addicted. *Joh. Taylor, in Lectionibus Lyniacis*, p. 300.—*De Pauw*, t. i. p. 210. There seems to be an allusion to this mock trial of Laches in Plato's dialogue of that name. p. 253. F.

‡ The poet follows here all the proceedings of the Athenian courts of justice. In these it was usual for the prosecutor, after stating his own name and borough, to declare his charge and the penalty he

*Phil.* Bring it but home  
To him, and he shall die—(*hesitates*) d—n him, a dog's  
death.

*Bdel. (as Deft.)* Labes, so please this Honourable Court,  
Is here before them.

*Phil.* O the villain—how like  
A thief he looks! nay, never show your teeth  
And grin at me;—tricks pass not here, believe me.  
But where's the plaintiff? he of Cydathenus?

*Dog.* Bow—wow—wow.

*Bdel.* Why here's another Labes, equal  
To any cur for barking, and what's more—  
For emptying a porringer.

*Sos. (as Cryer.)* Silence  
Within the Court. Please you be seated. (*to Bdel.*) You,  
(*to Xanth.*) sir,

Ascend the bema and set forth your charge.

*Phil.* And I meantime will take a sup of porridge. (*pours  
it out.*)

wished to follow upon conviction  
of the accused. Thus the well-  
known information against Socrates  
ran in the following manner:—  
Melitus son of Melitus, of the  
borough of Pitthos, declares these  
upon oath against Socrates, son of

Sophrpniscus, of the borough of  
Alopecæ: Socrates is guilty of re-  
viling the gods whom the city ac-  
knowledges, and of preaching other  
new gods: moreover, he is guilty  
of corrupting the youth. Penalty  
—death.



*Xant.* (*as \*accuser.*) Your honourable ears are now pos-  
 sest

Of this our bill and solemn charge. Heinous  
 And rank—*Phil.* Proceed, the Court are with you. *Xant.* Is  
 Th' offence, which this vile cur against myself  
 And—*yeo-yo†*—hath committed. For, my Luds,  
 To hurry him into a nook, a hole,  
 A corner—there to desicilize (so I  
 Take leave to speak) a cheese of mightiest size,  
 In secrecy and darkness—

*Phil.* (*guarding his nose*) Guilty! guilty!  
 His very breath is evidence against him.

O what a gale came over me this moment!

*Xant.* And when I begg'd a partage in his spoil,  
 To have my suit rejected!—Tell me, sirs,  
 Hath he an interest in you, whose hand  
 Throws nothing to your† dog?

*Phil.* He gave you nothing?

*Xant.* Nothing, sō help me heav'n!—I too, that am  
 His comrade!

\* Addicted as the Greek comic stage was to mimicry and parody, it is almost needless to suggest that the accusation and defence in this mock trial would be conducted

in the manner of the most illustrious pleaders of the day.

† In the original *jurawawai*, a cant word among the Greek sailors.

‡ See note, p. 268.

*Phil. (eats and speaks to himself)* A pestilent warm fellow that!—

This pottage by my faith hath not more fire in't.

*Bdel. (to Phil.)* Beseech you, sir, condemn him not too promptly :

Be both sides heard, ere sentence passes.

*Phil.* Tut, man—

The case is clear—speaks for itself—utters,

As I may say, a voice.

*Xant. (continuing.)* What then remains

But to intreat this Honourable Court

That due deserts may wait on the offender ?

Of all our dogs this cur is the most selfish.

He sneaks and sneaks about ; and when he finds—

*Phil.* A cheese, he eats both th' inside and the out on't.  
There's no gainsaying that.

*Xant.* Take then due chastisement

Upon him : is it fair, in Nature's name,

That one sole house should find two thieves their sustenance ?

Beseech ye, sirs, let me not bark in vain :

If vengeance be not link'd with such a culprit,—

Mark me, from this day forth I'm mute. My Luds,

That is my case.

*Phil.* A case indeed ! My ears

Are pain'd, my heart is sick, to hear such roguery.

Sure the Sun sees not such another villain !

(*To the Cock*) What sayst good Chanticleer ? Hold'st not  
with me ?

Aye by my faith he does, and nods assent to't.

Hark-ye, good Mister Thesmothet,\*—a plague!—

Where is he ? reach me yonder implement.

Sos. (*as Thesmothet*) There minister unto yourself, so  
please ye.

I've other work to do. Oyes, Oyes,  
*I summon 'fore the Court Defendant's witnesses.*

*The platter will come forth, the pestle, scraper,*

*The roaster, porringer, and all such implements*

*As aught can service the defence ; if they*

*Be somewhat scorch'd and burnt, it is no matter.*

(*To Phil.*) Not yet upon the bench ?

*Phil. (arranging himself.)* And if the seat

'Grow cold, what then ? Lucky for that vile dog,

If needs of a less cleanly kind be not

This day upon him, man !

*Bdel. (to Phil.)* Still pitiless

And ruthless, sir ! no mercy for a culprit !

\* The manner in which one of the highest official magistrates in Athens is here treated, was no doubt much to the taste of the galleries.

Up, up, good Labes, and attempt your clearance: (*the dog is silent*)

What may this silence mean? Speak, in God's name!

*Phil.* How should he speak? the rogue has nought to say.

*Bdel.* Nay, the same thing hath fortun'd him, which erst Befel \*Thucydides. Terror hath giv'n

His tongue an apoplectic fit; retire, (*to Labes*)

And leave your cause to me. (*ascends the bema.*)—My honoured Lords,

It 'scapes me not, how hard the task I undertake:

The charge of such a crime (and none sure carries

A greater odium with't) might counsel me

To a more equal feat—Yet will I stand

His advocate.—Labes, to give him justice,

Is, sirs, a dog of honour, and of courage;

He keeps the † wolf at distance.

\* Thucydides has been mentioned before in the *Acharnians*.—Being suspected of some treacherous proceedings in Thrace, he was called to take his trial, and advancing nothing in his own defence, he was banished by a vote of the ostracism. The reader will not confound this Thucydides with the great historian of that name.

† The poet appears to be mimick-

ing the vulgar cant of democracy, very fond of comparing its noisy demagogues to dogs. With the Athenian Many this was apparently the great recommendation of Aristogeiton, a man stained, according to Demosthenes or Hype-reides' account of him, with every vice incident to human nature. "Ah! but say some, let him be what he will in other matters, he

*Phil.* 'Tis a thief  
The dog—a vile conspirator !

*Bdel.* Nay, nay,  
Not so: no dog boasts better birth or nurture;  
For heading a large flock, he owns no equal.

*Phil.* He might as well be nature's commonest work:  
Why must we find him mouthing at a cheese?  
Answer me that.

*Bdel.* And then—he fights your battles—  
Protects your gate and does a thousand services.  
Hath he subtracted aught, or play'd the filcher?  
'Tis Nature's weakness—visit not too roughly:  
Alas! his gamut's yet quite new to him,  
Nor hath he master'd his first rules in music!\*

*Phil.* Music, dost say? would he knew not his alphabet!  
My ears had then been spared a long oration,  
Fram'd t'excuse and whitewash o'er his guilt.

*Bdel.* My lords will now be pleased to hear our witnesses.  
Put the cheese-scraper in the box. Tune up  
Your voice and speak the Court distinctly, Scraper.

is the people's dog. Dog indeed!  
yes truly, a pretty sort of dog!  
those whom he charges with being  
wolves he takes care not to bite;  
and the sheep, which he professes  
to guard, he is the very person to

devour." *Demost. contr. Aristogeit.*  
t. i. p. 782.

\*Alluding to the usual education  
of Athenian children, which in  
their earlier years was confined to  
letters and to music.

You acted at that time as Treasurer\*—  
 Now tell this Honourable Court, (your eyes  
 Upon their Lordships, Scraper!) of such articles  
 As were committed to your charge (the witness  
 Stands on his oath he will remember) did you  
 Or did you not (upon your oath I ask it)  
 Diminish aught? My Lords, he doth allow  
 The charge.

*Phil.* Then he allows a bouncer—

*Bdel. (feelingly.)*

Nay, nay,

Enforce not, sir, this countenance of sternness:  
 Look with an eye of pity on the wretched!  
 Shall I of merits speak? This Labes' palate  
 Scorns not the roughest food—fish-bones, nor offal;—  
 Then he's for ever shifting ground; being here

\* Some reference, no doubt, is made here to passing events, with which we are unacquainted. A translator cannot extricate himself better from this ridiculous scene than by quoting the words of a very intelligent traveller. "But what," says Mr. Forsyth, "is a drama in Naples without Punch; and what is Punch out of Naples? Here, in his native tongue and among his own countrymen, Punch is a person of real power: he dresses up and retails all the drolleries of the day:

he is the channel and sometimes the source of passing opinions; he can inflict ridicule, he could gain a mob, or keep the whole kingdom in good humour. Such was De Fiori, the Aristophanes of his nation, immortal in buffoonery." Those who trace Punch through the Vice of the old English comedy, to the Atellan farcers, of whom he is no doubt the legitimate descendant, will not perhaps think this comparison so degrading as may at first sight appear.

And there and ev'ry where;—yon idle cur  
 Hath but one biding place—that's the house-door.  
 There he takes constant ground, craving a part  
 Of all that's brought within, & deny it him,  
 And you'll soon know the setting of his teeth.

*Phil.* Angels and ministers of grace protect me!  
 Mischief is sure abroad; for I grow soft,  
 And feel within the powers of persuasion!

*Bdel. (pathetically.)* O they are gracious signs! aid the  
 good work  
 And give it furtherance!—On your sole will  
 We hang for life or death! as you direct—  
 But where are the defendant's \* children? Up, up—

\* It was a common custom among the ancients, both Greeks and Romans, to bring the family of the defendant into court, that their tears and affliction might ex- cite the pity of the judges. Aris- tophanes humorously introduces a number of puppies on the present occasion. Racine has followed up this idea.

*L'Intime.*

Venez, famille désolée,  
 Venez, pauvres enfans, qu'on veut rendre orphelins,  
 Venez, faire parler vos esprits enfantins.  
 Oui, Monsieur, vous voyez ici notre misère.  
 Nous sommes orphelins, rendez-nous notre père,  
 Notre père, par qui nous fûmes engendrés,  
 Notre père, qui nous . . . . .

*Dandin.*

Tirez, tirez, tirez.

*L'Intime.*

Notre père, Messieurs . . .

Up to the bema, now, ye miserable ;  
 And let your yelping be in place of prayers,  
 And tears, and warm petitionary suits.  
 Now then—yelp for your lives, my lads.

*Puppies.*

Yelp, yelp,

Yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp,

*Phil. (with emotion.)*

Down, down—

*Puppies.* Yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp, yelp,  
 yelp, yelp.

*Phil.* Down, i' the name of heaven!—

*Bdel.*

I have quick ears

To your request: the word hath prov'd a cheat

To many,\* yet its bidding shall be done. (*descends from the  
 bema.*)

*Dandin.*

Tirez donc—quel vacarme !

Ils ont pissé par-tout.

*L'Intime.*

Monsieur, voyez nos larmes.

*Dandin.*

Ouf ! Je me sens déjà pris de compassion.

\* According to Florens Christianus, when criminals were thus addressed by the judges, they were apt to consider the Court as favourably disposed to them, and to think their punishment would be remitted ; but this did not always prove to be the case. The learned reader,

who wishes to see a specimen of Athenian jocularitý connected with this word, during the trial of Socrates, may consult Diogenes Laertes in his life of the illustrious philosopher, and Casaubon's note upon it.—lib. ii. p. 105.



*Phil.* Curse on yourself, and curse upon this pottage!  
 I have shed tears: this moment saw the miracle!  
 But my *will* shared not in the guilt! 'twas but  
 Repletion and these lentils.

*Bdel.* Are we then  
 Acquitted?

*Phil.* That's a question hard to solve.

*Bdel.* Now by all names of filial endearment  
 Let your thoughts turn to better courses. Take  
 This shell: let Pity hoodwink Justice' eyes,  
 And drop her token in the mercy-box.

*Phil.* It may not be. When I know music's rules—  
 But that's an art I've not yet master'd.

*Bdel.* Now, sir, (*to Phil.*)  
 Your hand: I'll guide you to the urns.

*Phil.* Is this  
 The one assesses punishments?

*Bdel.* The same.

*Phil.* Then here I drop my shell. (*drops a shell.*)

*Bdel.* (*to himself.*) He hath mista'en  
 The urn, and sav'd the culprit.

*Phil.* Throw we now  
 In wonted way the shells upon the ground;  
 The culprit's fortune stands upon the cast. (*throws out the  
 shells.*)

(*To his son.*) How go the votes?

*Bdel.* That time will show. (*affects to count them.*) Joy! joy!

• They're in your favour,\* dog! why, father, now—  
What ails't?

*Phil. (fainting.)* Ah well-a-day, some water there!

*Bdel.* Nay, stand erect and keep your feet, man!—

*Phil. (to his son.)* One word:

Is he acquitted?—speak.

*Bdel.* He is, by Jove!

*Phil.* I'm a dead man then. (*swoons.*)

*Bdel.* Psha! away with such

Dull thoughts!—prithee, sir, rise—I pray thee now.

*Phil. (rising slowly.)* O Conscience, Conscience! Judge  
supreme! how wilt

Thou bear the thought that criminal escaped,

And mine the guilty shell that sav'd him!—Mine! Mine!

O, what shall be my after-course and fortune!

Pardon, pardon, ye ever-living gods!

Thus on my knees I ask it—'gainst my will

\* Plutarch relates of Alcibiades, that when on his recall from Sicily he avoided returning to Athens, being asked "if he could not trust his country?" he replied, "Yes; for every thing else; but on a trial for life, not my mother; lest by mistake she should put a black ball for a white one." "Whatever authority," says Mr. Mitford, "there may have been for this anecdote, it contains a very just reproof of the Athenian mode of giving judgment on life and death by a secret ballot; which, without preventing corruption, admits mistake, excludes responsibility, and covers shame."—vol. iv. p. 353.

'Twas done, nor am I wont to fashion thus  
My ways—am not—upon my soul, am not. (*weeps bitterly.*)

*Bdel.* A truce to such reflexions, sir, and leave  
Your future life to me: O you shall bear it  
Merrily, man!

(*Sings.*) We'll to feast and we'll to hall,  
We'll to show and festival;  
Heedless of that yard of mouth,  
Whence come trooping north and south,  
From Hyperbolus's lips,  
Biting quirks and cranks and quips:—  
Others may his mock'ries rue:—  
But that mouth is shut for you.

And now let's in:

*Phil.* Do as thou wilt, boy: I am  
At your behest.—Oh!—

CHOR. (*to Phil. and Bdel. as they leave the stage.*) Where  
your wishes conduct you, with speed now be gone,  
And our blessing shall wait both on father and son.

(*Turns to the spectators.*) To this audience enlightened, our  
benches who press

In numbers past counting, further words we address.  
If our speech proffer aught that is deep or profound,  
Let it fall not unheeded, nor drop to the ground:  
With the dull and the witless such folly might pass;  
But to wisdom like your's 'twere eternal disgrace.

## PARABASIS.

To a round unvarnish'd tale, if aught such may here avail,  
     our poet now claims your attention;  
 And let it ope no breach, though the tenor of his speech  
     point to anger and sharp reprehension.  
 Or this presence here at large, flat injustice he dares charge;  
     and that too when large love and honour  
 Had more fairly been his due for bright largesses, which you  
     enjoy'd, tho' unknown who their donor.  
 Priests and prophets,\* as they say, into objects oft convey  
     voice and diction where both are deficient;  
 So of many a bard, I ween, your appellant here hath been  
     the mouth-piece, tho' secret, efficient.  
 But this task soon thrown aside, his own proper steeds he tried,  
     to their mouths fitting curb, bit and snaffle;  
 Then charioted along with the foremost in the throng  
     bore the heat and the front of the battle.  
 Rais'd and swell'd with honours great (such on bard yet never sate)  
     with meekness and modesty he bore him;  
 And while his laurels grew, he kept ever in his view  
     the heights yet unconquer'd before him.

\* The text alludes by name to a celebrated diviner and ventriloquist of the day, called Eurycles. There has been occasion to ob-

serve before, that Aristophanes had not come forward as an acknowledged author till he brought out his Knights.

When the swell of private rage foam'd indignant, that the stage  
 dar'd upbraid lawless love and affection;  
 And will'd our poet's speech (guilty pleasures not to reach)  
 should assume a more lowly direction;  
 Did he heed the loud reproof? no, he wisely kept aloof,  
 and spurn'd at corruption's\* base duress;  
 For never could he chuse to behold his dearest† Muse  
 in the dress of a wanton procuress.  
 When first the scenic trade of instruction he essay'd,  
 monsters not men were his game, sirs;  
 Strange Leviathans that ask'd strength and mettle, and had task'd  
 Alcides their fury to tame, sirs.

\* Ben Jonson uses the same bold and honest language of indignation.

“ My soul

‘Was never ground into such oily colours,  
 To flatter vice and daub iniquity:  
 But with an armed and resolved hand  
 I’ll strip the ragged follies of the time—  
 Naked as at their birth.—

I fear no mood stamp’t in a private brow,  
 When I am pleas’d t’ unmask a public vice.  
 I fear no strumpet’s drugs, nor ruffian’s stab,  
 Should I detect their hateful luxuries.  
 No broker’s, usurer’s or lawyer’s gripe,  
 Were I dispos’d to say, they’re all corrupt.”

*Every Man out of his Humour.*

† *Musae*, ἀσιν *XPHTAI* is the forcible and characteristical expression of the original.

In peril and alarms was his 'prenticeship\* of arms,  
 with a shark fight and battle essaying;  
 From whose eyes stream'd baleful light, like the blazing balls of sight,  
 which in Cynna's† fierce face are seen playing.  
 Swath'd and banded round his head, five score sycophants were fed,  
 ever slav'ring and licking and glueing;  
 While his voice rose loud and hoarse, like the torrent's angry course,  
 when death and destruction are brewing :  
 Add such stench as assail from a sea-calf and a whale,  
 add loins never owning ablution;  
 And the parts that lie behind!—foh ! inspect them and you'll find  
 that a camel knows less of pollution.  
 Rude the portent, fierce and fell, did its sight your poet quell?  
 was he seen to a bribe basely stooping?—  
 No, his blows still fell unsparing that and next year, when came warring  
 with foes of a different trooping.  
 Then the vigour of his hand check'd those fevers of the land,  
 those distempers‡ and plagues of the nation;  
 Who when day had quench'd its fires, had stout halters for their sires,  
 and for grand-dads work'd close suffocation.

\* The poet alludes to his comedy of the Knights, and to the attack upon Cleon in that celebrated drama. Aristophanes seems to have been fond of the description which he here gives of that turbulent demagogue, since he has repeated it with little variation in another of his comedies. This description is

one among those loftier passages which gained our poet the appellation of the "*prægrandis senex*" from that rare union of high birth, distinguished talents, and spotless manners—the admirable Persius.

† Cynna was a courtesan of the time.

‡ Though the poet evidently al-

Bed and couch by day they kept, but a tempest from them swept  
 of the law's utmost pains;—inquisitions,  
 Warrant, summons, witness-pleas,—fright'ning such as lov'd their ease,  
 or had milk in their soft dispositions.  
 To the magistrates\* outright fled the many in their fright;  
 while you, in our bard tho' possessing  
 A cathartic to the hand for these evils of the land,  
 turn'd traitors and spurn'd at the blessing.  
 Hence his drama of last year,† crush'd before 'twas ripe of ear;—  
 for the seed, being quite a new sample,  
 Scarce push'd head above the ground, ere a thousand feet were found  
 on the delicate stranger to trample.  
 Yet in spite of such an end,—(so may Bacchus be my friend—  
 at my cups and libations I'll swear it,)  
 Of all our bards have writ, for conception and for wit,  
 no comedy yet hath come near it.  
 'Twas in quite a novel strain,‡ rich and varied in its vein,  
 unexampled for cunning invention:  
 And with you the shame now sits, that in hearing it your wits  
 were gravell'd and lack'd comprehension.

ludes here to his comedy of the Clouds, and his attack upon the Sophists, much of the allusion is now uncertain and obscure.

\* The magistrate particularly specified is that one of the nine archons, or principal magistrates of Athens, called the Polemarch. The Polemarch had more particu-

larly the strangers and sojourners of Athens under his care.—See a very amusing speech of Lysias (his twenty-third) on the subject.

† The poet again alludes to the failure of his first comedy of the Clouds.

‡ We must consider these, and many other passages, (not certainly

The wise will hold the bard not the less in high regard,  
 and mourn his unmerited disaster:  
 True his chariot came not whole nor unbroken to the goal,  
 yet in speed say what rival had past her?—

Taught by this example,  
 My good friends, no more trample  
 On such poets as reach  
 In their plots and their speech  
 At a course bold and free  
 And a fair novelty.  
 Let their diction and fiction,  
 Met by no contradiction,  
 Claim a place in the chest  
 Of your apples\* possess;  
 This believe if ye do,  
 Vest and cloak the year through

conceived in the spirit of deference of modern times,) partly as a *jeu de théâtre*, and partly as a specimen of that spirit of understanding which subsisted between the writers of the Old Comedy, and their audience.

\* The citron seems to have been

the apple more particularly alluded to. Cicero has a very curious passage in commendation of apples, (*De Naturâ Deorum*, lib. ii. § 63.) and our own poet Chaucer borrows a very pretty compliment from them for one of his female characters.

“ Hire mouth was swete as brakel or the meth,  
 Or hord of apples laid in hay or heth.”—*The Miller's Tale*.



Will rich odours dispense,  
 Hitting keenly the sense  
 With a smell of ability,  
 Wit and gentility.

## SEMI-CHORUS.

O the days that are gone by, O the days so blithe and bland,  
 When my foot was strong in dance,\* and the spear was in my hand!  
 Then my limbs and years were green—I could toil and yet to spare,  
 And the foeman to his cost knew what strength and mettle are.

O the days that are gone by!

Now upon this head are thrown  
 Whiter hairs than ever shone  
 On the bird who breasts and braves,  
 Silver-bosom'd, silver waves.  
 Yet beneath this head of grey  
 Latent fires and embers play;  
 And at urgent need I show  
 Youth on my determin'd brow.  
 Much, believe, should I repine  
 Bart'ring these old limbs of mine

\* The martial dance is here most probably intended. Socrates, in a poetical fragment, bears witness that those who by dancing pay most religious honour to the

gods, are also the best warriors. On the connection between chorus-dancing and valour, see *Athenæus*, lib. xiv. p. 628.

For a modern youngster's frame:  
 For the faces and the graces,  
 Braided locks and mincing paces,  
 Of the fopling who disgraces  
 Love and manhood's better name.

## FULL CHORUS.

If any here, good gents and friends, my strange costume who see,  
 Behold this sting which girds my waste and marvel what it be;  
 Its meaning and its purport, if patient ear he lend,  
 We here engage, however dull, he soon shall comprehend.  
 First, we, who own this tail-piece, are men of Attic birth,  
 And who alone claim founder's\* kin with this our mother earth.  
 Our mettle and our services to this our native soil,  
 The foreign foe we leave to tell, who came our land to spoil.

\* The Athenians particularly prided themselves on being *αὐτὸχθόνες*, i. e. sprung from the earth;—a produce of the soil on which they lived. "General consent," says Isocrates in a passage of his speech called Panegyrica, which hardly admits of translation, "allows this city of ours to be the most ancient, the largest and the most celebrated in the world. Honourable as this commencement is, what follows is still more to our glory: for this land has become our habitation, not by the expulsion of

others, nor by being found empty of tenants, nor were we a mixed collection from other nations; but so honourable and noble has been our birth, that the land which gave us being is that which has ever been in our possession, we being really indigenous, and able to address our city by those names which most mark consanguinity; for none but we among the Greeks are entitled to call the same spot their nurse, their country, and their mother."—*Isoc.* vol. i. p. 106.

With boiling rage and fury, with man and horse he came,  
 And threaten'd all our hives to burn with brimstone and with flame.  
 But soon as he was landed, with spear and shield we ran,  
 Put the contest to the trial, fighting stoutly man by man.  
 With rage our lips we swallow'd; while the darts so thick did fly,  
 They seem'd to form a coverlid between ourselves and sky.  
 But Pallas sent her \*night-bird; and as the owlet flew  
 Across the host, our armies hope and joyous omens drew.  
 So by the help of Heaven, ere yet the day did close,  
 We shouted word of victory, and routed all our foes.  
 With might and main they trudged it;—we follow'd at their heels;—  
 And prick'd their Persian trowsers just, as fishermen prick eels.  
 Their speed was well intended, yet each one as he fled,  
 We gave, by way of legacy, a sting upon his head:  
 And still they say in foreign lands, do men this language hold,  
 There's nothing like your Attic WASP, so testy yet so bold.

## SEMI-CHORUS.

O the days that are gone by, O the days that are no more,  
 When my eye was bold and fearless, and my hand was on the oar!  
 Merrily, O merrily, I beat the brine to lath,  
 And ocean cross'd, sack'd cities were the foot-tracks of my path.

O the days that are gone by!

\* The flight of an owl across an army, just commencing an engagement, was reckoned among the fortunate omens by the Athenians.

Then had none a care to reach  
 At the nicer parts of speech,  
 Reasoning much on taste and tact,  
 Quick at tongue, but slow to act!  
 Lie nor tale did then hunt down  
 Worth and Honour through the town;  
 (Sycophants and liars base  
 Were as yet an unborn race)  
 But who handled best the oar,  
 He the palm of merit bore—  
 This it was gave Medes the law ;  
 And for isle and town did measure  
 Toll and stipulated\* treasure,  
 That rich store, on which at pleasure  
 You our youngsters lay your paw.

\* Aristophanes alludes to the annual payments levied on the cities after the defeat of Xerxes' invasion, as a provision against any occurrence of a similar nature. For the gradual increase of this tribute, from its first assessment by Aristides, see the excellent speech of Andocides, *de Pace*. It was from this fund that the great men at Athens made largesses to the

people to serve their own purposes. For a curious proof of Athenian insolence in the management of this tribute, and of their anxious study, as Isocrates expresses it, to see how they might most incur the hatred of their fellow-creatures, see his speech *de Pace*, vol. i. p. 361. also *de Paus.* i. 388.

## FULL CHORUS,

Small reflection and inspection, needs it, friends of mine, to see  
 In the Wasps and us your CHORUS, wondrous similarity :  
 Form and fashion, life and temper—one and all in us agree.  
 Reckon first, (nor fear your judgments may disparage either side,)  
 Common feelings of resentment, jealous wrath and testy pride :  
 Ends the matter here?—for answer let our course of life be tried.  
 Like the Wasps we swarm and hive us—not in tenements of straw;—  
 We take wing and instant settle on the courts of common law :—  
 Some the Archon, some th' Odeum,\* others the Eleven† draw.  
 Want we neither num'rous parties, who back walls and there take  
                   station,  
 Huddling, plodding, earthward nodding dull and frequent salutation;  
 Cell-bred worms like, scarce awaken'd into motion and sensation.  
 Ready wit and pungent weapon are our causes of existence—  
 Stings have we and prick and prick us into a most sweet subsistence;‡  
 Show me one among a thousand, who dares offer us resistance.

\* The Odeum was the theatre where the musical prizes were decided. The archon also kept his court there.

† The Eleven, so called from their number, were officers somewhat resembling our sheriffs. They were elected out of the body of the people, each of the ten tribes sending one member; to these was added a Registrar to make up the number.

‡ Euripides and Plato use the same language as our author.—In *Supplicibus*, 240. *De Rep.* l. viii. 500.

Want we not our drones moreover, who repose in idle leisure,  
 Sedentary and yet feasting, and regaling them at pleasure—  
 With a sting unarm'd, yet sparing in their food nor kind, nor measure.  
 Bitt'rest stroke of all we feel it, that an idle brood be fed  
 At our cost, who never handled oar or jav'lin, never bled,  
 Nor so much as rais'd a blister in their suff'ring country's stead.  
 To a point this matter draw I:—if my fellows think with me,  
 We shall crush this race in future, and promulgate a decree;—  
 ORDER'D—*he who wants a sting must look to want a judge's fee.\**

\* It is clear that this comedy is added must be a mere superfetation. The translator has accordingly taken the liberty of considering it as a separate performance.

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# THE DICAST TURNED GENTLEMAN.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

PHILOCLEON, BDLYCLEON, CHORUS.

SCENE—*A private room, hung round with various sorts of costly apparel.*

*Phil.* \*WHAT, boy, discard my cloak, that trusty friend  
Who bore me safe through all the mighty conflict  
Where our best friend was Boreas'† blasts! Never, son.

\* The father and son enter quarrelling together: the son wishing to improve the paternal costume; the father strongly and obstinately objecting. Theophrastus (if we should not rather say, an imitator of Theophrastus) appears to have had an eye to this scene in his twenty-seventh character.

† Pausanias, in his *Arcadics*, says that Boreas performed this good office for the Athenians more

than once. But the particular occasion here referred to, is that well-known storm mentioned by Herodotus, lib. vii. c. 189, which did so much damage to the Persian fleet. Boreas, according to the tradition of the Greeks, married Orithya, an Athenian female, daughter of Erectheus; and hence the favour which the Athenians thus met at his hands.—*Plato in Phædro*, 337.

*Bdel.* You miss your better interests, refusing.

*Phil.* I fit me out indeed in gala suits!

Boy, I know better; 'twas but t'other day  
My fuller's\* bill there stood me in a groat  
For damage done my own poor wardrobe.

*Bdel.*

Well, but

Make trial first: 'twas your own choice to be  
A debtor, sir, to my good offices.

*Phil.* And what wouldst have of me?

*Bdel.* (*taking it off.*)

First, you'll cashier

This cloak: then please to throw this mantle round  
Your neck, cloak-fashion, sir.

*Phil.*

That men should thus

Extend their breed, and purchase suffocation  
From their own offspring!

*Bdel.*

Now take this;—on with't:—

No words, I beg.

*Phil.*

And what may this be call'd?

*Bdel.* Some call it Persis, others Gaunacus.

*Phil.* Gads me! I took it for a Thymet-blanket.

*Bdel.* No marvel; you are fresh—untutor'd—new—

Have never been at Sardis;† you had else  
Been graced with better knowledge sure.

\* The lower citizens of Athens generally wore robes without any dye in them, for the convenience of having them thus repaired; the

rich, on the contrary, preferred loured cloths.—*Theo. Char.* 18.

† Sardis: a great mart for articles of fashionable dress.



*Phil.* True, true,  
I never was at Sardis—yet methinks

The cloak is much like that is worn by Morychus.\*

*Bdel.* Your pardon there: this cloak was made at Ec-  
batane.

*Phil.* Say you? Why then your woofs of Ecbatane  
Resemble much the breed of flitter tripes.

*Bdel.* Softly, this is the handy-work of foreigners,  
And cost a world of cash; why this one robe  
Might suck you up a hundred pound in wool.

*Phil.* Call it woolsucker then, instead of gaunacus.  
Eh! said I right, young truepenny!—

*Bdel.* Steady, now:  
Don't shift your ground so:—there now. (*helps him on with  
the cloak.*)

*Phil.* Curse the beast:  
She's set me all on fire.

*Bdel.* On with it: quick, man;—  
Dost hesitate?

*Phil.* I'll none of it: that's flat—  
Nay if I must have something warm, e'en wrap  
An oven round me.

*Bdel.* Prithee, sir, proceed—  
I'll be your valet.

\* Morychus was a tragic poet. He is ridiculed in the Acharnians  
He wore thick clothes as being of a cold and delicate habit of body. and the Peace as a great epicure,  
particularly in fish.

*Phil.* Harkye, hast a flesh-hook?

*Bdel.* For what?

*Phil.* To catch me ere I turn to dissolution.

*Bdel.* Now doff those shoes; (*aside*) were ever seen  
their fellows!

Here is a pair of the true Spartan cut.

*Phil.* What, and make traitors of my feet! go shod  
In foreign hides!

*Bdel.* In with your foot—tread firm—  
I wish you joy—you're now on Spartan—

*Phil.* Ground,  
I guess you mean. The more should you take shame  
To make me thus set foot in a foe's country.

*Bdel.* Now, sir, the other foot.

*Phil.* I crave your pardon—  
I've a toe there of the true Attic breed,  
That hates your Spartan like the devil.

*Bdel.* Nay,—sir—  
Indeed it must be done.

*Phil.* Wretch that I am,  
And all this plague to cross my ripest years too!

*Bdel.* Quick: quick: you trifle with your shoeing—now,  
sir,

Forward, and let your gait be such as suits  
A man, whose purse is full: easy and tripping,  
Like Salaconius'!

*Phil.* Have at you then : (*struts about*)  
 Mark my costume, my bearing and my gait :  
 And tell me now, of all our wealthies whom I  
 Resemble most.

*Bdel.* Nay to my mind there's nought  
 So much resembles thee, as a fresh wound  
 That has a coat of garlic plaster on't!—  
 But come—suppose now you frequent with wits  
 And men of \*parts—with some of our great scholars,  
 Deep-read—full to a plethora with knowledge :  
 Have you such lofty topics of discourse  
 As may befit your company?

*Phil.* Nay, nay,  
 Leave me to entertain a parley with them.

*Bdel.* Produce your samples.

*Phil.* I've a thousand—boy :  
 Imprimis, I will tell them how the Lamia  
 Was caught—and, save the mark—smelt not of roses  
 In the taking, ha, boy ! next—observe 'me—how  
 Cardopion's mother—

*Bdel.* Trite, sir, trite !—the figments  
 Of " th'olden time"—mere day-dreams of the nursery :—

\* Literally, *right-handed men*. right-handed men and left-handed  
 Of the superstitions of the Greeks, men grew necessarily out of these  
 as directed by right and left, it is ominous opinions as common terms  
 unnecessary to speak ; the epithets of eulogy and reproach.

Your tales of men and manners; facts, home facts,  
Have you of these, sir?

*Phil.* I'm familiar with them.

*Bdel.* A case, a case, sir.

*Phil.* "Once upon a time.

A weasel and a mouse"—

*Bdel.* Hold, in heaven's name—

Why man! this savours strongly of \*Theagenes,

"Dolt, blockhead, idiot, left-handed wretch,

('Twas thus he took a scavenger to task).

What! to bring mice and weasels 'twixt the wind.

And nose of our nobility?"

*Phil.* What would you then?

*Bdel.* Something that smacks of grandeur and magnificence :—

Your Holy Mission—there—with the two props

O'th' church—good † Androcles and pious Cleisthenes.

*Phil.* Mission!—Commission, boy, you mean: yes, yes,  
I trail'd a pike at Paros—by the token

(*sighs*) I pouch'd a brace of obols for my services.

*Bdel.* Then shift your tone: tell how Epheudion box'd

\* Theagenes is noted by the Scholiast, as a person not in the best possible odour at the time.

† Androcles and Cleisthenes were men of infamous lives. For

an account of the sacred Athenian embassies, called *thespias*, see a delightful chapter in the French Anacharsis.

And wrestled with Ascondas—how the man  
Was old and grey; but then stout-ribb'd, strong-handed,  
With bowels and a breast of steel.

*Phil.*

Go to,

Go to! as if men wrestled here \*steel-breasted!

*Bdel.* And yet 'tis thus our sophists and our wits  
Discourse.—Again—suppose you've foreigners  
At table, sir, when vanity is most  
On the alert—What have you that smacks richest  
Of mettle in your youthful days, to tell of?

*Phil. (eagerly)* There I am with you, boy! (*pauses,*  
*then emphatically*) the very prime

And top of all my feats was when I stole

†Ergasion's vine-props. Eh! what sayst, my younker?

*Bdel.* A plague upon your vine-props! vine-props, quotha!  
A chase, a hunt; a hare well run to death;  
Or a wild boar spear'd—have you none of these  
To play the braggart on?—mayhap a victory  
Won at the festival of †Torches:—good now,

\* A play of words upon the double meaning of the word *Σαφαξ*. To a people so fond of punning as the Athenians, the favourite exercise of the palæstra naturally furnished many, the humour of which can now be but faintly appreciated.

† It is clearly the object of the

poet to hold up the judicial character to contempt; and the insolent and oppressive manner in which the office of dicast was discharged must have made this ridicule very agreeable to great part of the audience.

‡ The festival of torches, celebrated in the Cerameicus, was in-

Bethink you, sir :—some enterprize of pith  
And moment sure, your earlier days afford.

*Phil. (meditates)* Nay, boy, I have't—a feat most brilliant too—

Observe—'twas how Phayllus—he—the racer,  
Abused me, gave me scurrilous language—how  
I fil'd my action 'gainst him;—how I cast him  
By \*two good votes, and I but yet,—observe,  
A lubber not thus high. What sayst to that?

*Bdel.* Enough, enough—now sit ye down, and learn  
To feed and take your dinner like a gentleman.

*Phil.* Pleasant enough! and how wouldst have me sit?

*Bdel.* With decency, and like a man of fashion—

*Phil.* As thus? (*putting himself into a ridiculous attitude*)

*Bdel.* Nay, spare my eyes.

*Phil.* Or, thus?

stituted in honour of Prometheus, country. From the use of torches and it recorded the invention of fire. and lamps thus introduced into The candidate who ran the course their religious ceremonies, came without extinguishing the torch the practice of burning them at the which he carried in his hand, shrines of illustrious personages. claimed the victory. The use of *Athen. Letters*, vol. ii. p. 96. The reader need not be reminded of this lamps and torches, both in religious worship and for the purposes of custom as still prevailing in catholic common life was claimed by the countries. Egyptians as their invention. A \* This is in perfect keeping with grand festival called the festival of the character of the old dicast. the lighting of lamps was solemn Phayllus has been mentioned in nised with peculiar devotion in that the Acharnians.

*Bdel.*

In mercy.—

Observe—your legs should be extended, thus;

Your limbs easy and free, like one well practis'd

In his gymnastics.—Mark me, I beseech you.

Then you commend the plate, or cast an eye

Upon the fretted roof; perchance the curtains

May claim a look of passing admiration.\*

*(affecting to call to his slaves)* Hoa, there within! bring

† water for our hands—

\* Strictly speaking, all this fell within the province of the professed flatterer and parasite; as we learn from an independent fellow of the profession, evidently more intent upon the perquisites of his office, than the duties which were to acquire them.

Makes some rich squire

A banquet, and am I among the guests?

Mark me: I cast no idle eye of observation

On mouldings or on fretted roof: I deign not

With laudatory breath to ask, if hands

From Corinth form'd and fashion'd the wine-coolers:

These trouble not my cap.—I watch and note

*(And with most deep intensity of vision)*

What smoke the cook sends up: mounts it me full

And with alacrity and perpendicular?

All joy and transport I: I crow and clap

My wings for very extasy of heart!

Does it come sidelong, making wayward angles,

Embodied into no consistency?

I know the mournful signal well, and straight

Prepare me for a bloodless feast of herbs.—*Diphilus in Athenæo.*

† At Greek meals ablutions were performed both before and after eating.

Bring in the tables : \* quick ! set on the dishes :

'Tis done ! the banquet's ended, hands are wash'd ;

Libations made,—

*Phil.* Aye, in a dream I grant ye—

*Bdel.* A strain from the attending Lyrist follows.

Then, for your fellow-drinkers, there are met

Theorus, Cleon, Æschines, and Phanus,

And a rough fellow at Acestor's side

Of the same fashion as himself—you join

The circle—well—† catches go round—let's see

How you will bear your part—

*Phil.* Nay, for a song,

Not one of all our ‡ mountaineers excels me.

*Bdel.* To the proof—suppose me Cleon—good : what next ?

\* It appears from *Ath.* l. ii. 60. that this was the custom in Athenian houses ; the practice prevails in Greece to this day. *Douglas*, p. 143.

† In the original, *Scolia*, songs sung at the entertainments of the ancients. Some, according to Archbishop Potter, were humorous and satirical ; others were of an amorous description ; and many of them turned upon the most serious topics, upon points of morality, upon practical exhortations or sentences, and upon the praises and actions of

illustrious men. It appears further, that of these songs, some were sung by the whole company joining in a chorus ; others by all the company in their turns, and a third sort by some few who were best skilled in music ; this last was termed *scolium*, from a Greek word signifying crooked, as being sung out of course, and not by every man in his own place like the two former.

‡ Alluding to the division of the Athenians into the men of the mountain, men of the plain, and men of the sea.



I chant a stanza from Harmodius—good—

You take me up—Now I begin.

*(preludes, then sings)*

*“ Burgh and city, hill and dale,  
Search them all—and mark my tale ;—  
You’ll not find in Attic land—*

*Phil. (preludes, then sings)*

*’Mong the little or the great  
For this knave a duplicate,  
Take him either tongue or hand.”*

*Bdel.* ’Twill cost your life to utter such a speech :  
He’ll bellow endless exile, ruin, death,  
Within your ears.

*Phil.* Then I’ve another strain :  
*“ Stop and pause, madd’ning wretch, hold thy phrenzied career !  
’Tis for Athens I plead, ’tis for her I show fear :  
Impending destruction hangs over her walls :  
The bolt’s shot—all is over—she totters, she falls !”*

*Bdel.* Put case, Theorus then, your next-hand neighbour,  
Grasp hard at Cleon’s hand and chaunt as follows.

*“ As the story-books tell  
In old times it befell,  
That Admetus—but read and you’ll know, sirs,  
For the gallant and brave,  
Who think light of a grave,  
How the heart-springs more cheerily flow, sirs.”*

What ready answer have you now to that?

*Phil.* An answer, boy, full, loud and musical.

*From sycophants base*

*Who are looking for place,*

*Jove in mercy thy servant defend!*

*From tricksters that fawn*

*Upon purple or lawn;*

*But most from a two-sided friend!*

Then you have Æschines,

A man of parts and a right delicate ear,

And he sets off as follows.

*Fair Cleitagora and I,*

*And the men of Thessaly,*

*Once a day had wealth in store;—*

*But theirs is gone—and woe is me!*

*For mine lies buried in the sea;*

*Live he who helps my purse to more!*

*Bdel.* You know these matters to a nicety;—

But come,

Supper awaits us, sir, at Philoclemon's.

(*speaks to a servant*) Harkye, lad, take your chest and lay

\* therein—

That we may have wherewith to make us merriment.

\* The custom among the ancients of the guests bringing their own share of the entertainment has already been noticed in the Achæans.

*Phil.* Nay, an you love me, son, beware of drink !—  
 No wine ;—from wine come blows—breaking of doors—  
 Casting of stones : home reels my drunkard, dozes  
 Away his head-ache, wakes at morn, and finds  
 He has most swinging damages to pay.

*Bdel.* Not if you drink with gentlemen ; d'ye mark me ?  
 For I speak not of ragamuffins : have you  
 Err'd then ? some friend begs pardon, and th' offence  
 Is quash'd : or else yourself tell pleasant tales  
 From \* *Æsop* or the *Sybarites* ;—such tales  
 As we are wont to hear at merry-makings.  
 The plaintiff smiles, and you're anon acquitted.

*Phil.* Aye, is it so, old true-penny ? then be it  
 My aim (and sure the end will pay the labour)  
 To learn a stock of these same tales, which wipe  
 Offence, and put a salve on mischief ; now then  
 I'm at your service, boy : away, away,  
 Let nought our project stop nor breed delay.

*(exennt ambo.)*

\* The Scholiast makes a difference between the fables of the *Sybarites* and those of *Æsop*, which the reader might not expect : the one, he says, related to the actions of men, and the other to those of animals. They served, like the old *Fabliaux*, as well in name as in

purport, to enliven the feast, and repay hospitality. That these were the uses of the latter, see the writer of the "*Prestre qui ot mere à force*," t. iii. 190. *Barbazan's Fabliaux* ; and *Jean le Chapelain*, in his "*Dit*" of the *Sacristan of Clugny*, t. iii. preface ix.

## SCENE II.

## CHORUS.

After much and long reflexion I this last conclusion draw,  
 That for smart right-handed wisdom none my equal ever saw.  
 But your branded and \*left-handed folly I beg leave to pass,  
 That and more, sirs, at the door, sirs, drop I of †Amyni-Ass.

\* Left-handedness is a term of reproach not peculiar to the Greeks. The excellent old French satirist Gautier de Coinsi denounces a serious punishment for those who serve our lady "à mains esclanches;" and Quevedo, the Spanish author, has, in his *Visions*, detailed the punishment of left-handed persons at a considerable length. Speaking of some scenes he had witnessed in Hell, the author says, "When I had laughed my fill at these fooleries, my next discovery was of a great number of people, grumbling and muttering, that there was nobody who look'd after them; as if their tails were not as well worth the toasting as their neighbours. This made me ask, who they were, and a devil told me (with respect) that they were a company of ungracious, *left-handed* wretches, that could do nothing aright. And their grievance was

that they were quarter'd by themselves.—In the world," continues this communicative devil, "they are lookt upon as ill omens; and let any man meet one of them, upon a journey in the morning, fasting; 'tis the same thing as if a hare had cross't the way upon him; he presently turns head in a discontent, and goes to bed again. It was the curse of an old woman to a fellow that had vexed her, that he might go to the devil by the stroke of a left-handed man."—*L'Estrange's Quevedo. Vision of Hell*, p. 219.

† The poet, in this little CHORUS, plays upon Ameinias the Archon, at once parsimonious and foppish. As a law provided that none of those distinguished magistrates should be brought upon the stage, the poet alters the orthography of the name, and makes a change in his family, which affords him also

A scion is he  
 Of that large family ;  
 Whose thought and whose care  
 Centre whole in their hair,  
 Of whatever degree,  
 Rank or kind it may be,  
 Full-bottom, tie, perriwig, curl, or \* toupee.  
 I saw (under grace)  
 This hair-braider, in place  
 Of his rude daily fare—  
 —A pomegranate and pear,—  
 Supping lately in state  
 As † Leogoras' mate.  
 He plough'd in his might—(*a pause*)  
 He hath sharp appetite—(*a pause*)

a lash at Æschines. Ameinias is ridiculed by the other comic writers of that day, particularly for his misconduct in an embassy to Pharsalus.

\* The particular mode of dressing the hair, ridiculed in the text, is that which the Greeks called *Crobylus*. The greatest philosophers have not been superior to these little fopperies. Aristotle's attention to his hair has been commemorated in history, (in *Diog.*

*Laert.* i. 208. *Ælian*, iii. 19.) and the biographer of Descartes takes care to observe, that he was very particular about his wigs; that he had them manufactured at Paris, and that he always kept four of them.

† Leogoras is handed down to us as a great gourmand, particularly in the article of pheasants. He was the father of Andocides the Rhetorician.

And to give him his due,  
 So hath \* Antiphon too.  
 On a mission late sent  
 He to † Pharsalus went—  
 And of whom there the guest he?  
 Why of all the ‡ Penestæ:  
 And so it should be ;—  
 For if rank penury  
 Be a term right in place  
 For that thrice scurvy race,  
 One and all will agree,  
 Of that fair company,

That none could be more a Penestan than he.

SEMI-CHOR. § A rumour has gone,

I am told, through the town,

\* There were several persons of this name conspicuous in Athenian history, (see Peter Van Spaan's *Dissertation de Antiphonte Oratore Attico*; and John Taylor in *Lectonibus Lysiæ*.) The person here satirised seems to have been the diviner and dream-interpreter of that name.

† Pharsalus, one of the largest cities in Thessaly, stood in one of those beautiful situations, which Greece so frequently offers to the

traveller. The affairs of Thessaly often break upon the reader of Grecian history with an air of romance, but never more than on that occasion when Pharsalus was added to the confederacy formed under that extraordinary man, JASON of Pheræ. *Xenophon's Hellenics*.

‡ The Penestæ were nearly to the Thessalians, what the wretched Helots were to the Spartans, and the Clarots to the people of Crete.

§ This obscure Antistrophe, as

That your poet and Cleon  
 Private terms did agree on,  
 At that time there—when shearing  
 And rending and tearing  
 He thought by a brush  
 To upset me and crush.—  
 Worn and torn to the skin,  
 True, I rais'd a loud din;  
 But my pains pity none  
 From the by-standers won :—  
 A laugh and a shout  
 Threw the rude rabble out,  
 And gaping Surprize  
 Stood with wide staring eyes,  
 To note and to see  
 If extreme misery  
 Should wring from my smart  
 Something biting and tart.  
 I mark'd in my turn  
 This their rough unconcern,  
 And, vex'd at the heart,  
 I descended—in part—

Mr. Gray remarks, relates to some  
 transaction between Cleon and the  
 poet, of which we know little :—  
 the conclusion of it does not alto-

gether correspond with the bold  
 uncompromising character which  
 is put forth in the parabasis of the  
 play.

To an ape's cunning wiles :  
I had words, I had smiles :  
I spoke, on my creed,  
In smooth accent and bland ;——  
Cleon lent on a \*reed,  
And it went through his hand.

\* Literally—*the vine was deceived in what it expected to be its prop*,  
apparently an Athenian proverb.

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## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

XANTHIAS, CHORUS.

*Xant. (rubbing himself)* Well now: if bliss be measur'd  
by the skin,

Commend me, friends, I say, unto the tortoise.  
There show'rs of blows may fall, and no harm done,  
In such a crust hath bounteous nature cas'd him.  
For me, let a mere stick but cross these shoulders,  
And I am a dead man.

CHOR.                      What ails thee, lad?  
For lad I needs must call who feels the whip,  
Tho' time tell other tale upon his face.

*Xant.* Lookye—Was ever such a reprobate  
As this old gentleman of ours?—a guest  
More petulant or with a fouler mouth  
I never witness'd yet, and, my good masters,  
That's a bold word to say, where Antiphon,  
And Hippylus, and Theophrastus, Lycon,  
Lysistratus, and Phrynicus are met  
At table—first, he stuff'd and made him high  
With wine: then fell to leaping, dancing, shouting.

And all the antics of an ass o'erstuff'd  
 With roasted barley—then 'twas “ Boy—do this,”  
 “ Boy—I command you that”—each word between  
 Commended with a show'r of lusty blows.  
 Lysistratus, who kept an eye upon him,  
 Had soon his biting jests and mock similitudes.  
 He talk'd of *\* lees most recently enrich'd,*  
*And bailiffs who take refuge in a straw-yard.*  
 The other rais'd a shout, and twitted him  
 With *locusts which have cast a thread-bare cloak.*  
 Then talk'd of † Sthenelus, “ *who put to sale*  
*His furniture for very want and poverty.*”  
 This drew from all a thunder of applause,  
 Save ‡ Theophrastus, who wants neither sense  
 Nor breeding. Well: the senior saw him turn  
 And bite his lips. Anon the storm fell there:  
 “ And whence,” quoth he, “ this air of daintiness  
 In Theophrastus: him, forsooth, who has

\* It is not quite clear to what these two facetious disputants allude. The “ lees recently enriched” may possibly refer to the improvement of the old dicast's person and manners under the care of his son. The straw-yard is perhaps an allusion to the old proverb, “ the ass has made his way

to the straw-yard:” bailiff is substituted for ass in reference to the dicast's employment. The locust and thread-bare cloak are terms easily understood.

† Sthenelus is said to have been a mime and a tragic actor.

‡ It is not known who this Theophrastus was.

A smutty tale for ev'ry rich man's table?  
 Lickspit and flatterer both! to me this forehead!"  
 Thus were his insults dealt to all in turn,  
 Mix'd up with rustic taunts and jibes, and larded  
 With idle fables, such as had no reference  
 To what was passing at the time. What would you  
 Have on't? The wine soon mounts into his head,  
 And he betakes him to the street, there cudgelling  
 Each passenger he meets—But yonder see  
 He comes, stumbling at ev'ry step: I'll off  
 While yet the cudgel's at a distance. (*exit*)

## SCENE H.\*

PHILOCLEON, BDLYCLEON, CHORUS, SINGING-GIRL.

*Phil. (to* } Helter, skelter,  
*the crowd)* } To hole and to shelter:  
 Foot or hand that first nears me,  
 Good blow shall be dealt her.

\* The dicast, as just come from a singing-girl in the other; he is a nightly entertainment, enters followed by a crowd of persons with a torch in one hand, and leads whom he has insulted in the streets.

• See ye this flambeau?

He that has felt her,

Knows blisters ensue

Wherever I melt her.

*Bdel.* To-morrow's sun shall see thee shent for this,  
And sorely too—thou most incorrigible!  
Aye, brave it as you will, my youthful spark,  
To-morrow, mark, we muster all our corps  
And summon thee to justice—

*Phil.* Summon! d—n him  
He lacks original opinions! Summon!  
Where did he get the term? 'tis obsolete—  
Can't stomach it, I tell ye. Summon, quotha!  
I know of none, but what these lips hold out—  
(Buss me, you \*wench! (*to the singing girl*)—again, you  
little grass-hopper!)—  
And—hiccup!—down with ballot-boxes—what sayst  
To that, old Statute-book? (*to Bdel. who is retiring*)—(*to  
the crowd*) Eh! sirs, have we  
No place, no reverence, that thus you press

\* The old gentleman grows very powerful, as Mrs. Millemant terms it, in the following scene; and several retrenchments and alterations have been necessary; but

certainly in the original, the whole, though a coarse, is not an unfaithful picture of the overflowings of a drunken and uncultivated person like the Athenian dicast.

Upon our steps?—but where's my man of law, (*looks about for his son*)

My precedent, my little three\* obols? Gone?

Gone to the winds, so let him go.—This way (*speaks to the singing-girl*)

My golden butterfly—(*sings*) now we go up,

Up, up—here, use an old man's arm—harder on't—

'Tis old but equal to the burthen, wench:

And didn't I compass things most cleverly

To steal you as I did from those same merry-makers?

Oddsheart! those rude and frolicking roisterers—

What now, you little giggling thing! dost pay me

With a horse-laugh for't?—hiccup! (*steady, boys,*

*Steady!*—) but that's the way with you young wenches

O' the singing school: well, well, be a good child—

And use an old man kindly; and, harkye, girl,

Soon as I've put my boy beneath the turf,

I'll make thee mistress of my house—I will—

At present I'm not master of my own,

D'ye see: (*Sighs*) for sooth I'm young and serve a wardship

Unto my son—'tis a dear skin-flint—crusty

Withal—and scrapes his radishes; confound him!

A sneaking, pitiful, † cummin-splitting fellow,

\* As we should say of a lawyer  
in English, *my six-and-eight-pence*.

† This proof of Athenian nig-  
gardliness in splitting and dimi-

Still troubled with the megrims, lest myself  
 Or property should go to waste. *..(weeps)* For I'm  
 His only one—he'hath neither chick nor child  
 But me—his all in all, and wherewithal.  
 But yonder see, he comes, as the north wind.  
 Were in his tail and he must drive before it.  
 Stand by me, girl—and hold this torch—ecod.  
 I'll banter him a little—'twas his way  
 With me, ere I was of the \*Mysteries.

*Bdel.* So, sir, a wench must serve your purpose, must it!  
 You whose sole suit should be unto your coffin!  
 Think'st to escape for this? Nay, by this light,  
 But thou shalt suffer for't.

*Phil.* Where are we now?  
 What is our stomach ripe for suits, old vinegar?

*Bdel.* None of your rude scurrilities to me:  
 How dar'st thou steal this minstrel from the guests,  
 And rob the feast of its most lovely portion?

nishing the most trifling articles at table, is admitted by Aristotle into his characteristics of that quality. In *Ethicis*, c. iv. p. 141.

\* As there was something awful in the Mysteries, it is probable that those who had passed the ordeal, used to play upon such persons as were preparing to undergo the initiation. Or the passage

may allude to the scurrilous and indecent jests, which, with the usual Athenian love of strong contrast, formed part of the ceremonial. (See *Bentley's Dissert. on Phalaris.*) For a similar practice among the Egyptians in the great sacrifice performed at Bubastus, see the *Athenian Letters*.

*Phil.* Listen :—when I was at the Games (a mere Spectator, mind,) there wrestled with Ascondas  
 A man in years, yclep'd Epheudion.  
 The lusty senior levell'd fist and beat  
 The youngster to the ground :—speaks the tale clearly,  
 Or must black eyes (*throws himself into a boxing attitude*)  
 and bruises, say, enforce it?

*Bdel. (drawing back.)* Thy matter is well conn'd; thou  
 hast not seen  
 The games for nought.

## SCENE III.

*Characters as before, PANARIA.*

*Panaria, or Baking-woman.* Help, in heaven's name I ask  
 it!

Stand by me, sir, (*to Bdel.*) and right an injur'd woman!  
 This knave (he and no other) has clean ruined me.  
 By the same sign, he struck me with that torch,  
 Whereby I lost ten loaves, each worth an obol;—  
 Add four that topp'd the burthen, and . . .

*Bdel. (to Phil.)* Dost hear,

Dost see, dost mark all this?—Thou roisterer!  
 More suits than this that drunken bout will yet,  
 I fear, engender—

*Phil.* To the winds with fear!

Tut, man! a merry tale heals all. My word

Upon't, this wench and I remain not long  
At strife.

*Pan. (chafing.)* Well, well! as I'm a person now,  
It shall not be without some taste of danger.  
No: an my name be Myrtia, (daughter, look-ye!)  
To Sostratë and good Ancylicon,  
My precious wares shall not be lost for nothing!

*Phil.* List, my good woman, I've a tale to tell thee.

*Pan.* Tales! Tales anan! Tales serve not here, believe  
me.

*Phil.* But list. *Once ('twas returning from a banquet)*  
*A bold and drunken bitch 'gan bark at Æsop:*  
*"Bitch," quoth the fabulist, "if that foul tongue*  
*Of thine could purchase thee a crust, why, bitch,*  
*It were clear proof of sense to bark: if otherwise"—*

*Pan.* What! flouted, mock'd! Observe I summon thee,  
Be who thou wilt, before the market-officers,  
For damage done unto my goods and chattels.—  
Be this same Chærephon\* my witness.

*Phil.*

List

Again, and mark if I speak properly.

*A contest rose 'twixt † Lasus and Simonides,*

\* Chærephon was one of the scholars and friends of Socrates. He prosecuted his studies with such application and intensesness,

that he brought on himself a duskiness of countenance, which gained him the nickname of the Bat.

† Lasus of Hermione, according



(*The day has long gone by*) *who show'd most mastery*

*In music—" 'tis a \*matter claims no interest*

*In me,"* quoth Lasus!

*Pan.* (*fretting*)

So! so! so!

*Phil.*

Why, Chærephon,

Thou'rt witness to a woman made of buckthorn!—

E'en such another, faith,—so pale, so woe-begone,—

Euripides suspended on a rock,

And call'd her Ino.†

*Bdel.*

Yonder comes, methinks,

Another plaintiff! Mark, and he too brings

His witness with him.

#### SCENE IV.

*Characters as before.*—PLAINTIFF, WITNESS.

*Plaint.*

Oh! oh! oh! I'm bruised!

I'm murder'd!—in this presence here I charge

This senior with most rude assault and battery!

to Suidas, lived in the 58th Olympiad; and, as that writer adds, he was by some ranked among the seven wise men in the room of Periander. He was the first who wrote a book upon music, and originated the Dithyrambic contest. Some foolish stories of him are told in the seventh book of Athenæus. It was this Lasus, according to Herodotus, (*Polymnia*, c. 6.) who detected the interpolations of Ono-

macritus, mentioned in the Comedy of the Knights.

\* This *mot*, which passed into a proverb, has also been ascribed to Hippocleides on the occasion which lost him the hand of the daughter of Cleisthenes, king of Sicyon. See the account of that romantic event in the French *Anacharsis*, t. iii. p. 458. It is derived from the Erato of Herodotus, c. 126—130.

† Euripides in *Medæa*, 1282—89.

*Bdel.* With battery! Heav'n in its mercy now  
 Forbid! (*to Plaintiff*) Harkye, sir, name your damages;  
 Myself will pay them, and owe thanks to boot.

*Phil.* Let be, let be—I'll make my peace myself.  
 First I confess, that I assail'd the man;  
 Nay, further, that I beat him: hither, friend—  
 Rests it with me to name a compensation,  
 Or will yourself explain, what sum may spread  
 A salve upon these wounds?

*Plain.* Nay, for that matter  
 E'en let it rest with you:—for me, sirs, I am  
 A man of peace and quietness, and hate  
 A \*law-suit as I hate the devil.

*Phil.* List now:  
*There was a Sybarite once who, lacking skill  
 In horses, yet must needs turn charioteer.  
 Fate threw him from his car; and the fall, mark me,  
 Engender'd on his head a huge contusion.  
 A friend came up, and what th' advice he gave him?  
 'Twas this: "Practise no art," quoth he, "henceforth,  
 In which thou'rt not a master." Hence away*

The story of Ino throwing herself  
 from a high rock into the sea, and  
 the occasion of this violence, are  
 too well known to need repetition.

\* He must have been a very ex-  
 traordinary Athenian, entertaining  
 such a disposition.

To Pittalus:\* by the same rule he'll find

A salve for thee.

*Bdel.* This tallies with the rest.

*Plaint. (to his Witness)* You'll please to bear this answer  
well in memory.

*Phil.* A word before you go; "*It chanced in Sybaris*  
*A woman broke a pitcher.*"

*Plaint. (to witness.)* Mark: for this too  
May ask an attestation.

*Phil.* *Pitcher straight*  
*Look'd out his witness; good! he summon'd her*  
*Before the Justice: "Pitcher," quoth th' offender,*  
*"Hadst thou let go this attestation, Pitcher,*  
*And look'd thee out a bandage for thy wound,*  
*It would have smack'd much more of sense."*†

\* Pittalus has been mentioned in the Acharnians as one of the public physicians at Athens.

† The Spanish stage, like the Grecian, is no stranger to this mode of introducing little tales and fables into its comic dialogue. Calderon more particularly abounds in them: see his delightful comedies '*La Dama Duende*' and '*El Secreto a Voces*.' From the *Magicata* of Moratin, (one of the latest, and if

not the most original, one of the most excellent of Spanish dramatists,) it should seem that this taste is not yet abandoned.—*El Teatro Espanol*, Numero xv. p. 471. It may be questioned, whether even the rabble of Athens would have tolerated the following tale, which a Spanish Gracioso gives as a case in point to an accomplished princess.

"Con una Dama teñia  
Un galan conversacion;  
Y gozando la occasion

*Plaint.*

Nay, cease not—

Scoff till the matter come before the court.

## SCENE V.

BDELYCLEON, PHILOCLEON, CHORUS.

*Bdel.* So help me, heav'n, thou stay'st no longer here,  
But by the waist I'll seize thee—

*Phil.*

And what then?

*Bdel.* Force thee within the house. If I forbear,  
So many summon thee, that witnesses  
Will fail them.

Un piojo, entre si decía :  
Ahora no se rascara,  
Bien (sin zozobra, ni miedo)  
Comer a mi salvo puedo.  
El Galan, cansado ya  
Del encarnizado enojo,  
A hurto de la tal belleza,  
Metió con gran ligereza  
Los dedos, e hizo al piojo  
Prisionero de aquel saco.  
Volvió la Dama al instante,  
Y halló la mano a su amante  
A fuer de tomar tabaco ;  
Y preguntó con severo  
Semblante, porque no hubiera  
Otro alli, que lo entendiera :  
" Murió ya aquel Caballero ?  
Y el muy desembarazado,  
La mano asi, respondió :  
No señora, aun no murió,  
Pero esta muy apretado."

*Phil.* — *In the case of Æsop once*  
*The Delphians—*

*Bdel.* “ ’Tis a matter claims no interest  
*In me”—*

*Phil.* *Made charge that he had filch’d a cup*  
*From Phœbus: what said Æsop? he made answer,*  
*That once the beetle—*

*Bdel.* Hold, hold, by the gods,  
 Or this same beetle tale will prove my death.

*[Philocleon is forced out by his son.]*

CH. (*as he*) Happy greybeard art thou!

*retires*)

To thy fortunes I bow!

That mode of life rude,

Hard, crusty and crude,

To the winds thou mayst give,

And with gentlemen live!

Old habits to change

Is a thing hard and strange;

And yet there have been,

Who by changing the scene,

And haunting with men

Of a different ken,

New manners have taken,

And old ones forsaken.

None meantime will deny

That, at least, will not I,

(Nor any, not winking .  
 At a wrong way of thinking)  
 All respect to the son  
 Who such wisdom hath shown.  
 In a way quite his own  
 All my senses he won;  
 And I madden'd for joy,  
 As I heard the sweet boy.  
 For well did he battle  
 His father's wild prattle,  
 His pro and his con  
 He put down one by one,  
 Showing neatly by logic  
 That wise was the project,  
 Engend'ring desire  
 T'embellish his sire,  
 And fit him, tho' late,  
 Both for grandeur and state.

## SCENE VI.\*

XANTHIAS, CHORUS, PHILOCLEON, BDELYCLEON.

*Xant. (to the Chorus.)* Now, by good liquor, sure some  
 god hath slipt

The knot of all untoward things, and roll'd them

\* In the following scene the ridicule is levelled at the dances used on the stage, and more particularly at the *ικλαντισμος*, a dance much

In a huge flood upon our house! Our senior  
 Had given long time unto his cups, when lo!  
 Flute-music came across him. At the sound  
 He started, let himself all loose to joy,  
 And a whole night is telling, while he practises  
 The steps and dances\* which the emulate pride  
 Of ancient Thespis first brought into vogue.  
 As for our modern masters—tut! he swears them  
 Mere idiots, and is ready to give proof,  
 That they are bankrupts in the mighty art.

*Phil. (speaks from within.)* Who holds the door in stern  
 and watchful state?

*Xant.* The madman's loose, and makes for post and gate.

*Phil.* Throw wide the bolts, (*enters dancing,*) the mea-  
 sur'd steps begin—

*Xant.* To call it phrenzy would be no great sin.

*Phil. (dancing.)* The twisted side the forceful motion  
 owns;

Lows the wide nostril, and the back-bone groans.

*Xant.* He raves—he is possest—drench him with helle-  
 bore.

used by the Grecian women, and  
 of which the chief excellence con-  
 sisted in throwing the heels higher  
 than the shoulders.

\* The ancient poets, says Athe-  
 næus, as Thespis, Pratines, Car-

cinus, and Phrynicus, were called  
*αρχαῖαι*, (dancers,) because they  
 not only used much dancing in  
 the CHORUSES of their plays, but  
 taught the art to such as wished to  
 learn it.

*Phil. (dancing.)* Like the spurr'd cock, by fierce opponent crost,

Strikes Phrynichus\*—(*kicking at the slave.*)

*Xant. (rubbing himself.)* The art is not yet lost.

*Phil. (practises.)* Float the long arms—

*Xant.* The case is clearly seen—

*Phil. (practises.)* Spread the wide thighs—

*Xant.* A ship might sail between—

*Phil. (practises.)* High spring his heels,

*Xant.* Your own are not in fault.

*Phil.* And win the heavens in a lusty vault.

Th' obedient knee-pan, loose and never still,

Twists, turns, and circles at the master's will:

*Bdel. (entering.)* Psha! psha! this is mere phrenzy, not agility.

*Phil.* List all—I stand and challenge rivalry.

Is there who prides him in the dancer's art?

I throw my voice and dare him to the trial:

'Tis to our modern playwrights I address me—

Give me a man that may contend with me—

I pause and wait for a reply: what none?

*Bdel.* One comes at least, who will not balk your fancy.

*Phil.* His name—his name—good wag?—

\* See Bentley's *Dissertation on Phalaris. Age of Tragedy.*



*Bdel.* 'Tis the middle spawn  
Of Carcinus.\*

*Phil.* I'll swallow him anon then.  
Oddsfish! I'll beat him into harmony!  
I'll teach him in a musical tattoo  
What are the rules of rhythm: surely the knave  
Has yet to learn then.

*Bdel.* More work for your heels, sir:  
Another crabbling, see, is coming forward,  
Own brother to the first.

*Phil.* Then gulp—I've swallow'd him.

*Bdel.* Save us! there's nought but crabs: a third advances,  
And still the rogue calls Carcinus his father.

*Phil.* His species, boykin? cruet or sea-spider?

*Bdel.* Nay Pinnoteer,† I think, might better suit him—  
'Tis a most dwarfish breed, and yet the marmoset  
Endites his tragedy!

*Phil.* Beshrew me, Carcinus,

\* Carcinus in Greek signifies a crab.—The reader is ill-versed in Aristophanes if he does not reckon upon having this pun pursued through the remainder of the present scene. Carcinus and his family are again ridiculed in our author's comedy of the Peace.

† The Pinnoteer is the smallest of crabs, and here serves to designate Xenocles, the tragedian, who seems to have excited the particular spleen of Aristophanes.—See his *Thesmophoriazuse*.

But thou art happy in thy offspring! Heav'ns, man!

The stage is fill'd with flimsy flutterers!

Well, I must harness me for this encounter—

(*To his son*) Be it your care to furnish me fit pickle.

If I should master this same race of shell-fish.

CH. (*to his troop.*) Friends, awhile now give way, and  
make room for their play,

thus straiten'd they hardly can frisk it:

A stage there, a stage! we'll sit here in our age,

and mark how these whirligigs whisk it!

Semi-CH. Children of a mighty Sire,

Water-gender'd, void of fire!

Now commence your rounds, and throw

To the winds the wanton toe.

By the ocean-skirted sand,

By the shingle and the strand,

Leap, till shrimps, a genial brood,

Claim fair kin and brotherhood.

Long continuous circles wheel,

Point the foot and lift the heel,

Leap till the spectator's gaze

Pay the marvel with his praise;

Leap till Wonder's self throw out

All her transports in a shout.

Semi-CH. Like the top beneath the scourge

Endless course and motion urge.

Upward let your legs be thrown,  
Till Jove find heav'n not all his own.

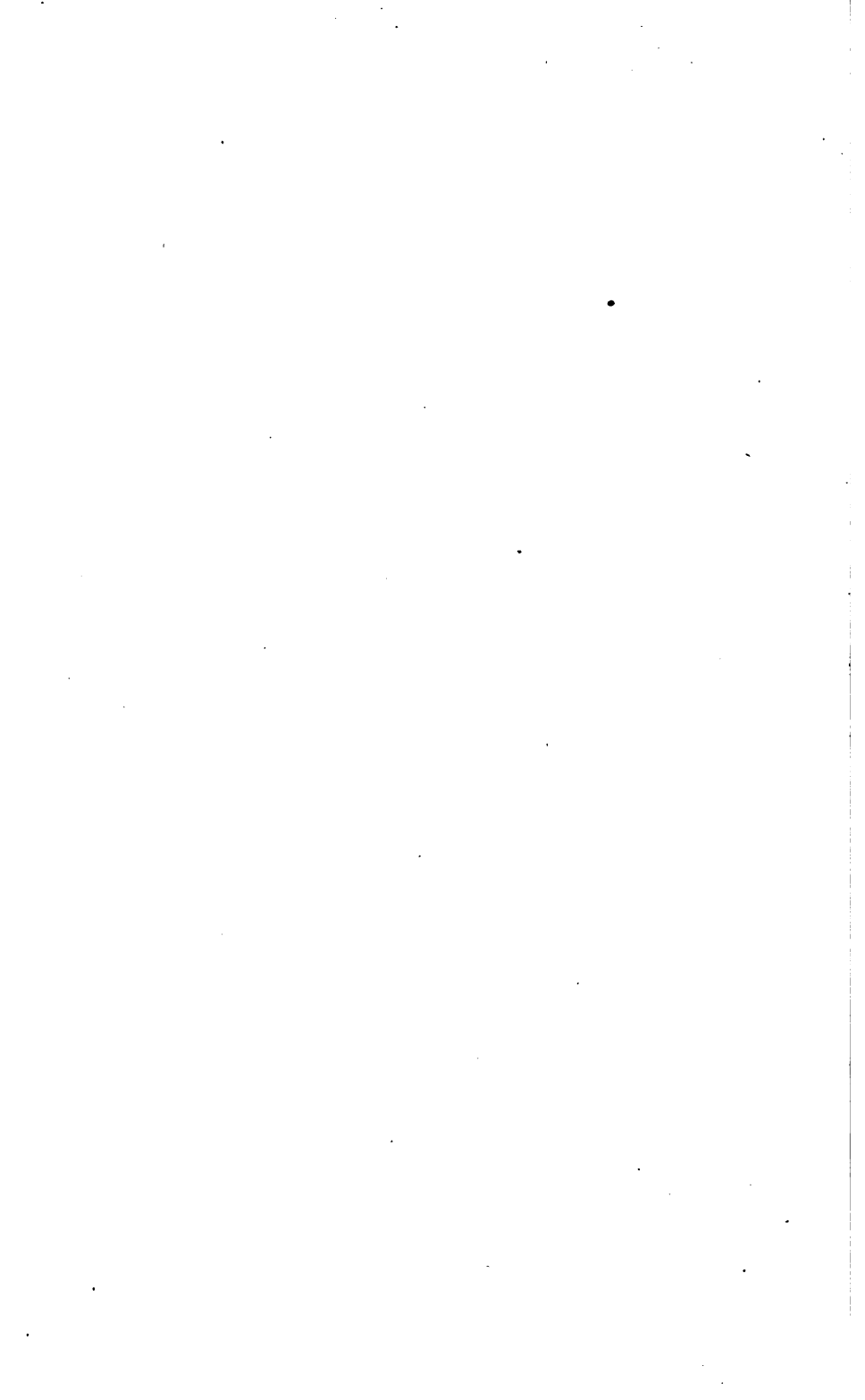
CH. And see, see, the King\* of the shell-fish advancing,  
And his offspring he joins, pirouetting and dancing!  
Delighted he moves—O the blessed community,  
They of dancers the Triad, and he, sirs, the Unity!  
My feet itch for a dance; would the bard do us pleasure,  
From the stage he'd dispatch us and treading a measure;  
Never yet liv'd his peer, who so master'd his art,  
As to bid all his troop in a galliard depart!

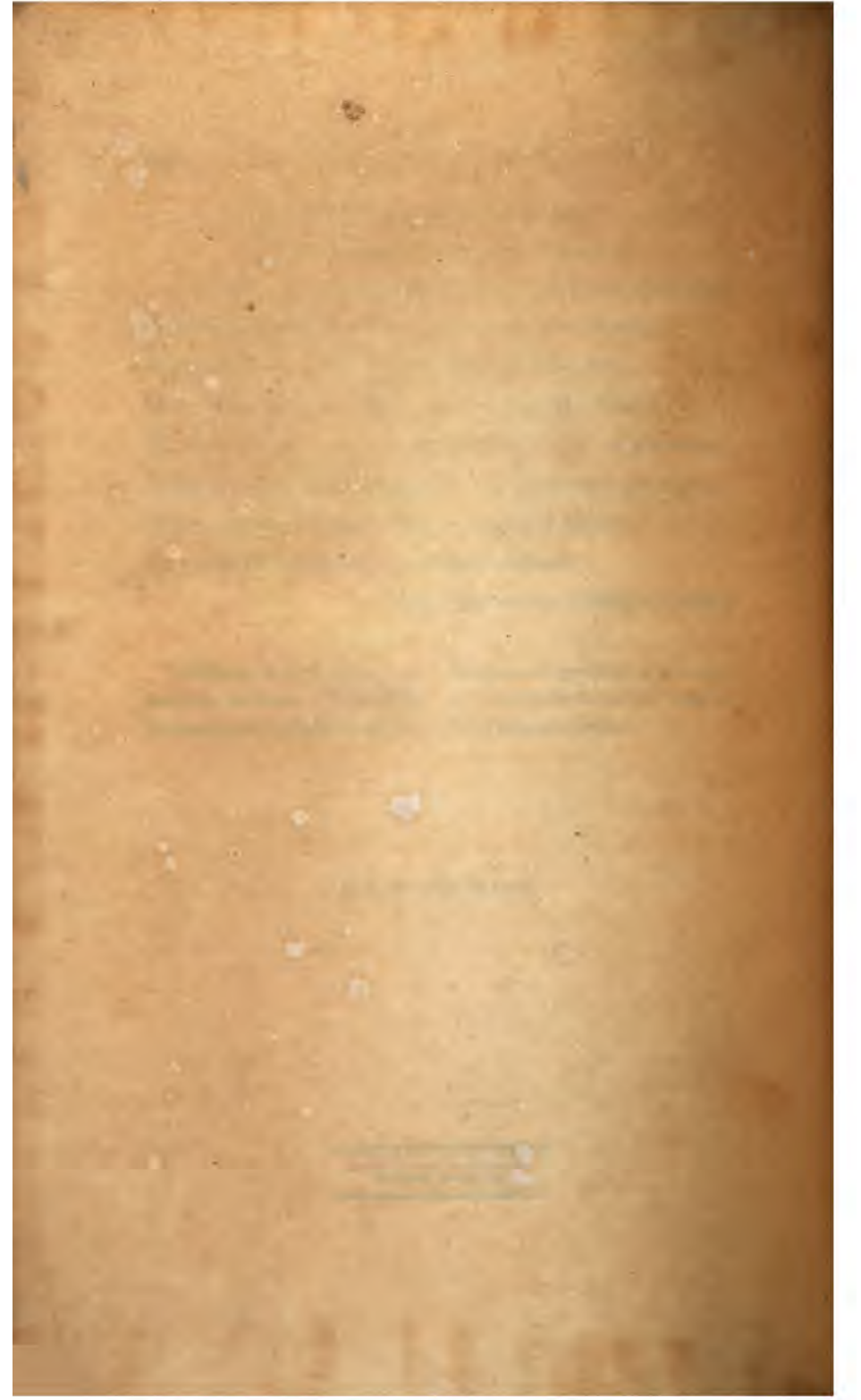
[*Exit Chorus in a grotesque dance.*]

\* Carcinus himself enters here and joins the dance. To make the burlesque more complete, the per-

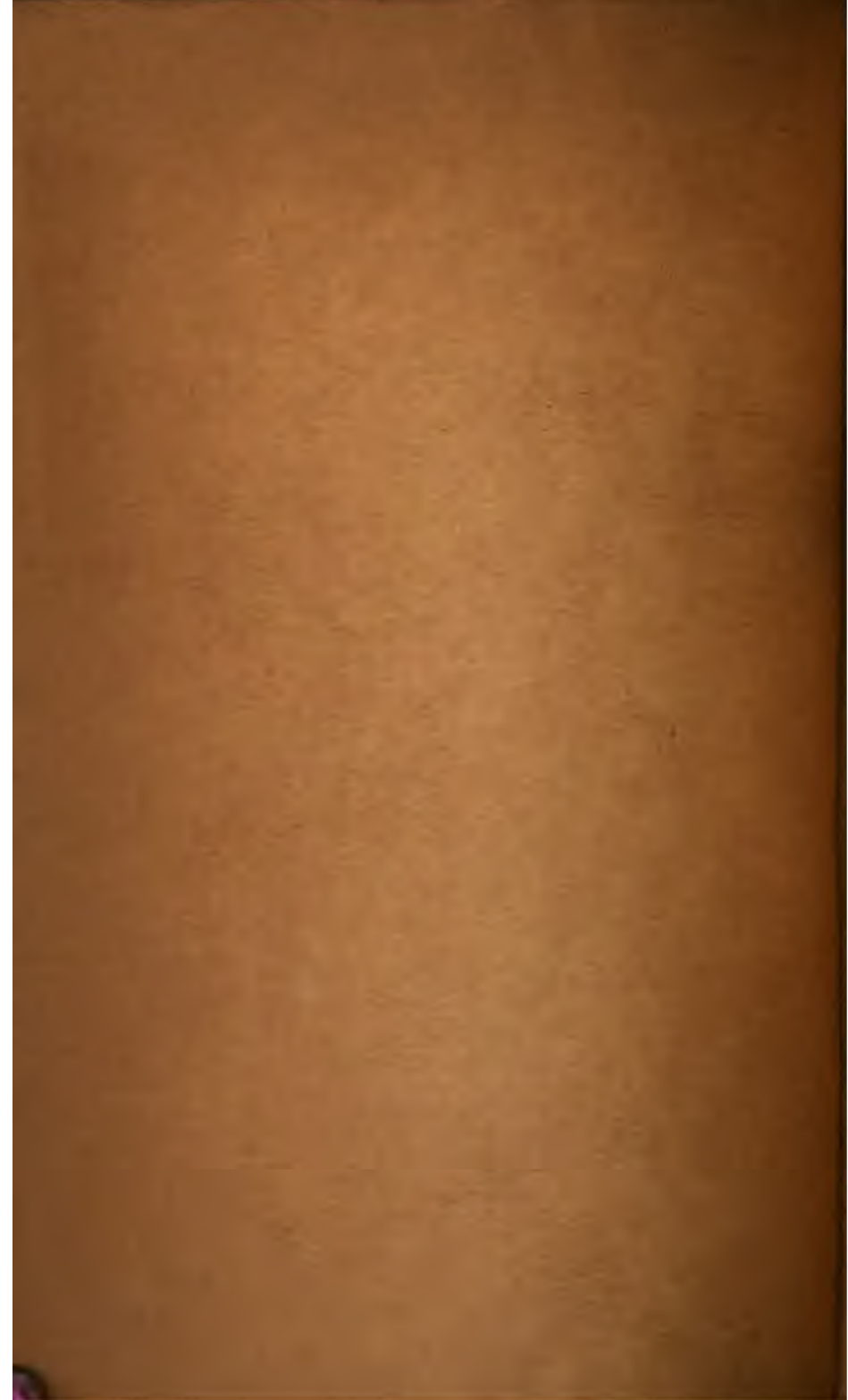
formers were probably so arranged as occasionally to imitate crabs in their form and motion.

END OF THE WASPS.









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